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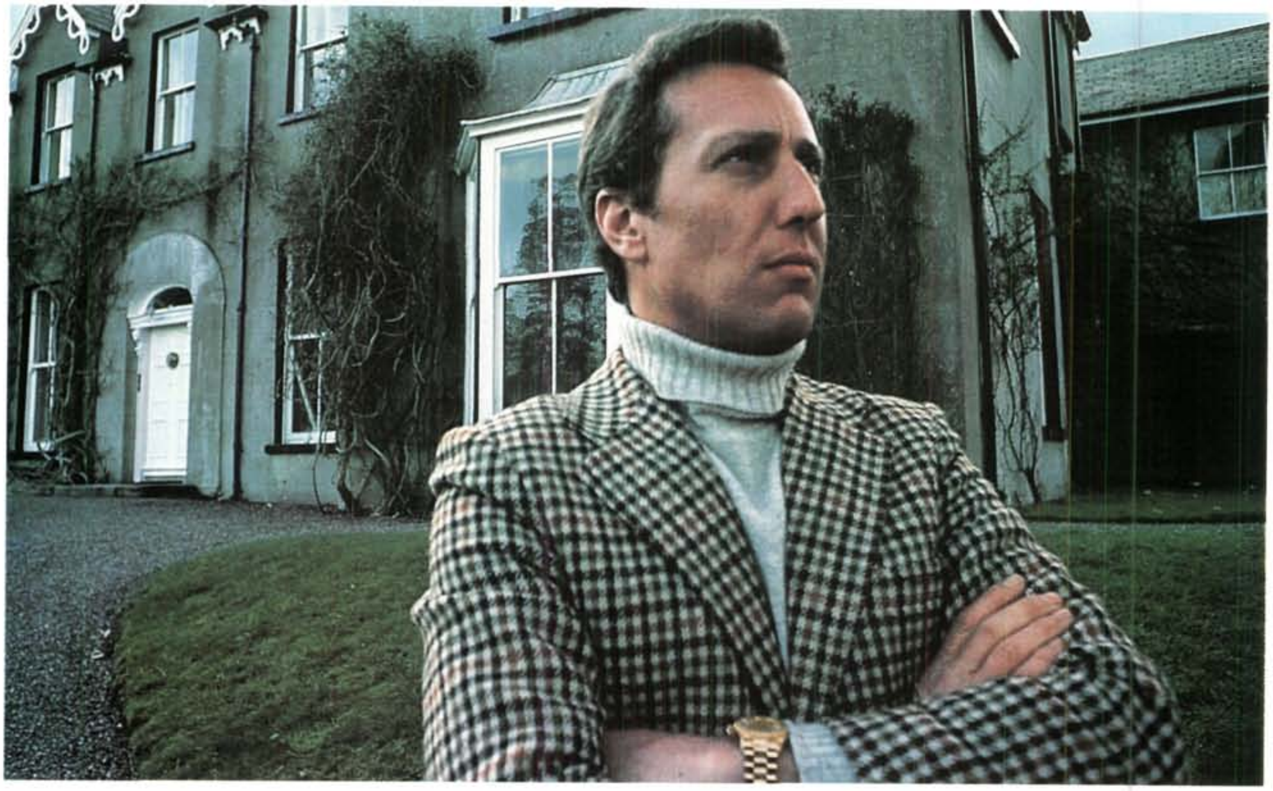

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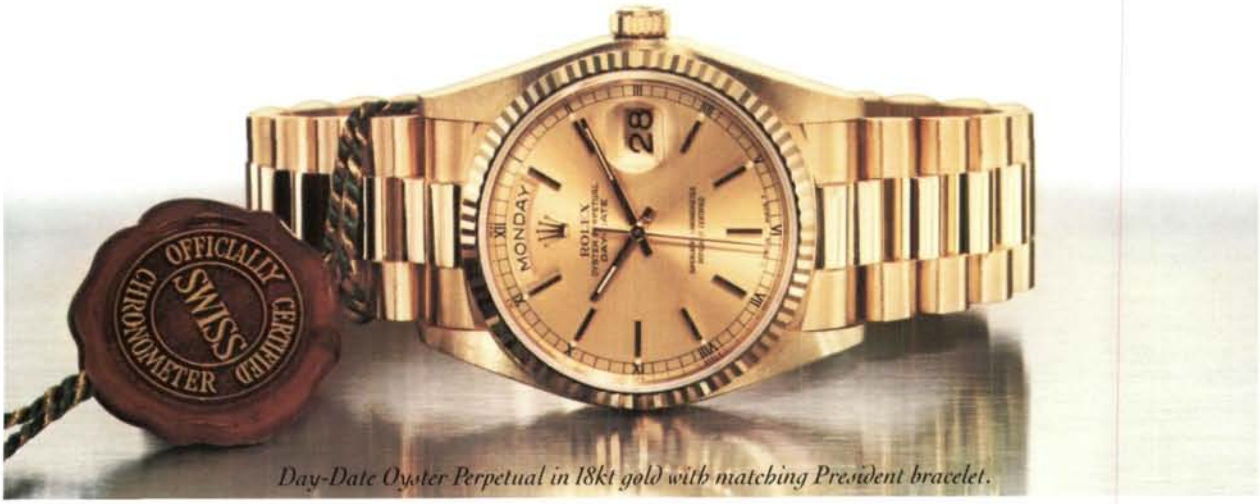

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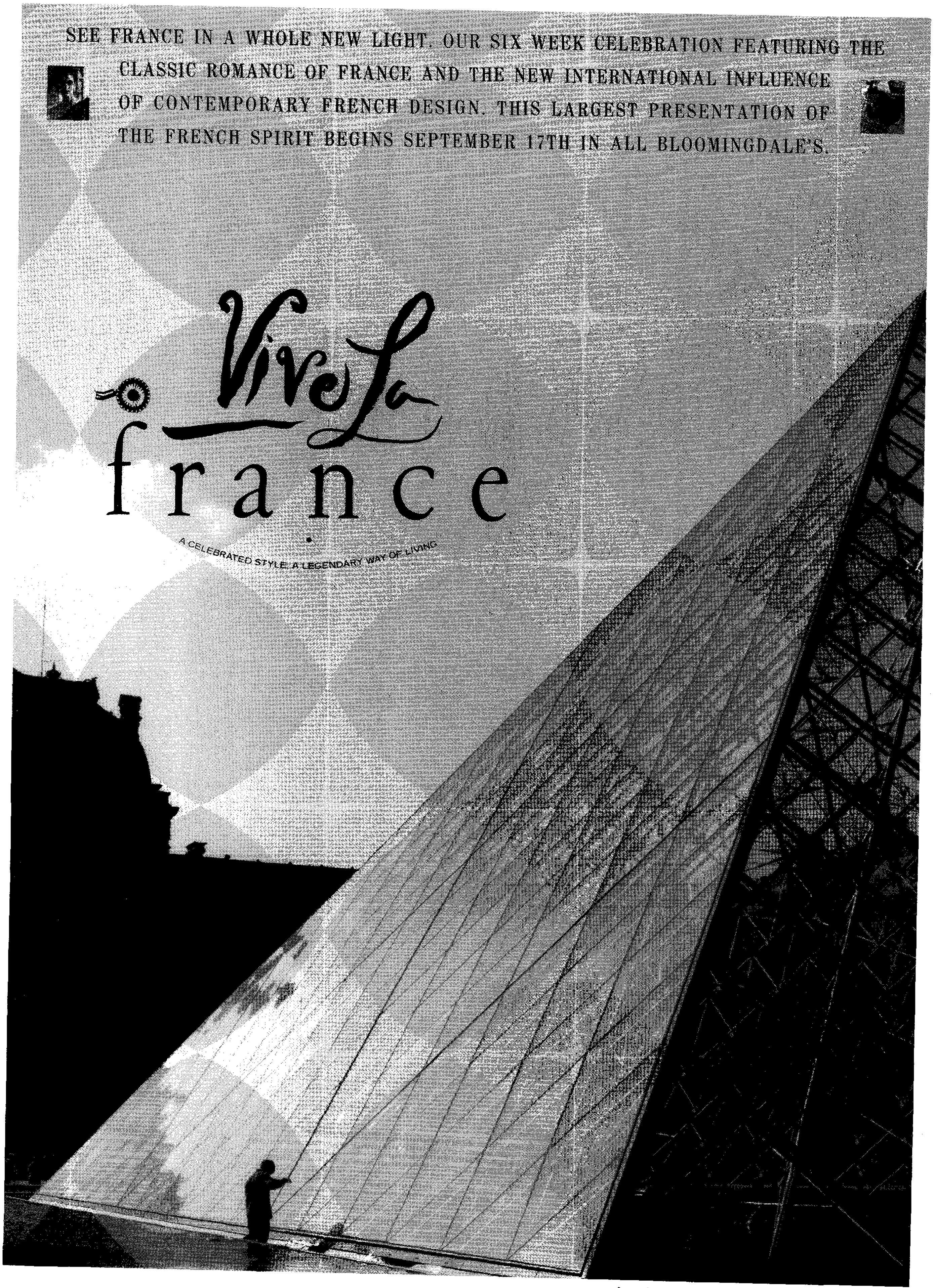

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 18, 1989

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN . . . 6
THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 33
"DEVILS" . . . *Cynthia Kadohata* 38
"CAMARO CITY" . . . *Alan Sternberg* 42
"PAYING RESPECTS" (POEM) . . . *Mary Stewart Hammond* 44
"STILL-LIFE WITH STRANGER" (POEM) . . . *John Ashbery* 48
A REPORTER AT LARGE (ESTONIA) . . . *David K. Shipler* 52
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 100
OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS (BRANSON, MISSOURI) . . . *Lisa Walker* 105
"WHAT I FORGOT TO MENTION" (POEM) . . . *Lawrence Raab* 124
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . *Andrew Porter* 125
BOOKS . . . *Helen Vendler* 133
  BRIEFLY NOTED . . . 139

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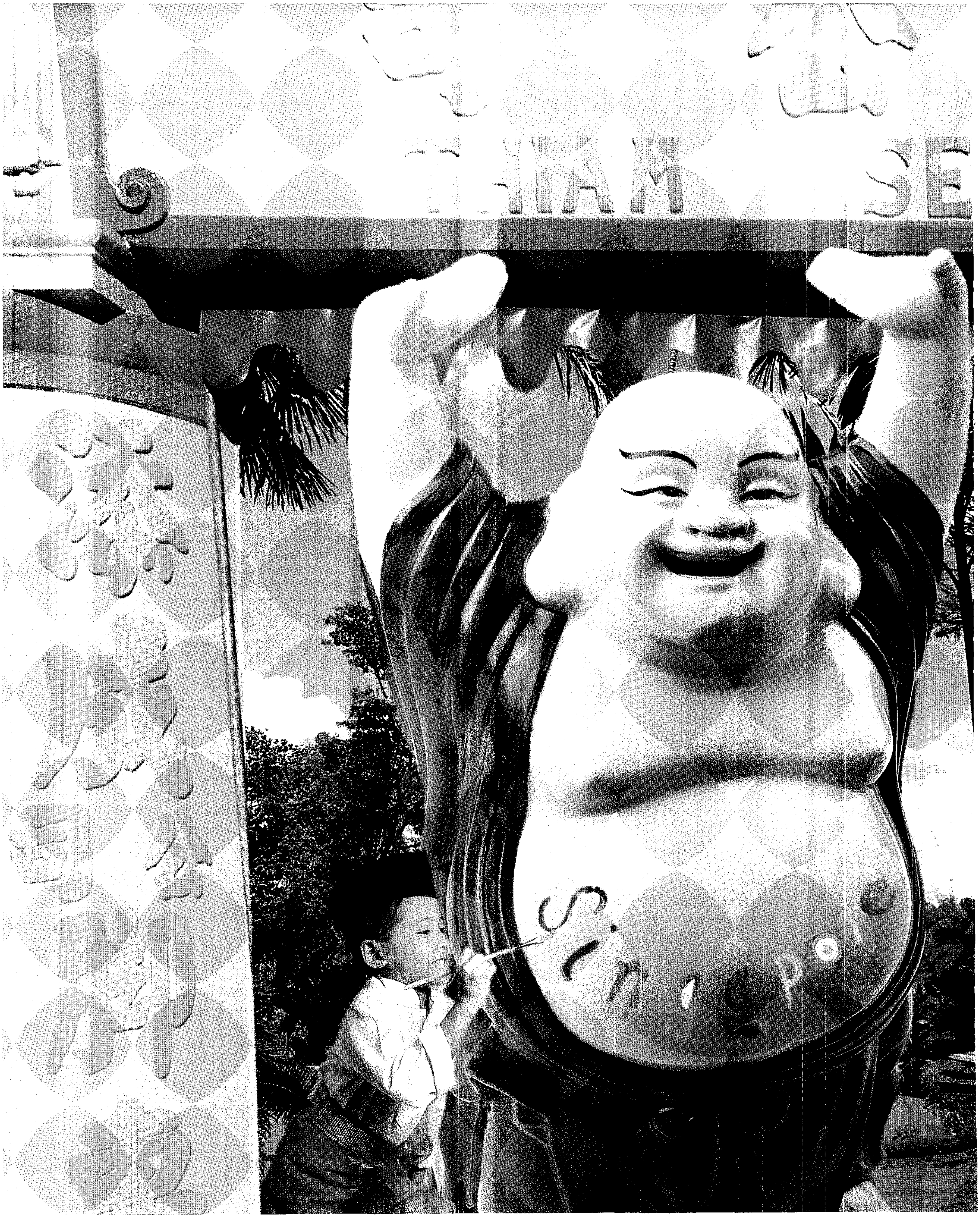
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

BECAUSE of a technical difficulty, the curtain took an especially long time to rise on Terence Rattigan's play "Before Dawn" on the evening we saw it, at Theatre 808, causing a colleague of ours to wonder whether "Before Dawn" was the work's title or its startup time. We were more forgiving: the production is, after all, the first that the intrepid Quaigh Theatre Company has mounted in its snug new quarters, a renovated town house at 62nd Street and Lexington Avenue. But we were less willing to overlook the fact that the play, a spoof of Puccini's "Tosca," is linked, in its press packet, to this year's other opera-inspired productions, Terrence McNally's "The Lisbon Traviata" and Ken Ludwig's "Lend Me a Tenor." That "Before Dawn" seems unlikely to join their successful company is less because of any deficiencies in the staging by Will Lieberson than because of the conception of the play itself. Instead of concentrating on opera's ability to inspire obsession in its fans or mayhem among its managers, Rattigan sends up an actual musical drama—a fish-in-a-barrel target.

It doesn't help that the object of the antics is "Tosca," whose plot, set in Rome in 1800, is already ridiculous, even by opera standards. Rattigan retains the opera's central dilemma: Scarpia (Lee Moore), the Bourbons' chief of police, promises to spare Cavaradossi (Stephen Colantti), the soprano Tosca's lover, if the singer (Elizabeth Karr) will yield to Scarpia's advances. But the playwright fiddles in less than witty fashion with the characters: Cavaradossi and his republican ally Angelotti may be lovers; Scarpia's aide-de-camp (Eddie Lane) becomes an aide de camp. Even worse, Tosca's attempt to murder Scarpia with a table knife fails. We hear that Mr. McNally's revised ending for "The Lisbon Traviata"—which reopens next month at the Promenade—has a better solution: eliminate the climactic stabbing altogether.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Carnage, a Comedy—Straight from performances at the Edinburgh Festival comes this Actors' Gang production, which stars Lee Arenberg and is directed by Tim Robbins, who also wrote the script (with Adam Simon). Previews through Sept. 16; benefit opening on Sept. 17 at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Midsummer Nights—A musical version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," set in Laguna Beach in the nineteen-sixties. The book and lyrics are by Bryan D. Leys and the score is by Kevin Kuhn. Previews Sept. 13-19. Opens Sept. 20 at 8, and will run through Oct. 1. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 688-6022.)

Orpheus Descending—Vanessa Redgrave heads the cast of Peter Hall's production of the Tennessee Williams play. Previews for the twelve-week run begin Sept. 13. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

The Secret Rapture—David Hare's play, which is still running in London, is now at the Public in a brief pre-Broadway engagement (through Sept. 27). The New York cast, directed by Mr. Hare, includes Blair Brown, Frances Conroy, and Mary Beth Hurt. (425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical, which had a brief run uptown last spring. Susan H. Schulman is the director. Previews through Sept. 13. Opens Sept. 14 at 6:15. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Young Playwrights Festival—Four fully staged short plays by four writers in their teens. Two are directed by Thomas Babe, and one each by Mary B. Robinson and Mark Brokaw. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

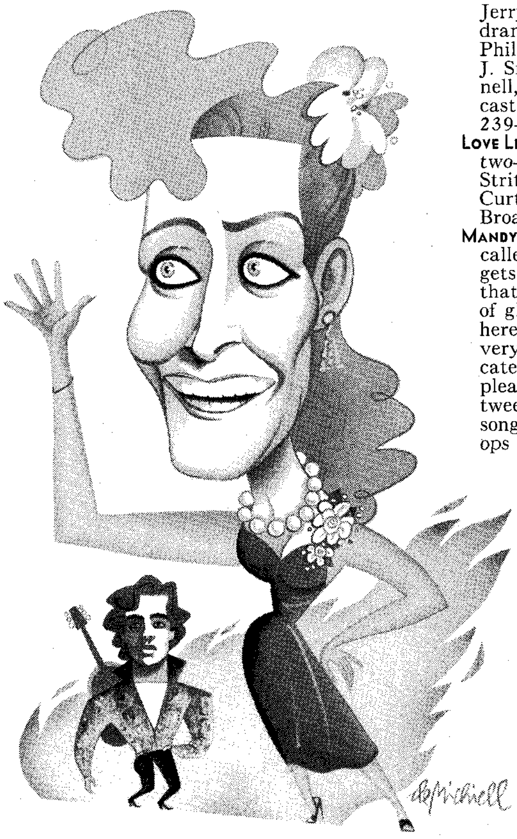
RECENTLY OPENED

Aristocrats—Brian Friel's portrait of the family of Judge O'Donnell, of Ballybeg Hall, in Donegal, is witty, ironic, and loving. With John Christopher Jones, Maryann Plunkett, and Michael O'Neill. Directed by Robin Lefèvre. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/8/89.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-0102.)

Before Dawn—A spoof of "Tosca" by Terence Rattigan. Presented by the Quaigh Theatre Company. (Theatre 808, Lexington Ave. at 62nd St. 223-2547.)

Best Friends—A new play by John Voulgaris that examines the volatile relationship of two lifelong friends, portrayed by Chris A. Kelly and David Conaway. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)



Vanessa Redgrave in "Orpheus Descending"

Hotel Martinique—A music-theatre piece by Kevin Malony that was inspired by Jonathan Kozol's 1988 articles on the homeless, published in this magazine. Seen earlier this year in a brief run at the Irish Arts Center. Performances resume Sept. 15, and run through Oct. 22. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391.)

The Infernal Machine—Jean Cocteau's tragedy, presented outdoors, by a group called A Matinée Idyll. In English. (Belvedere Castle, Central Park, near W. 81st St., Sept. 14-15; Mother Goose statue, Central Park, near E. 72nd St., Sept. 16-17. The free performances are at 4.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

The Lady in Question—Charles Busch's new play, set in Germany during the Second World War, is the perfect entertainment for a late-summer night. It's less pointedly a parody of one genre or movie than his last work, "Psycho Beach Party," was, and more a travesty of an entire week's worth of TNT programming, compressed into a single evening of theatre. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Love Letters—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's two-character play. Sept. 12-17, Elaine Stritch and Jason Robards; Sept. 19-24, Jane Curtin and Edward Herrmann. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Mandy Patinkin in Concert: Dress Casual—So called, presumably, because the *chanteur* gets to wear sneaks and a T-shirt—a costume that pretty much sets the tone for an evening of glorious song and good fun. Mr. Patinkin here tends to sing only what is either very, very simple (and old) or very, very complicated (and Sondheim). Much of the show's pleasure derives from Mr. Patinkin's between-song (and in some cases even mid-song) patter and the relationship that develops between him and his able pianist, Paul Ford. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 246-0102. Closes Sept. 16.)

Only Kidding!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born

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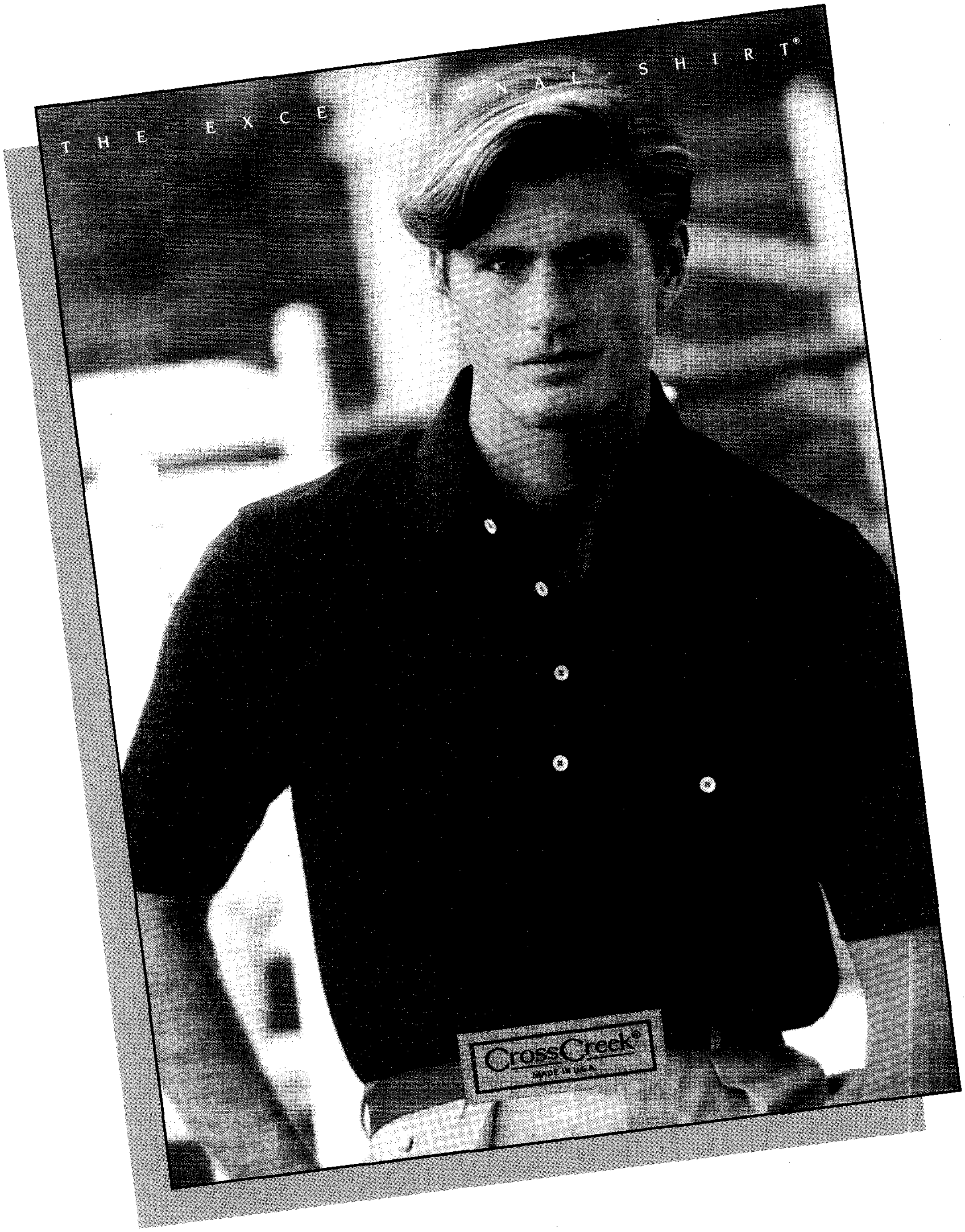
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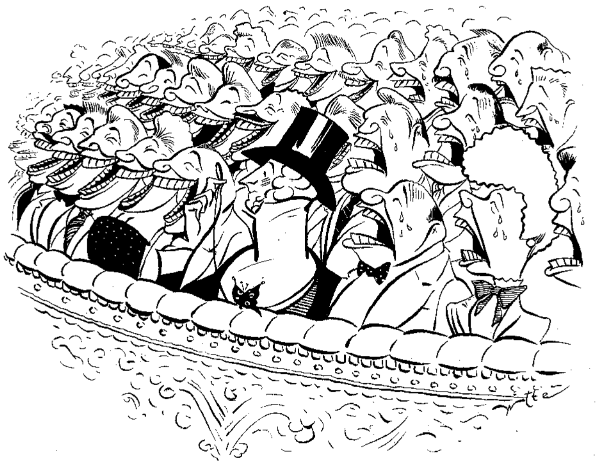
THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Lawrence Garfinkle. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Privates on Parade—Peter Nichols' satiric and profound comedy with music (book and lyrics by Nichols, score by Denis King) about a troupe of entertainers, assigned to the British Army in Malaysia in 1948. Jim Dale outdoes himself as the principal singer and dancer of the troupe, and Simon Jones is fine too, as his commanding officer. Under Larry Carpenter's direction, every minute plays, and laughter is continuous. (9/4/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)



Shirley Valentine—Willy Russell's play about a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. With Ellen Burstyn in the title, and only, role. Directed by Simon Callow. (2/27/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Showing Off—As comedy revues go, this one—written by Douglas Bernstein and Denis Markell—isn't at all bad. The winning performances by Mr. Bernstein, Marilyn Pasekoff, Mark Sawyer, and Valerie Wright often make the material seem better than it is, but ultimately they don't compensate for the over-all smugness of what is essentially life-style comedy. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently turned twenty-nine. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Karen Murphy, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **I COULD GO ON LIP-SYNCHING!:** This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Closes Sept. 23.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall has joined the cast of David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. With B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by, among others, Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

Elliot Caplan is a young painter and filmmaker who since 1977 has collaborated on films and videotapes with Merce Cunningham. That this is a serious partnership is evident in "Changing Steps," their handsome new videotape distributed by the Cunningham Foundation. The choreographer shaped and directed the movement to be filmed (the choreography derives from his 1973 suite of the same name), and O.K.'d the images on the monitor at every point. The filmmaker, on the other hand, chose the locations for the shooting (indoor and outdoor sites in Europe and Utah); decided the sequencing of the individual sections; fixed the moment at which to cue on the quiet score by John Cage ("Cartridge Music," 1960); and figured out the framing, camera movement and angles, set designs, and tape editing. It was Caplan's idea, for instance, to try a very tricky maneuver in which a portion of the dance is represented by a collage of several tapes deftly assembled to convey continuous action through disparate places and times, showing the dancers in different outfits and different spaces. (During this sequence, one glimpses moments from a black-and-white videotape that Cunningham himself made of the original cast, in the early nineteen-seventies.) The character of the video—its visual puns on form in nature and art, the meditative quality of its episodes for women—belongs to a shared vision, also.

Caplan emphasizes that this is far from a definitive assemblage of "Changing Steps" as you might see it in the theatre. "The films that Merce and I make are not meant to replace live stage performance," he says. "They're just another way to look at dance, with, we hope, a dynamic and a syntax of their own—a unique experience you can't find on stage."

Ennosuke's Kabuki—Final performances of the engagement. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Sept. 11-12 at 8.)

Joe Goode Performance Group—A San Francisco dance company in a full-length work entitled "The Disaster Series." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Sept. 15-16 at 8, and Sept. 17 at 3.)

"An Evening of Tap at Carnegie Hall"—With Gregory Hines, Bunny Briggs, Brenda Bufalino, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and others. (247-7800. Sept. 18 at 8.)

Slask—The national folk ballet of Poland opens a one-week engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette St. 1-718 636-4100. Sept. 19-20 at 8. Through Sept. 24.)

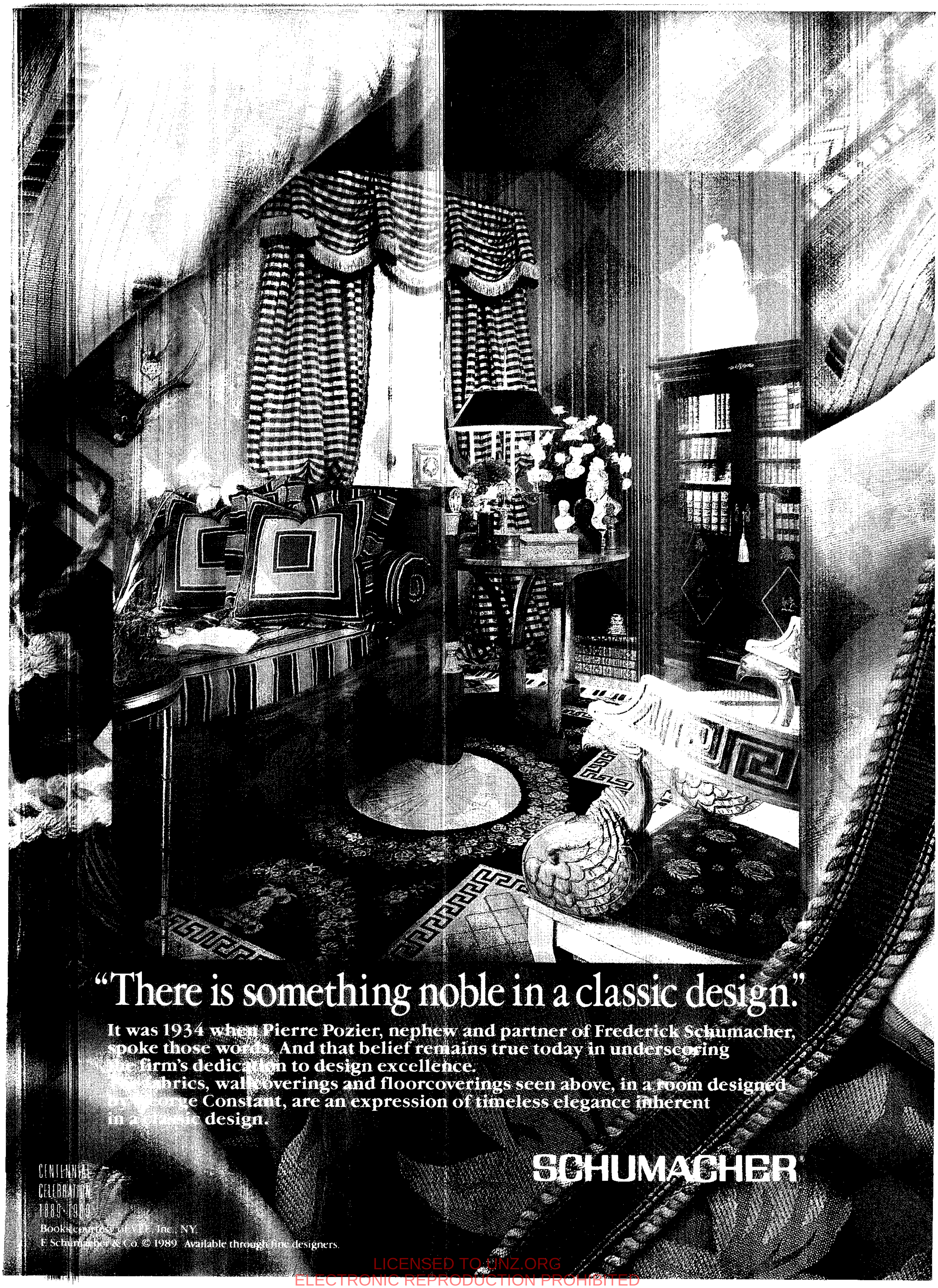
American Indian Dance Theatre—A company of twenty-five dancers, singers, and musicians. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 19 and Sept. 20 at 7:30. Through Oct. 1.)

Whitney Museum at Equitable Center—Sept. 12: Bill Young & Dancers. . . . ¶ Sept. 19: Molissa Fenley. (Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

Nanci Griffith gets proposed to about thirty times a year. The singer is a native of Austin with a fondness for, among other things, Eudora Welty, Loretta Lynn, cotton-print dresses, the two-step, the Texas plains, Lake Pontchartrain, and Woolworth's. Griffith writes breezy, shimmering songs that split the difference between country and folk. She has eight fine albums to her credit and rather devout followers—many of whom, it seems, are prepared to marry her.

This week, Griffith's suitors will be lined up outside the Bottom Line, where the singer and her Blue Moon Orchestra will be in residence for three nights. Griffith has just released "Storms"—a pop-inflected offering likely to confound radio programmers, who have never quite known what to make of her. "The country world always told me I was a folksinger," Griffith explained recently, "and the folk world always said I was some kind of hillbilly that fell off the turnip truck." Without any radio support to speak of, Griffith has been touring eight months a year to promote her albums, the best of which are probably "The Last of the True Believers" and "Lone Star State of Mind." Griffith, who is also a respectable acoustic-guitar player and who has just completed her first novel, knows how to slip and twirl around a stage. She is an unaffected storyteller with a Texas-tinged chirp of a voice. Her audiences—"people in their sixties sitting right next to somebody with sticky-outy hair"—know the words to every one of her songs. "I started 'Trouble in the Fields' and everyone stood up," Griffith said of one performance. "I thought, 'Oh no, they're leaving! What have I done!' But they were just singing along."



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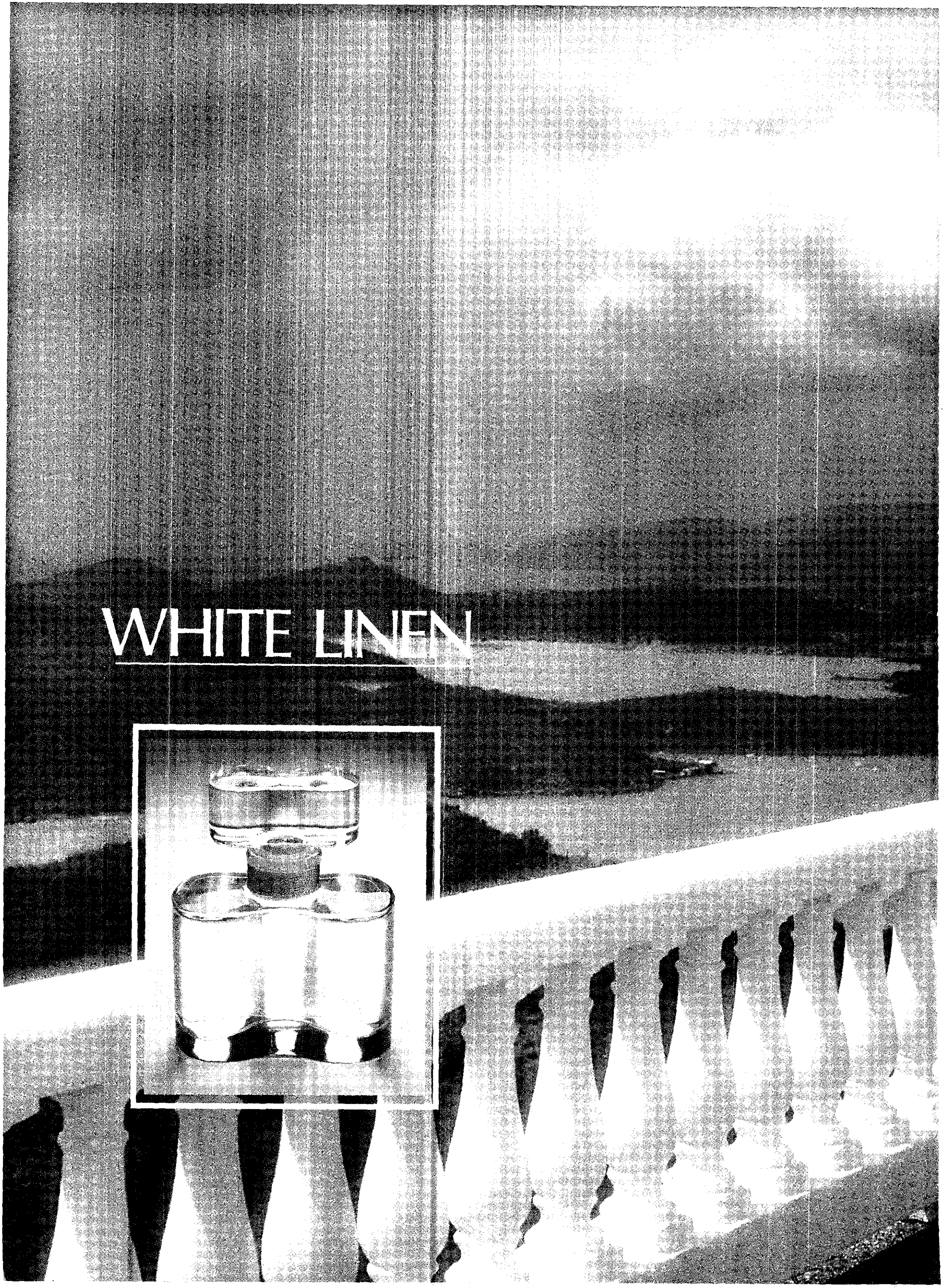
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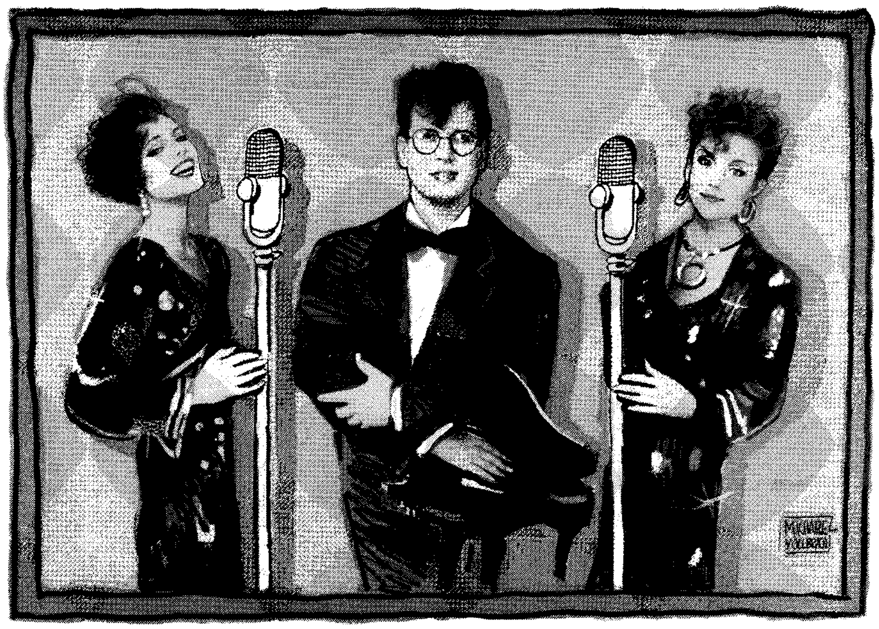

Montgomery, Plant & Stritch at the "new" Algonquin

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Oak Room is getting better oak. Much of the Algonquin Hotel, in fact, is undergoing a sort of retro makeover: there will be a round table again in the Rose Room, forties-style chandeliers in the lobby, a conference suite on the second floor named after Helen Hayes, and an English-pub-style retreat at street level. The entranceway to the Oak Room itself will get its old arched transom back, and its ceiling will be higher and acoustically superior. On Sept. 13, the Houston-based vocal trio **MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH** give the refurbished night spot a musical bon voyage with the first show of a four-week engagement. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call Mabel Godwin "a *scandal.*" Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to the accompaniment of a snare and a standup bass. Ms. Godwin performs Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sundays, cornettist **LEE LORENZ** leads the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band, and on Mondays the Grove Street Stompers do their Dixieland thing. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hangs over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Beginning Sept. 13, **HELEN SCHNEIDER**—a Brooklyn-born blues singer who had a one-woman show called "A Flapper's Folly" a few years back—will spend a few weeks here singing Sondheim.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this bustling jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Drummer **MAX ROACH**—activist, former Charlie Parker protégé, and founding father of modern jazz—leads an outfit here Sept. 12-17. The jazz-fusion collective the Yellowjackets starts an engagement on Sept. 19. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of drummer **TERRI LYNE CARRINGTON,** whose band is at work through Sept. 13. **NANCI GRIFFITH** will be here Sept. 14-15 and again on Sept. 17, performing most of her new album, as well as what she calls "a skeleton crew of favorites" from the past. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** is the main attraction here Sept. 11-16; trumpeter **DANNY MOORE** comes in on Sept. 17; and on Sept. 18 tenor-saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** begins a week-long gig. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Café Gianluca, Broadway at 74th St. (877-9381)—In the lower depths of this Northern Italian restaurant and bar, you'll find waiters who come hustling down the stairs with pollo and prosciutto, memos on minimums and such preserved under glass on every tabletop, and ambassadors of international jazz on the bandstand. The club sits shoulder to shoulder with the Beacon Theatre; on some nights you may hear two shows for the price of one. The schedule for the next week or so includes Denna Kirk (Sept. 15); Lamont Dawson and Steven Neil (Sept. 16); and the Mandala Octet (Sept. 19).

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and **JULIE WILSON,** who's not opposed to tucking a white gardenia behind her ear and who begins a six-week engagement on Sept. 14. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, singer **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffitied walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Local rock has since diminished, but while other clubs of the era (notably Max's Kansas City) have fizzled, CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. **STRANGE CAVE,** a lyrical pop-rock outfit lead by singer-guitarist James Maestro, performs on Sept. 20. Music from nine-thirty on Sundays through Thursdays and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish, movie-set of a place, you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant and bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are well placed, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **ANDY LAVERNE** (Sept. 11 and Sept. 18); **HAL SCHAEFER** (Sept. 12-16); **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** (beginning Sept. 19).

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An unpretentious, second-floor jazz retreat featuring steak, scallops, and bandleaders who say things like "I wanna introduce my drummer first on account of because he has to go put a quarter in the meter." The stage seats three comfortably and for the next week or so it will be home to trios led by **CAROL BRITTO** (Sept. 12), **MIKE LE DONNE** (Sept. 14), and **JOEL FORRESTER** (Sept. 20). Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **JUNIOR MANCE,** one-time Dinah Washington sidekick and author of "How to Play Blues Piano," performs Sept. 12-16; and **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a stride pianist who doesn't try to hide the fact that she loves her job, starts up on Sept. 19. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music-and-performance space opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) In the rear there's a mini-bar stocked with herbal tea and imported beer; up front is a small stage, occupied, on Sept. 13, by **NED ROTHENBERG,** a woodwind specialist who can play more than one note at a time. Sept. 15 is "Alto Madness" night with **JOHN ZORN, JEMEEL MOONDOC,** and others; Sept. 19-20, quick-fingered bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** comes in with a quartet; also on Sept. 20, **POI DOG PONDERING** plays at 7:30. Music after nine.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory may give them a boost. **YO LA TENGO** takes care of business on Sept. 15.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A new, shiny, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. Barbara McNair, a singer-actress who débuted on the "Arthur Godfrey Show" and later appeared in Richard Rodgers' musical "No Strings," holds sway through Sept. 16. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and perhaps the city's most international booking policy: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the territories explored. First Lady of Bossa Nova **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who decided at the last minute to record "The Girl from Ipanema" in English, will be here Sept. 18-19. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Spo-dee-o-dee, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A curious mixture of swank and down-home. (The name comes from the 1949 Stick McGhee song "Drinkin' Wine Spo-dee-o-dee," a piece of rowdiness that was Atlantic Records' first hit.) The food is barbecued ribs and such, the music is mostly R. & B., and the furnishings include ballroom-size chandeliers, king-size sofas, and green velvet drapes sprinkled with stardust. Lucky 7 performs on Sept. 13 and Sept. 15, and the New York City Swing Band heats things up on Sept. 16.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **MC COY TYNER,** a high-impact pianist who once told a reporter, "When *you're knee-deep in something, you have to* get deeper," will be performing here Sept. 12-17. **ART BLAKEY**, who's done his bit for jazz in general and the high hat in particular, will come in with his **JAZZ MESSENGERS** in tow for the week beginning Sept. 19. Shows from ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, a sunken dance floor with a "Saturday Night Fever" ball, and a house photographer who offers to take a picture of you and your lady. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and R. & B.; the audience shouts encouragement as the band sings about "doin' it all night long" and, a little later, about "taking care of that thing." There's a lively bar, too, separated from the dining room by tinted glass. The Delfonics will be here Sept. 14-16.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The old Tramps, a small Irish pub on East 15th Street, closed its doors last year, and this new incarnation, located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, indoor miniature golf, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), opened last month. The new place, about the size of a roller rink, has the converted-loft-space slickness much in evidence downtown lately, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the late Max Gordon, and that Mr. Gordon, who was a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Sept. 12-17, saxophonist and flutist **GEORGE ADAMS** fronts a quartet, with **HUGH LAWSON** (piano), **CECIL MC BEE** (bass), and **MARK JOHNSON** (drums); the shifty guitarist **BILL FRISELL** has a quartet of his own in action as of Sept. 19. *Mondays are in the hands of the* **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke-veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Cappellini finanziera, sepia-toned photos of old Firenze, and jazz. The last emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** punch in for a week-long gig on Sept. 18. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

IF nothing else, Dean Johnson has a way with names. First, he labelled his Tuesday nights at the World "Dean Johnson's Rock and Roll Fag Bar." Then he titled his new outpost, Wednesday nights at Red Zone, "Dean Johnson's Finishing School for Girls." The only club with a more original name is far away in Los Angeles: it's called Margaret Trudeau.

At the World, Johnson's nights were raunchy, loud, even sexy (a quality that's become as rare in a danceteria as the sound of "Excuse me"). Those evenings had the right Rocky Horror Picture Show air of decrepitude. Performers danced onstage in their underwear; patrons danced everywhere else with Woodstock-nation abandon. Despite the name Johnson gave to those Tuesday nights, the crowd rockin' out to hits from the sixties and seventies was not homogeneous, and its odd balance fed the energy, added to the mystery, provided some intrigue.

Something was wrong at Red Zone. It's not just that Johnson traded in his sleek black sheath for a three-quarter-length linen jacket and a drop-waisted pleated skirt. Red Zone is certainly cleaner than the World, but, name aside, it's colorless. Not too many of Johnson's regulars found their way uptown. It felt as though half the crowd were desperately trying to prolong the fads and fashions of "Sid and Nancy" while the other half got lost on their way to Fuddruckers. Neither half seemed to catch the subtleties of the performers or get off on their wan élan. Instead of sullen boys in their underwear, blasé boys in drag occupied the stage. Even the normally delightful Perfidia (d.j. at Mars, pedestal dancer at the Copa) moved as if her garters were snapped to her brassiere.

The ultimate proof that there was something amiss was lying on the banquettes: by 1 A.M., at least half a dozen people were prone, and snoring. Dean Johnson had reason to worry, because bad reps spread fast when students fall asleep in class. Consequently, in contrast with the rest of the city's schools after Labor Day, "Dean Johnson's Finishing School for Girls" has closed for good. This fall he'll be returning to the World.

ARCADE

Any museum that has a "Six Million Dollar Man" lunchbox in its permanent collection is worth a trip to Queens. The American Museum of the Moving Image—which also houses many other semiprecious artifacts, such as a "Gone with the Wind" recipe book and costumes worn by Rudolph Valentino and Brooke Shields—is offering a long-running video-games retrospective called "Hot Circuits." Visitors to the museum receive five tokens and can play any of the machines, with the exception of those two grandfather games (circa 1971) "Computer Space" and "Pong." What's charming about this show—aside from the fact that its exhibits have titles such as "Baby Pac-Man" and "Dig Dug"—is that the curators don't try to intellectualize the fun out of everything, and the museum's third floor rings with shouts of "Way to go, Dad!" "Hot Circuits" suggests the origins of the home-computer era ("'Pong' made game players comfortable with buttons and beeps"), and it demonstrates how often games manufacturers have reinvented the kill-or-be-killed scenario. Visitors here fire at will on dragons, pedestrians, tanks, aliens, apes, and centipedes, but relatively few clamor over the trivia machine. How seriously do the players take their games? On a recent afternoon, a middle-aged Queens woman was seen playing "NARC": in the midst of gunning down a swarm of junkies on what was presumably a Los Angeles street corner, she thumped the machine with her hand and shrieked, "I'm never *moving to California."*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Room and Board"—A play about a sick mother-daughter relationship, written by Madeleine Olnek and starring Kimberly Flynn. (Theatre Club Funambles, 167 Ludlow St., between E. Houston and Stanton Sts. 420-1466. Sept. 13-17 at 8.)

"Frank Dell's The Temptation of St. Antony"—This Wooster Group production, performed by seven live actors and three more on video, is, according to a Wooster Group spokesperson, "about death or about the end of something." Critics have called it "multimedia Vaudeville" and "a Dadaist collage." Who can say? With M. A. Hestand, Peyton Smith, Jeff Webster, Kate Valk, and others. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Patti Dobrowolski—In "Inside Out," this performance artist from Seattle plays your average psychotherapy patient who feels messed up by your average psychotherapist. Featured props are a lounge chair and a plastic rocking horse on springs. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Sept. 11 and Sept. 18 at 8.)

P.S. 122—Sept. 14-17 at 9:30: Frank Maya in rants about Liza Minnelli, Entenmann's baked goods, and his shrink. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Sept. 15-17 at 8: Dance and performance works by Merian Soto, Liz Prince, Sharon Wyrrick, and Brendan deVallance. . . . ¶ Sept. 15-16 at 11: Leigh Clark re-creates her character LuRain Penny, an aging torch singer. Through Sept. 30. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

Matt Mullican puts the semaphores back into semiotics. Since the early eighties, he has been evolving a private language of very public-looking signs—pictographs on posters and banners, in stained glass, or etched into granite slabs—that strongly evoke the international labelling systems we find in airports and on highways, but whose meanings are, at most, clear only to the artist himself. Three years ago, Mullican found a collaborator in Connection Machine-2—a Thinking Machines supercomputer introduced to him by the graphic-design gang at Optomystic Studios, in California—and together these two minds have been flying high. The old inventory of two-dimensional emblems has been spun into a whole "fictional reality," including a model city whose allegedly non-utopian, not-meant-to-be-realized, multimedia plans may be seen at the Museum of Modern Art through October 24, as part of the museum's "projects" series.

The installation is composed of two large maps (one in black and white, one in color), an animated laser-disk sequence, and six pairs of light boxes whose images were transferred digitally from the computer to film. Each pair contains a macro and a micro view. Taken as a progressive suite, the light boxes describe the entire model city, beginning with "the Elemental"—colored green in Mullican's world—and ending with "the Subjective"—a red realm of "pure meaning."

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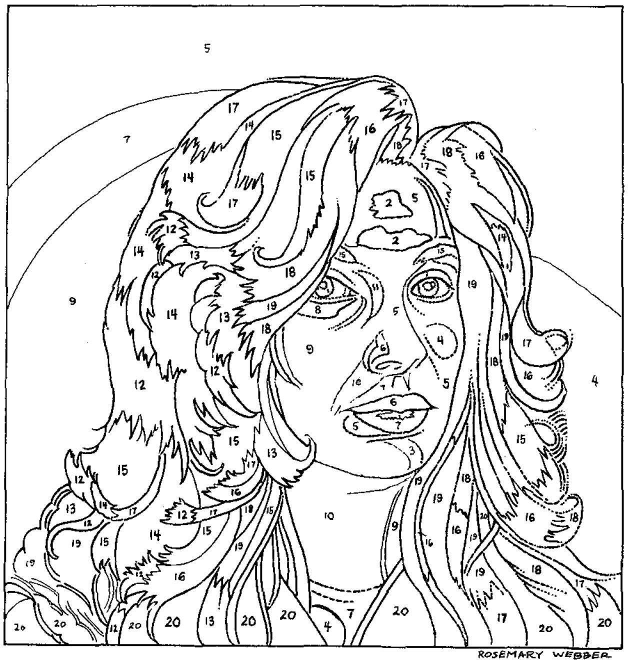
It is a handsome exhibition that encourages uncluttered thinking on the part of viewers. Mullican's metaconcept, however, seems half empty and not a little coy. Claims for the innovative, non-utopian aspects of this work, for instance, are contradicted by the fact that several elements of its design bring to mind familiar architectural prototypes, such as Le Corbusier's *ville radieuse*, along with more recent forays into futuristic urbanism, such as Paris's great new Arche—known locally as "le Cube"—at the far end of the development La Défense, one of President François Mitterrand's controversial *Grands Projets.* Yet Mullican does demand an intellectual leap of faith, and that is always good exercise.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of seventy-six Chinese paintings of the Ming and Qing dynasties, selected from the vast holdings at the Palace Museum in the Forbidden City, in Beijing. Starts Sept. 15. . . . ¶ "Italian Majolica," an exhibition that offers a neatly telescoped history of late-Quattrocento and Cinquecento art, and includes a variety of extraordinary objects. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ A strong dose of three decades of Lucas Samaras's works on paper provides a fresh take on an underexamined branch of the artist's output. The collection—which was donated to the museum by Samaras's dealer and his wife—leaves one wanting to see more of the artist's prescient use of photography for drawing and making collages and his gothic expressions of sexuality. . . . ¶ "Invention and Continuity in Contemporary Photographs." Through Oct. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)



Sherrie Levine

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An installation by Matt Mullican of computer-based works. Through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ A show of Cubist prints. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Photographs by Aaron Siskind from the permanent collection. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum will be closed until Sept. 28.

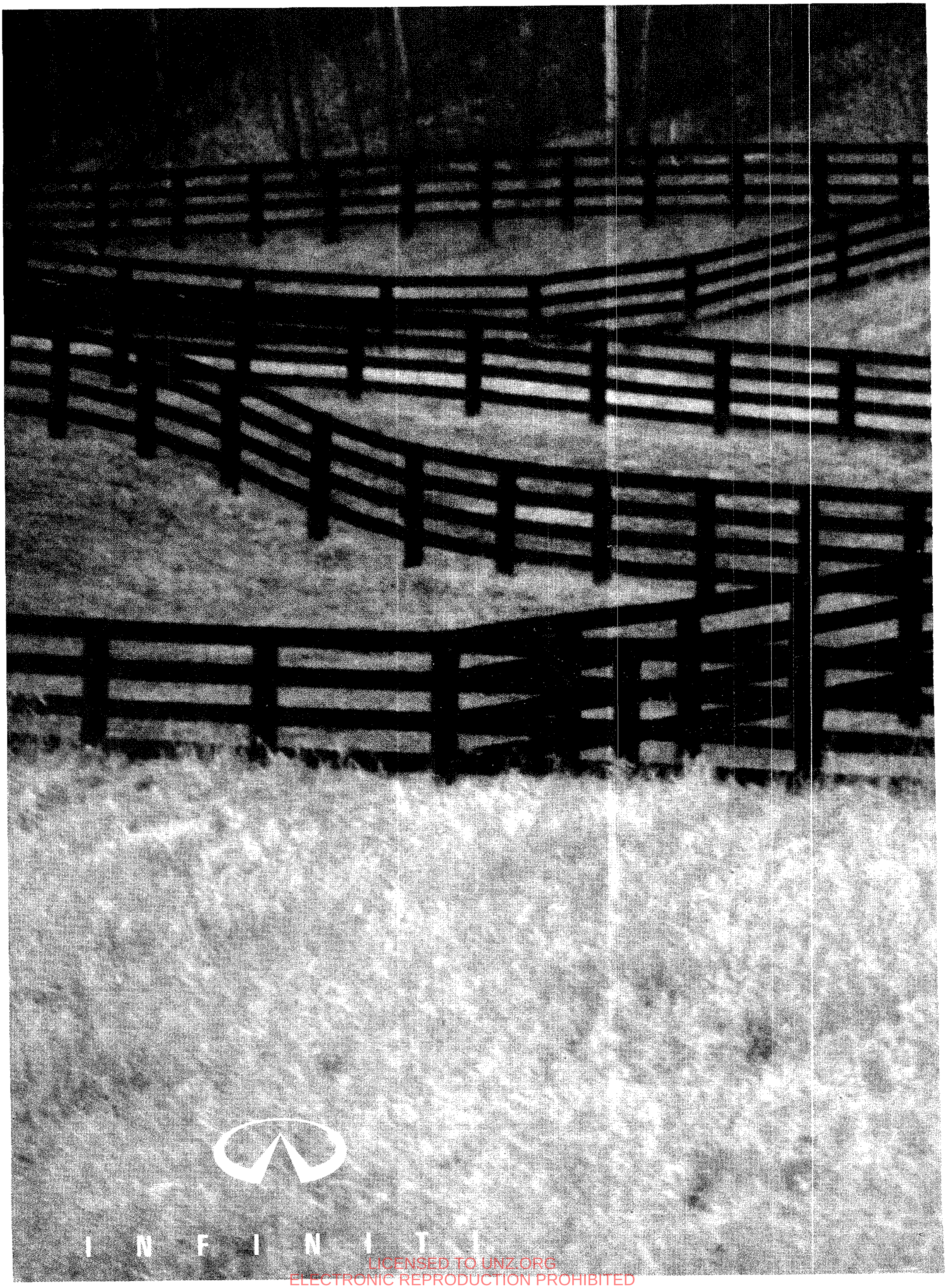
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A current show of works acquired over the past fifteen years provides a fascinating example of institutional collecting. In early-twentieth-century art, the focus has been on artists such as Elie Nadelman, who is represented by some major pieces, and Georgia O'Keeffe, who is represented by some weak ones, and on a number of finely selected drawings and watercolors. Contemporary holdings include quintessential works by Joel Shapiro and Elizabeth Murray, for example, acquired in the late seventies, and a diptych by Eric Fischl, from the mid-eighties. In the past few years, the museum's purchases have become fewer and, with such works as Tony Smith's important sculpture "Die" and an Eva Hesse rope piece, have focussed on historical gaps. Through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ A show of oils, watercolors, prints, and drawings by Edward Hopper. The hundred and fifty works span the artist's career, and are drawn from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 5. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Andrew Wyeth: The Helga Pictures." Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ An exhibition of thirty Mughal paintings—miniatures, mostly, in opaque watercolors and ink on paper—tracing changes in the style from the late-fifteenth century to the eighteenth. Through Nov. 6. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display of Saudi Arabian dress in which traditional *thawbs*, for instance, are seen alongside a cloak that belonged to King Faisal. Through Oct. 29. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Rain of Talent: Umbrella Art": A mild drizzle of some thirty altered umbrellas suspended from the ceiling of the main stairwell. The talents include Rhonda Zwillinger, Kim MacConnel, Robert Venturi, Betty Woodman, and Rodney Alan Greenblat. Through Sept. 24. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Nineteenth-century jewelry from the museum's collection. A well-presented, spiffy show that is organized in neat categories appropriate to the categorical imperatives of the Victorian period: materials and techniques peculiar to the age, such as tortoiseshell and human hair, filigree and *pietra dura;* preoccupations, such as flowers and other natural specimens; revivalism, especially of styles of the then newly excavated ancient world; and jeweller-stars of the day, in particular Giuliano (who worked in London) and the influential Castellani (of Rome and Naples), both of whom popularized neo-Etruscan and neoclassical designs. . . . ¶ Views of Rome: drawings of the eternal city in its semi-rustic, pre-Fellini state. Most are from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. From the Thomas Ashby collection in the Vatican Library. A quality yawn. Through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ "Polished Perfection: The Art of Turned-Wood Bowls." In the nineteen-thirties and forties, almost as an afterthought to the Industrial Revolution, factory mass production displaced the artisan and his lathe in the creation of wood bowls. This show, consisting of eighty works by twenty-one contemporary North American craftsmen (along with four bowls by four unknown Early American settlers), proves that the artisanal tradition has sur-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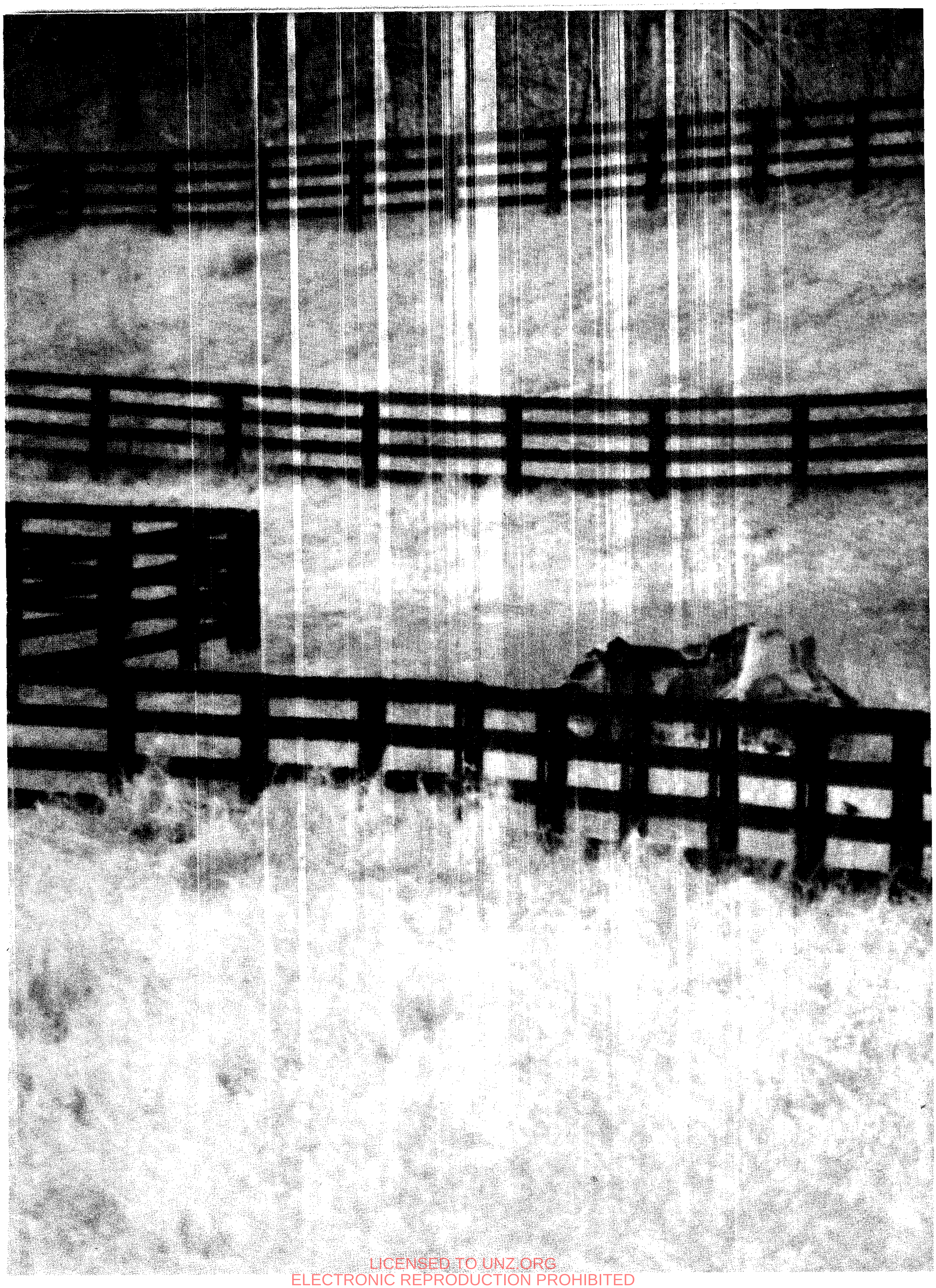

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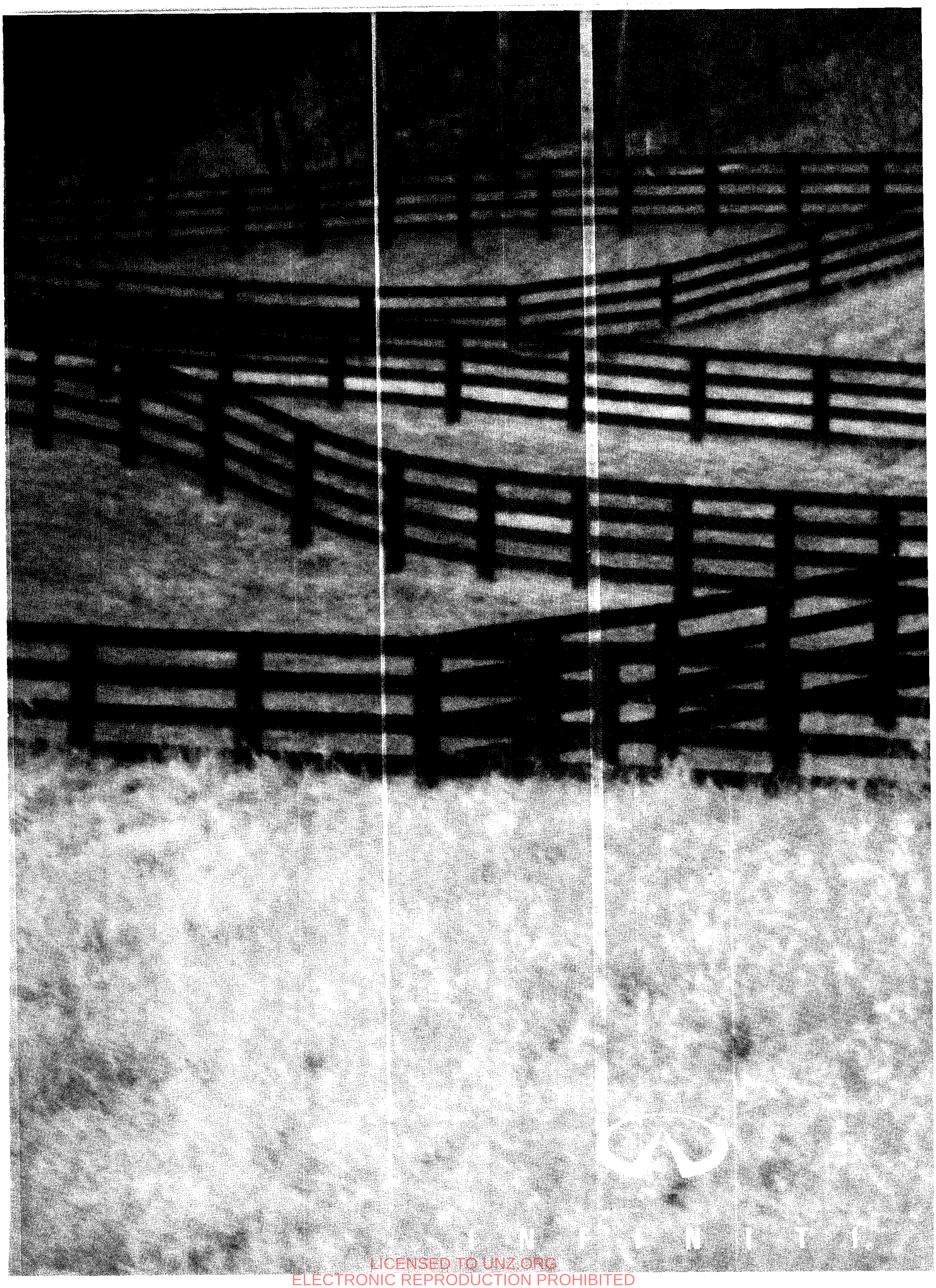

INFINITI.

vived. Through Oct. 1. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty books, manuscripts, and drawings selected from Philip Hofer's 1984 bequest to Harvard University's Houghton Library. Included are books illustrated by Picasso and Matisse, and a hand-colored copy of Albrecht Dürer's "Apocalypse" (1498). Starts Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Exodus and Exile: 2,000 Years in Ancient Israel," an archeological exhibition tracing some of the cultural shifts and political cataclysms between 1200 B.C.E. and 600 C.E. that, bit by bit, transformed the Israelite kingdom into an international religious community—the birth, in short, of Jewish identity in the modern sense. A few objects, such as ancient mosaics and synagogue reliefs, have not been seen in this country before, and while they represent a fragmented and elusive story the show's attractive, playful installation is informative. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Piranesi's drawings of real and imagined Roman antiquities are half of a show of works by eighteenth-century artists who went to Rome in the period and found inspiration. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ A show paying tribute to Jean Cocteau on his centenary. Included are letters, first editions, and drawings by the author and artist; an oil of Cocteau by Amedeo Modigliani; and a marble portrait bust by Jacques Lipchitz. Through Nov. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Stitched from the Soul: Slave Textiles from the Ante-Bellum South." This fascinating exhibition demonstrates that slaves preserved fragments of their African heritage in their quilts by combining native patterns, colors, and appliqué techniques with requisite Euro-American motifs. This display of quilts is double-edged: the most delicate ones were made by slaves for their mistresses, with whom they were often drawn into close and complicated relationships, while quiltmaking by slaves for their own use formed a fulcrum of their social life. Through Sept. 17. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Seventy-five lithographs by George Bellows (1882-1925), an American realist painter whose prints documented boxing matches, bathers at riverfront swimming beaches, his family and friends. Starts Sept. 14. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Strange Attractors: Signs of Chaos": The aim of this eclectic group exhibition is to illustrate contemporary art's relationship to "chaos"; among the works are images by Carter Hodgkin that employ fractal geometry and microphotography; photographs of crumpled foil by James Welling; and a two-part site-specific installation by Ann Hamilton and Kathryn Clark. Starts Sept. 14. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

COOL ON RED

Opinion is divided on the promotional campaign for Red Square, a new rental apartment building on the Lower East Side. A brochure touts the neighborhood's scruffiness and ethnicity as more authentically New York than what it calls the "simonized" sidewalks of the East Sixties and Columbus. Is this truth in advertising or colonialist condescension? Zest for urban life or gentrification?

It's probably all of the above, but what seems to have been overlooked in the promotion is the architecture of Red Square itself. The building is about as authentically New York as a Holiday Inn.

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Contrasts": In the twenties and thirties, Irving Browning was commissioned to photograph such landmarks as the Chrysler Building, the Waldorf-Astoria, and the Empire State Building. Many of those images are in this show, juxtaposed with post-Wall-Street-crash shots of apple venders, and of the numerous "Hoovervilles" that appeared as the Depression wore on. . . . ¶ An exhibition celebrating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Louis Daguerre's invention of photography, including portraits of Washington Irving and Tom Thumb. Both shows will start Sept. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection is showing letters, books, and manuscripts in which writers from Chaucer to Bellow ruminate on love and death. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—This first retrospective of the well-regarded African-American painter Hughie Lee-Smith includes some moving and unusual portraits of isolation, made in the fifties, that call to mind Marsh, Tooker, and the early Guston, and sixties works depicting isolated figures next to metal poles with colored ribbons flapping from them. In the seventies and eighties, the subtle surrealist cast fades and a relatively ordinary urban realism remains. . . . ¶ Graphics and installations that incorporate photography, the work of fifteen contemporary artists. Both shows through Sept. 24. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6).

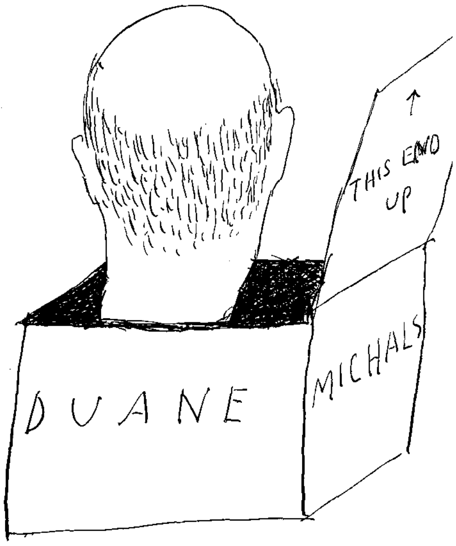
GALLERIES

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Jene Highstein / Mike Glier—Highstein's art is rooted in the situational sculpture of the early seventies, but here at Wave Hill, in this ideally sited indoor-outdoor display of work from the past five years, the artist's interest in traditional sculpture-making predominates. Sometimes the artist's debt to Noguchi is too strong, but Highstein can also fashion an awkward, chunky shape into a breathing entity that transcends its material. Through Oct. 8. / Glier's luscious, moody landscapes, in what was once a formal dining room, establish him as today's great baroque wall decorator. Through Dec. 31. (Wave Hill, Independence Ave. at 249th St., the Bronx.)

"China—June 4, 1989 . . ."—The Asian American Arts Centre has responded to the brutal military force used against protesting students in Tiananmen Square with a video program of television news documentaries in English, Cantonese, and Mandarin; an exhibition of vivid photographs of the student hunger strike and subsequent violence; and an evolving "Artist Wall," a folding screen that is being made from doors and decorated by interested artists. The most compelling work on it looks like a metal prison door with a map of China behind a barred window. Through Sept. 29. (26 Bowery.)

New Shows—**stan brodsky,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Sept. 30); **petah coyne,** Shainman, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 7); **sam francis,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Sept. 30); **elliott green,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through Sept. 23); **raymond han,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 11); **duncan hannah,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Sept. 30); **joe jones,** Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through Sept. 30); **robert jordan,** French, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Sept. 30); **stephanie kirschen-cole,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Sept. 26); **paul laffoley,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 7); **sherrie levine,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Oct. 14); **robert mangold,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 7); **ethel schwabacher,** Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (through Oct. 7); **jacques villeglé,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 17); **hannah wilke,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Oct. 7); **philip wofford,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 14); **kes zapkus,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Sept. 30).



Self-portrait by Duane Michals

PHOTOGRAPHY

NOTHING'S missing from Duane Michals' "Upside Down, Inside Out, and Backwards" show, at the Sidney Janis Gallery. The exhibition is multimedia to the *n*th degree, multifaceted in the most marvellous way, and mighty strong. Illustration, drawing, painting, photography, poetry, and prose have been brought together by Michals with such lightness and apparent ease that you never feel the weight of his ambitious and greedy desire to use so many art forms. Michals pulls it off because he's an expert at synthesizing different elements—he's been at this for years. Now, writing on or under pictures has become a popular genre, but years ago Michals was out there alone. His voice has added a dimension to his work that makes it unlike anybody else's. Once in a while, self-consciousness can spoil the grace of his stories, but not often enough to become an issue.

With this new exhibition, Michals' usual combination of charm, irony, allegory, and surrealism soars. His mixing up of old-fashioned and contemporary themes and of innocence and cynicism makes for pieces that don't become tired. If you love cats, go. If you enjoy puzzles, he's created some doozies. But the show's not all fun and games. Consequences make themselves known in some of the most powerful work here, as does death. The spirit of Michals' art has obvious links to Edward Lear, and, in fact, in the show's only self-portrait he includes an old etching of Lear with a top hat. Yet it is Lewis Carroll whom Michals most often recalls—not only the Carroll of "Alice in Wonderland" but also the Carroll who photographed little girls. Michals' narrative sequences about the males of a family are certainly more numerous than his depictions of girls, but there's a group of images in this show that is so little-girl-sensitive it's uncanny. Titled "La Danse de Carmen," this sequence is of a six-year-old girl dancing by herself—but not *for* herself. Luckily, Michals was there.

Walter Rosenblum—A small exhibition of photographs drawn from such documentary series as the Lower East Side Pitt Street Project, in the late thirties, and a 1958 journey through Haiti. Starts Sept. 13. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Aaron Siskind—No one can defend the importance of form in photography better than John Szarkowski, and few photographers can illustrate Szarkowski's words as well as Aaron Siskind. Szarkowski's selection of Siskind's prints from those owned by the Museum of Modern Art is a treat. Even though many of Siskind's photographs on view here could mingle among a very refined gathering of abstract paintings, they don't betray their roots, and never let you forget where they came from—a camera that framed what was already there. Through Oct. 10. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Brooklyn Museum—Two exhibitions. One is composed of nineteenth-century photographs of New York by George Brainerd and Breading Way. Brainerd invented cameras and used them to record daily life in Manhattan, in Brooklyn, and on Long Island. Industrialization is a theme of Brainerd's photographs, and is also a visible force behind Breading Way's images, which show not just a new technology but the new concept of leisure that came with it. The other exhibition is a selection of seventy-two photographs that the museum has purchased over the past four years. Both shows through Sept. 18. (Eastern Parkway. Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

International Center of Photography—"Portraits of Black Women Who Changed America," a show of works by photojournalist Brian Lanker. . . . ¶ Dorit Cypis has assembled an installation, called "The Naked Nude," in which viewers are surrounded by projections from seven slide projectors. Both shows will be on view through Oct. 29. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

"Reclaiming Paradise"—A hundred landscape photographs by twenty-six American women, including Imogen Cunningham, Betty Hahn, Marian Post Wolcott, and Dorothea Lange. The images range from Anne Brigman's 1909 photogravure "The Bubble" to Linda Conner's 1986 gold-toned silver-gelatine "Rift, HI." Through Oct. 21. (Lehman College Gallery, Bedford Park Boulevard West at Goulden Ave., the Bronx.)

"Sickles Photo-Reporting Service"—A selection of forty-five images of the forties and fifties (three hassocks on a shag rug, say, or a milk-bottle production line), from the vast archives of this bastion of mainstream, commercial photography. Through Sept. 16. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

"Tutavoh: Learning the Hopi Way"—This show, exploring the various aspects of raising children in the Hopi community, is composed of two groups of photographs: more than half are early-twentieth-century prints of several Hopi villages in northern Arizona; the remaining works were taken in the late seventies by Susanne Page. (Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. Closed Mondays.)

"The Nature of New York City"—An array of photo opportunities that should have been missed. A number of the pictures feature weeds that are supposed to be touching but that need to be pulled. Through Sept. 30. (American Museum of Natural History.)

"Invention and Continuity in Contemporary Photographs"—The title promises more than what you actually get with this show. What's on display is a small selection of work, some of it strong and some as unsubtle as the curatorial method that has systematized the images into three obvious categories. Through Oct. 8. (Metropolitan Museum.)

New Shows—**STEPHEN BRIGIDI,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 21); **KATHY GROVE** and **CARL TOTH,** Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. (starts Sept. 14); **ANDREAS GURSKY,** 303 Gallery, 127 Spring St. (starts Sept. 16); **JASCHI KLEIN,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through Oct. 12); **ADAM LICHT,** ABC No Rio, 156 Rivington St. (open Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 6, through Sept. 21); **DUANE MICHALS,** Sidney Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Sept. 30); **WARREN NEIDICH,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (opens at noon, through Sept. 22); **MITCHELL SYROP,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (through Oct. 7); **JEFF WALL,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 7).

MUSIC

Since America's political history is so largely a history of popularly espoused causes, it is not surprising that we have a rich heritage of songs of protest or advocacy. It's probably our oldest musical tradition, surely our oldest thriving one, and it thrives right now in environmentalist and anti-nuclear songs. Everyone older than twenty-five remembers a time when anti-war songs were urgent and important. Fewer remember many labor-movement songs, but it was not so long ago that Paul Robeson sang "Joe Hill" with a special bite in his delivery.

Joe Hill was a Swedish immigrant who wrote songs for the Industrial Workers of the World early in the century, and was executed for murder, in Utah, in 1915. He said he was framed, and in death he became a martyr figure for the labor movement. Earl Robinson, born in Seattle in 1910, wrote the song that Robeson sang. Robinson also wrote the sensationally popular "Ballad for Americans" (originally part of a W.P.A. review). At a moment when displays of patriotism tend to divide left from right, we find it somehow touching to note that the "Ballad" was popularized by Robeson (who sang it in Harlem and at rallies protesting Jim Crow) and was performed at the 1940 Republican National Convention.

The "Ballad for Americans" will be sung at Merkin Concert Hall on September 24, along with "Joe Hill," and Earl Robinson is expected to be there. This is part of the grand finale to a five-concert series called "Voices of Change" that will begin this week. On the 11th, there will be temperance songs, suffrage songs, and abolitionist and civil-rights songs; on the 14th, songs of war and peace; on the 20th, songs of labor and populist movements from the twentieth century; and, on the 23rd, a "Folk Music Showcase." Marni Nixon, Steven Blier, Odetta, Neely Bruce, the Workmen's Circle Chorus, Ursula Oppens, and Larry Kert are among the many performers listed.

New York City Opera—Unless there is a strike, the schedule: **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Wendy White, Susan Nicely, and Thomas Woodman; conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. (Sept. 13 at 8.) . . . **THE MIKADO,** with Ruth Golden, Joyce Castle, Michael Rees Davis, and James Billings; Peter Howard. (Sept. 14 at 8.) . . . **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with Sheryl Woods, Rachel Rosales, and Stephen Dickson; Imre Pallo. (Sept. 15 at 8.) . . . **MADAME BUTTERFLY,** with Catherine Lamy, Jane Bunnell, Martin Thompson, and Kenneth Shaw; Imre Pallo. (Sept. 16 at 2.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Marilyn Mims, Jane Shaulis, Mark Thomsen, and Richard Fredricks; Arthur Fagen. (Sept. 16 and Sept. 19, at 8.) . . . **MEFISTOFELE,** with Louisa Jonason, Margaret Cusack, Harry Dworchak, and Stephen O'Mara; Sergiu Comissiona. (Sept. 17 at 1.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** with Faith Esham, Robert McFarland, and Otoniel Gonzaga; Scott Bergeson. (Sept. 17 at 7.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducts this opening-night benefit performance of works by Wagner, Mahler, and Mozart. With Jessye Norman, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sept. 20 at 8.)

Alexandrov Red Army Song and Dance Ensemble—A group of more than two hundred singers, dancers, and musicians from the Soviet Union. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Sept. 12 at 7:30; Sept. 13-15 at 8; Sept. 16 at 2 and 8; and Sept. 17 at 2 and 7:30.)

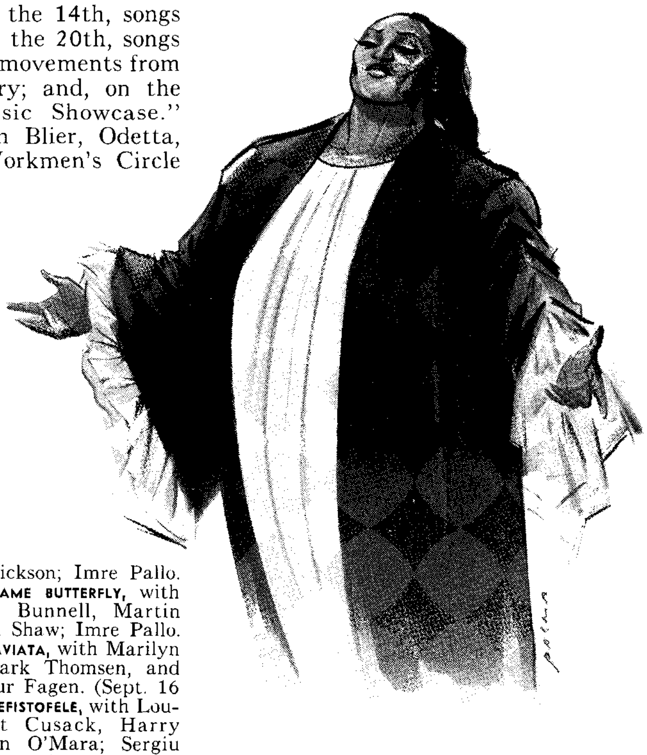
"Voices of Change"—American protest songs. Sept. 11: Odetta, and the Hutchinson Family Singers. . . . ¶ Sept. 14: The Western Wind Vocal Ensemble and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Sept. 20: Marni Nixon, soprano; Ursula Oppens and Steven Blier, piano; and the American Music Theatre Group. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Evenings at 8:30.)

The Singers Forum—The ongoing Kurt Weill revival will be bringing us "The Threepenny Opera" on Broadway this fall, but Singers Forum, an underfunded voice-training and repertory foundation, should not be overlooked. It is presenting a revue of Weill's collaborative efforts, which accomplishes the difficult task of integrating the composer's Weimar-Expressionist style with his later Broadway work with Maxwell Anderson, Ira Gershwin, Alan Jay Lerner, Ogden Nash, and others. The costumes have been lovingly based on the original productions—there are sooty black outfits, tuxedos, and a woman's gorgeous white silk dress coat from the 1936 "Johnny Johnson"—and the singing is splendid (and unamplified) in both German and English. The witty production design by Anton Bellini includes torn-paper curtains, starlight, and bubbles (in the Circus Dream finale from "Lady in the Dark"). (137 Fifth Ave., at 20th St. Sept. 15-16 at 8 and Sept. 17 at 4. No tickets necessary, but for reservations call 254-7170.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Sept. 16 at 7:30 and Sept. 17 at 2:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Edoardo Müller conducting the orchestra and a chorus in works by Vivaldi and Respighi. Luciano Berio will conduct a work by Petrassi and a work of his own, "O King." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Sept. 16 at 8.)

Pomerium Musices—Presenting a recently discovered work by the Renaissance composer Guillaume Dufay. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. Sept. 17 at 7:30.



Jessye Norman with the New York Philharmonic

Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Korean Symphony of New York—Performing works by Brahms, Rossini, and Tchaikovsky in this benefit concert. With Sung-Ju Lee, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sept. 17 at 8.)

Pandit Pran Nath—A vocalist and composer presenting "Evening Ragas." With La Monte Young, instrumentalist, and Marian Zazeela, singer. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Sept. 20 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

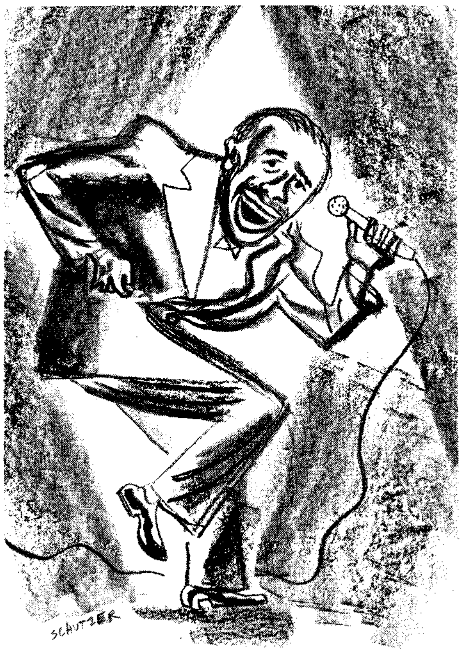
Fine Young Cannibals and Neneh Cherry—As far as influences and origins go, this show is a collagist's dream. Guitarist Andy Cox and keyboard player David Steele of Fine Young Cannibals helped to perfect the wonderful ska-reggae-punk-and-Birmingham-soul sound of the English Beat before spinning off to form the core trio of the Cannibals with singer Roland Gift, whose husky, viscous voice is a one-man wall of sound. The group's recordings are studio candy—the tasty details and accents make for a global-pop whole that is greater than the sum of its parts—so their daunting task is satisfying a live audience that is one big sweet tooth. Neneh Cherry, the stunning Swedish-West African beauty and former P.S. 3 student (her stepfather is the American jazz trumpeter Don Cherry), will open the concert with her transatlantic blend of rap, hip-hop, rhythm and blues, and London funk. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 12-13 at 8. . . . ¶ Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Sept. 17 at 8.)

Freddie Jackson—While Jacksons from another clan (Michael's) have been diverting everyone's attention, this Jackson, a native son of upper Manhattan, has been quietly conquering the black-music charts (he has had eight number-one singles in three years) with a crooning R. & B. style that is the aural equivalent of silk sheets and champagne. His fans will be glad to let him know in person that he's earned his triumphal nights on Broadway. (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Sept. 12-14 at 8, Sept. 15-16 at 7 and 10:30, and Sept. 17 at 7.)

The Kinks—Ray Davies is rock's great poet of lassitude ("Tired of Waiting for You," "Rainy Day in June," "Lazy Old Sun," "Here Comes Yet Another Day," "Sittin' on My Sofa," "Sitting in My Hotel," "Sitting in the Midday Sun," and so on), the man who wrote the funniest pop song about sex ("Lola"), a rocker who has stayed current enough to write sweet songs about punk music and gentrification, and a guy who was cool enough to have been the boyfriend of Chrissie Hynde (of the Pretenders) for four years. His brother Dave is one of the pioneers of beautifully demented guitar playing, and a Kinks concert—where English Music Hall meets the Big Beat—is a perennial pleasure. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Sept. 15 at 8.)

New York Salsa Festival—The *gran final* concert of the three-week festival will itself have a multinational *gran final* encore of the stars who are scheduled to appear: Rubén Blades of Panama, Luis Enrique of Nicaragua, Oscar D'Leon of Venezuela, José Alberto of the Dominican Republic, and Eddie Santiago, Hector Lavoe, Tito Nieves, Tony Vega, and Frankie Ruiz, all of Puerto Rico. The evening is billed as a "Festival de los Soneros," which means that the singers will be emphasizing their mastery of vocal rhythm against the layered polymetres and contrasting riffs of the brass and percussion. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Sept. 16 at 8.)

10,000 Maniacs—The singer and songwriter Natalie Merchant can work a stage better than R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe, but she lacks his hippie authority and can't bring much humor to her sometimes precious lyrics. Still, there is something tuneful and honest in many of her songs. Her band's best-selling new album, "Blind Man's Zoo," has a harder edge than its previous recordings—the toe-tapping music and topical lyrics make you feel like a peppy concerned citizen. (Jones Beach Theatre. Sept. 16 at 8.)



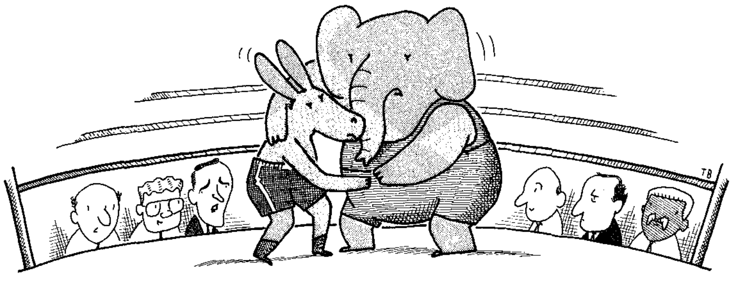
Cab Calloway

Cab Calloway—His Royal Highness of Hi-De-Ho—who first blurted out those signature syllables because he had forgotten the words to "Minnie the Moocher"—was born "Cabell" on a Christmas night more than eighty years ago. In the early thirties, Calloway and his Missourians took over the Cotton Club when Duke Ellington's clan packed it in and, twenty years later, Calloway was on Broadway singing "It Ain't Necessarily So" in a role that George Gershwin had modelled after him—Sportin' Life in "Porgy and Bess." Calloway, known for a high-stepping flamboyance and a stray lock of long, black hair, will perform with the Hi-De-Ho Orchestra. The evening will also feature performances by the Williams Brothers and Calloway's daughter, the singer Chris Calloway. (Beacon Theatre. Sept. 16 at 8.)

E.U.—A Washington go-go outfit whose song "Da Butt," which was featured in Spike Lee's 1988 movie "School Daze," is the best dance tune about derrieres since "Shake Your Booty." Go-go music is a continuous groove that can keep an audience shaking its collective tail feather all night long, and if you're short on stamina, look out. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 749-5858. Sept. 16 at 8.)

R.E.M.—Arguably the best band in America (and at times certainly the most pretentious), R.E.M. has hit the big time. Michael Stipe is a whirling dervish of energy onstage, and the band (guitarist Peter Buck, bassist Mike Mills, and drummer Bill Berry) pounds out faultless rock and roll. As performers, they've become friendlier—they seem to have hung up their hair shirts and to be enjoying life at the top. Although it's true that their lyrics add new meaning to the word "abstract," an essential message of hope gets through to the disciples in the audience. This is a band with an eye for the rising and falling tides of history; its songs are filled with true feeling and, thankfully, a disarming sense of fun. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Sept. 19 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 587-9222. Sept. 20 at 8.)

Queens Ethnic Music & Dance Festival—Cuban, Greek, Puerto Rican, Yugoslav, Irish, Armenian performers. (Bohemian Hall and Park, 29-19 24th Ave., Astoria. Sept. 16 from 11 A.M. to midnight. For further information, call 691-9510.)



Atlantic Starr—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 17 at 7:30.

Bill Cosby—In a benefit performance. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 749-5858. Sept. 18 at 7:30.)

Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers—In a benefit performance. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Sept. 18 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Seattle Mariners, Sept. 15-16 at 7:30, and Sept. 17 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Brewers, Sept. 19-20 at 7:30.

Giants—Vs. the Detroit Lions, Sept. 17 at 4. (Home base for the Yankees is Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and for the Giants, Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Woodward Handicap is on Sept. 16, and the Futurity is on Sept. 17. . . . At the Meadowlands: weeknights at 7:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Jungle Sounds—Brian Eno has collected the noises that Ba-Ya-Ka pygmies make while hunting, dancing, and sitting out rainstorms, mixed them up with jungle sounds from the rain forest in Cameroon, and now is about to amplify them (through a hundred and two speakers) in the Winter Garden at the World Financial Center. The sound installation will be audible for about three weeks, starting Sept. 14 (most days from noon to 2, and from 5-7). On Sept. 16-18 at 8, the Jon Hassell group will make live instrumental noises, and Mr. Eno will stand by to mix them into his track.

Wide Open Ballroom—As if sunset at the Bethesda Fountain in Central Park weren't romantic enough, the Parks Department, together with the Roseland organization and the Polly-O cheese people, has arranged for a live orchestra to play ballroom dance music there on Sept. 15, starting at 7. All New Yorkers are invited to take a whirl around the fountain.

Beds on Wheels—"The Great Bed Race," in which four-person teams push fourposter beds (complete with sheets, blankets, and at least one live body) down Columbus Ave. from 96th St. to 90th St., takes place at noon on Sept. 17.

Bird Watching—Naturally, New York City is a perfect pit stop for birds travelling from points north to points south, and a favorite in-town haunt of these migrators is Central Park. Bring binoculars and a field book to the Loeb Boathouse, near E. 75th St., on Sept. 17 at 10, and join the Central Park rangers for a look at these seasonal tourists.

Books and Letters—"New York Is Book Country," a fair sponsored by the city's bookselling and lending institutions to encourage the buying, reading, perusing, and scanning of old and new books. (Fifth Ave. between 48th and 57th Sts. Sept. 17, from 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ Authors giving readings this week are: John le Carré. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Sept. 18 at 8.) . . . ¶ Russell Banks. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Sept. 20 at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Howard Nemerov. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Sept. 20 at 7. No tickets are necessary.)

Lectures at the Library—On Sept. 18 at 6, James Watson, a.k.a. Dr. DNA, will talk about double helixes and other matters of genetic importance. . . . ¶ On Sept. 20 at 6, Elizabeth Fox-Genovese will talk about the importance of religion to white Southern women during the pre-Civil War era. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Primary Elections—The primaries are Sept. 12 (Tuesday). The polls will be open between 6 A.M. and 9 P.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Sept. 14: "La Boca del Lobo" (1988, directed by Francisco Lombardi; a Peruvian film, in Spanish).
From Sept. 15: "Walpurgis Night" (1935, Gustaf Edgren; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman, Lars Hanson, and Victor Sjöström; and "A Woman's Face" (1938, Gustaf Molander; in Swedish), with Bergman and Georg Rydeberg.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Abyss" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 14: "Cookie" (†). From Sept. 15: "Night Game" (Peter Masterson), with Roy Scheider and Karen Young.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 13th and 14th. (505-7320)
Through Sept. 14: "Relentless" (William Lustig), with Judd Nelson, Robert Loggia, and Leo Rossi. From Sept. 15: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Wizard of Oz" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Sept. 14: "The Abyss" (†).
From Sept. 15: "Sea of Love" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
"Kickboxer," with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).
Theatre 2: "Shirley Valentine" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Package" (Andrew Davis), with Gene Hackman, Joanna Cassidy, Tommy Lee Jones, and John Heard.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Parenthood" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Kickboxer," with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Lethal Weapon 2" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Abyss" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Uncle Buck" (John Hughes), with John Candy and Amy Madigan.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "Millennium" (Michael Anderson), with Kris Kristofferson, Cheryl Ladd, Daniel J. Travanti, Robert Joy, Lloyd Bochner, and Brent Carver. From Sept. 15: "The Big Picture" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Romero" (John Duigan), with Raul Julia.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Casualties of War" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "Parenthood" (†). From Sept. 15: "Sea of Love" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 14: "Cookie" (†). From Sept. 15: "In Country" (Norman Jewison), with Bruce Willis, Emily Lloyd, Joan Allen, Kevin Anderson, and Judith Ivey.
Theatre 2: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Spices" (Ketan Mehta; in Hindi), with Smita Patil.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "Lock Up" (John Flynn), with Sylvester Stallone, Donald Sutherland, John Amos, Darlanne Fluegel, and Sonny Landham. From Sept. 15: "Night Game" (Peter Masterson), with Roy Scheider and Karen Young.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 19: "The Package" (Andrew Davis), with Gene Hackman, Joanna Cassidy, Tommy Lee Jones, and John Heard. From Sept. 20: "A Dry White Season" (Euzhan Palcy), with Donald Sutherland, Janet Suzman, Jurgen Prochnow, Zakes Mokae, Susan Sarandon, and Marlon Brando.
Theatre 2: "Relentless" (William Lustig), with Judd Nelson, Robert Loggia, and Leo Rossi.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 19: "Dead Poets Society" (†).
From Sept. 20: "Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Shirley Valentine" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Parenthood" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Abyss" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "Relentless" (William Lustig), with Judd Nelson, Robert Loggia, and Leo Rossi. From Sept. 15: "Sea of Love" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Kickboxer," with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 2" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Lethal Weapon 2" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Parenthood" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "Casualties of War" (†). From Sept. 15: "Sea of Love" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 14: Theatre closed. From Sept. 15: "The Second Animation Celebration: The Movie," twenty-four short films from six countries.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: Theatre closed. From Sept. 15: "Spices" (directed by Ketan Mehta; in Hindi), with Smita Patil.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 14: Theatre closed. From Sept. 15: "The Heart of Dixie" (Martin Davidson), with Ally Sheedy, Virginia Madsen, Phoebe Cates, Treat Williams, and Don Michael Paul.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 14: Theatre closed. From Sept. 15: "Distant Voices, Still Lives" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Cookie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 2" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Abyss" (†).
Theatre 4: "Parenthood" (†).
Theatre 5: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 14: "Casualties of War" (†). From Sept. 15: "Sea of Love" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0600)
Theatre 1: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Kickboxer," with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 3: "Uncle Buck" (John Hughes), with John Candy and Amy Madigan.

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).
Theatre 2: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Parenthood" (†).
Theatre 4: "Casualties of War" (†).
Theatre 5: "Casualties of War" (†).
Theatre 6: "Uncle Buck" (John Hughes), with John Candy and Amy Madigan.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Dead Poets Society" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 14: "The Abyss" (†).
From Sept. 15: "Sea of Love" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Sept. 14: "The Wizard of Oz" (†).
From Sept. 15: "The Dybbuk" (1938, Machael Waszynski; in Yiddish).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Cookie" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Romero" (John Duigan), with Raul Julia.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Weapons of the Spirit" (Pierre Sauvage), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Sept. 14: "A Chorus of Disapproval" (Michael Winner), with Anthony Hopkins and Jeremy Irons.
From Sept. 15: "Tom Jones" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
(Matinées only) "The Adventures of Milo and Otis" (Masanori Hata); and (evenings only) "Do the Right Thing" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Shirley Valentine" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 14: "Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle" (†). From Sept. 15: "High Fidelity—The Adventures of the Guarneri String Quartet" (Allan Miller), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "The Little Thief" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Music Teacher" (Gérard Corbiau; in French).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dead Poets Society" (†).
Theatre 3: "Relentless" (William Lustig), with Judd Nelson, Robert Loggia, and Leo Rossi.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 19: "The Package" (Andrew Davis), with Gene Hackman, Joanna Cassidy, Tommy Lee Jones, and John Heard. From Sept. 20: "A Dry White Season" (Euzhan Palcy), with Donald Sutherland, Janet Suzman, Jurgen Prochnow, Zakes Mokae, Susan Sarandon, and Marlon Brando.
Theatre 5: "Lethal Weapon 2" (†).
Theatre 6: "Cookie" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Parenthood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Kickboxer," with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (316-6600)
Through Sept. 14: (Matinées only) "The Adventures of Milo and Otis" (Masanori Hata); and (evenings only) "Turner & Hooch" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Tom Hanks.
From Sept. 15 (tentative): "Uncle Buck" (John Hughes), with John Candy and Amy Madigan.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Abyss" (†).
Theatre 2: "Casualties of War" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 14: "Lock Up" (John Flynn), with Sylvester Stallone, Donald Sutherland, John Amos, Darlanne Fluegel, and Sonny Landham. From Sept. 15: "Night Game" (Peter Masterson), with Roy Scheider and Karen Young.
Theatre 3: "Kickboxer," with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 4: "Millennium" (Michael Anderson), with Kris Kristofferson, Cheryl Ladd, Daniel J. Travanti, Robert Joy, Lloyd Bochner, and Brent Carver.
Theatre 5: "Friday the 13th, Part VIII: Jason Takes Manhattan" (Rob Hebben).
Theatre 6: "Cookie" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Package" (Andrew Davis), with Gene Hackman, Joanna Cassidy, Tommy Lee Jones, and John Heard.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†); and "Star Trek V: The Final

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Theatre 3: "Turner & Hooch" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Tom Hanks; and "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids" (†).

Theatre 4: "Cheetah" (Jeff Blyth), with Keith Coogan.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Relentless" (William Lustig), with Judd Nelson, Robert Loggia, and Leo Rossi.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Parenthood" (†).

Theatre 2: "Casualties of War" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"A Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child" (Stephen Hopkins), with Robert Englund.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 2" (†).

Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 2" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Sept. 11: "A Night at the Opera" (1935, directed by Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers; and "On the Avenue" (1937, Roy Del Ruth), with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell.

Sept. 12-13: "Safety Last" (1923, Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor; silent), with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "College" (1927, James Horne; silent), with Buster Keaton; and two short films—"Hog Wild" (1930, James Parrott), with Laurel and Hardy; and "One Week" (1921, Keaton and Edward Cline; silent), with Keaton and Sybil Seely.

Sept. 14: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939, Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; and "College Holiday" (1937, Frank Tuttle), with Jack Benny and Burns and Allen.

Sept. 15-16: "Kid Brothers" (1927, Ted Wilde), with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston; "Steamboat Bill Jr." (†); and two short films—"Easy Street" (1917, Charlie Chaplin; silent), with Chaplin, Edna Purviance, and Eric Campbell; and "Day Dreams" (1923, Buster Keaton and Edward Cline; silent), with Keaton and Renée Adorée.

Sept. 17-18: "The Navigator" (†); "Grandma's Boy" (1922, Fred Newmeyer; silent), with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Anna Townsend; and "The Three Ages" (1922, Buster Keaton), with Keaton, Wallace Beery, and Joe Roberts.

Sept. 19-20: "The Sunshine Boys" (1975, Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau, George Burns, and Richard Benjamin; and "George Washington Slept Here" (1942, William Keighley), with Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny, and Charles Coburn.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 12: "Henry V" (1944, Laurence Olivier), with Olivier; and "Othello" (1965, Stuart Burge), with Olivier and the National Theatre of Great Britain.

Sept. 13-14: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, Michel Auclair, Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemying.

Sept. 15-16: "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Spike Lee), with Tracy Camila Johns, Tommy Redmond Hicks, and Lee; and "School Daze" (1988, Lee).

Sept. 17: "Mr. Klein" (†); and "The Boat Is Full" (1981, Markus Imhoff; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.

Sept. 18-19: "Paris, Texas" (1984, Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "Hammett" (1983, Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

From Sept. 20: "Jacknife" (1989, David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker; and "The King of Comedy" (1983, Martin Scorsese), with De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through Sept. 12: "Odds Against Tomorrow" (1959, Robert Wise), with Robert Ryan, Harry Belafonte, and Ed Begley; "The Street with No Name" (1948, William Keighley), with Richard Widmark and Mark Stevens; and "Crime Wave" (1953, André de Toth), with Sterling Hayden, Gene Nelson, and Phyllis Kirk.

Sept. 13-14: "The Last Detail" (1974, Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972, Bob Rafelson), with Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

Sept. 15-16: "The Seventh Seal" (1956, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Persona" (1967, Bergman; in Swedish), with Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

Sept. 17: "A Love in Germany" (1984, Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault; and "Das Boot" (1980, Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow.

Sept. 18-19: "Blood Money" (1933, Rowland Brown), with George Bancroft, Judith Anderson, and Frances Dee; "Framed" (1947, Richard Wallace), with Glenn Ford; and "The Mob" (1951, Robert Parrish), with Broderick Crawford and Richard Kiley.

From Sept. 20: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965, Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, and Keir Dullea; and "The Power and the Glory" (1960, Mark Daniels), with Olivier.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 11: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "The Lower Depths" (1957), both in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 12: "Romance" (1930, Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo; and "Inspiration" (1931, Brown), with Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Sept. 13: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946, Gabriel Pascal), with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Flora Robson, and Stewart Granger; and "Pygmalion" (1938, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller.

At its most high-spirited and accessible, Jean Renoir's 1937 "Grand Illusion" (playing September 14 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) is the great-granddaddy of prisoner-of-war movies. Renoir and his co-scenarist, Charles Spaak, follow a group of French officers—most prominently, a mechanic (Jean Gabin), an aristocrat (Pierre Fresnay), and a Jewish banking heir (Marcel Dalio)—as they attempt to escape from German P.O.W. camps during the First World War. No P.O.W. film that's followed has ever rivalled "Grand Illusion"'s fullness of emotion. You root wholeheartedly for the Frenchmen to elude the Germans without feeling as if you're caught in a melodramatic vise. When Renoir gets the adrenaline racing, he opens up your sympathies.

"Grand Illusion" reclaims the world of Fresnay's aristocracy, which disappeared in "the war to end all wars." The whole movie is an expression of another world—one filled with stirring, utopian hopes and with a defiant liberalism. The characters crisscross social, racial, and political boundaries: Gabin's good-hearted commoner and Dalio's cultured Jew form a close bond, while Fresnay shares more fraternal feeling with the courtly German commandant, played by Erich von Stroheim. (The acting alone is inspiring.) This compassionate adventure, too rich to be labelled simply "anti-war," salutes the separate but equal notions of common humanity and individual diversity. Renoir doesn't have to profess his idealism; it's part of the atmosphere. The film doesn't preach its messages; it breathes them.

Sept. 14: "La Bête Humaine" (†); and "Grand Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Sept. 15-16: "Walkabout" (1971, Nicolas Roeg); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975, Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

Sept. 17: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948, Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (†).

Sept. 18: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962, Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930, Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (†).

Sept. 19: "Cabin in the Sky" (†); and "Stormy Weather" (1943, Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

Sept. 20: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939, Howard Hawks), with Jean Arthur, Cary Grant; and "The Talk of the Town" (1942, George Stevens), with Grant, Arthur, Ronald Colman, Glenda Farrell, and Rex Ingram.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

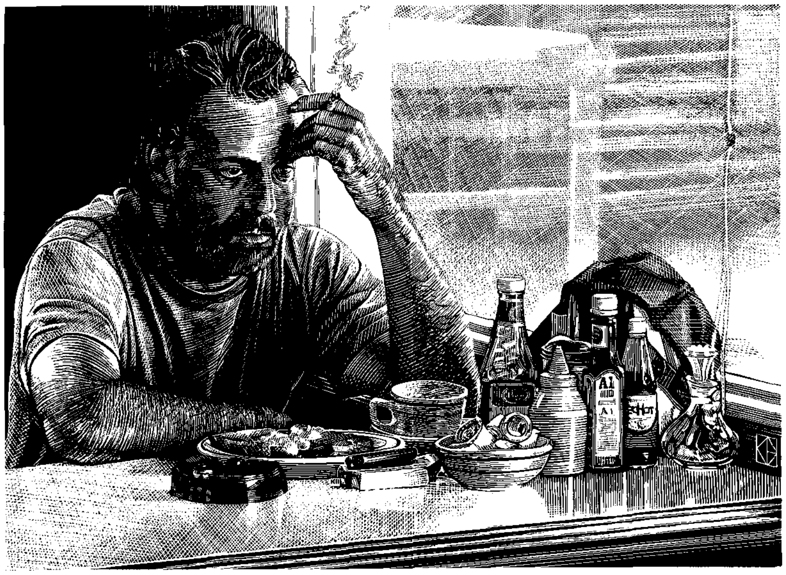
Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Hollywood films made in 1939. Sept. 11 at 2:30: "Young Mr. Lincoln" (directed by John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Alice Brady. . . . Sept. 11 at 6 and Sept. 12 at 2:30: "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (Anatole Litvak), with Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, and George Sanders. . . . Sept. 12 at 6: "Dodge City" (Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia De Havilland, and Ann Sheridan. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 12:30, 3, and 6, and Sept. 16-17 at 2 and 5: A program of ninety 1988 award-winning British film and videotape advertisements.

THEATRE 2: Films by Taiwanese filmmakers Hou Hsiao-hsien and Edward Yang, all in Mandarin or Hokkien and Mandarin, with Chinese and English subtitles. Sept. 11 at 3: "Daughter of the Nile" (1987, Hou). . . . Sept. 11 at 6: "Green, Green Grass of Home" (1982, Hou). . . . Sept. 12 at 2: "That Day on the Beach" (1983, Yang). . . . Sept. 12 at 6: "The Boys from Fengkuei" (1984, Hou). . . . Sept. 15 at 3: "Taipei Story" (1984, Yang). . . . Sept. 15 at 6: "A Summer at Grandpa's" (1984, Hou). . . . Sept. 16 at 2:30: "The Terrorizer" (1986, Yang). . . . Sept. 16 at 5:30: "Daughter of the Nile." . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2: "The Bridge" (1928, Joris Ivens; silent); and "The Spanish Earth" (1937, Ivens), a documentary, with commentary written and spoken by Ernest Hemingway. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: "Rain" (1929, Ivens; silent); and "Impressions of a City (Shanghai)" (1974, Ivens and Marceline Loridan). . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 2:30 and 5 and Sept. 18 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of short animated Czech films by Karel Zeman. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 12:30: A program of ninety 1988 award-winning British film and videotape advertisements. . . . ¶ Sept. 19 at 3 and 6: Six short films by the Brazilian filmmaker Artur Omar.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty years. Sept. 12-16: Ernest J. Gaines' "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman" (1974, CBS), with Cicely Tyson. . . . From Sept. 19: James Thurber's "The Thirteen Clocks" (1953, ABC), with Cedric Hardwicke, Basil Rathbone, Roberta Peters, John Raitt, and Alice Peerce. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedies seen on cable. Sept. 12-16: "Comic Relief" (1986), hosted by Robin Williams, Whoopi Goldberg, and Billy Crystal. . . . From Sept. 19: "It's Garry Shandling's Show" (1988), two thirty-minute episodes. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ Shows produced and directed by Gary Smith and Dwight Hemion. Sept. 12-16: "Uptown—A Musical-Comedy History of Harlem's Apollo Theatre" (1980, NBC), with Natalie Cole, Lou Rawls, Ben Vereen, and Flip Wilson. . . . From Sept. 19: "Ann-Margret Olsson" (1975, NBC), with Tina Turner and the Osmond Brothers; and "Shirley MacLaine at the Lido" (1979, CBS), with Tom Jones. Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave.



Bruce Willis in "In Country"

at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the **RIKLIS THEATRE,** "A Hand-Made World: Sixty Years of Animated Features." Sept. 16 at 1: "The Adventures of Prince Achmed" (1926), a German silent film, animated by Lotte Reininger and Carl Koch. . . . Sept. 16 at 3: "Pinocchio" (1940), from the Disney studios. . . . Sept. 16 at 5: "The Secret of Nimh" (1982, Don Bluth). . . . Sept. 17 at 1: "Mr. Bug Goes to Town" (1941, Max and Dave Fleischer). . . . Sept. 17 at 3: "The Three Caballeros" (1945), a group of animated shorts about Latin America, with Donald Duck as the tourist. . . . Sept. 17 at 5: "Fantastic Planet" (1973, René Laloux). . . . Sept. 20 at 2:30: "Pinocchio." . . . ¶ In the **WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM,** "The Rise and Fall of the Television Western," a survey of this genre, 1943-73, shown in eleven three-hour thematic programs ("Minorities and the Western," "The Classic Adult Western," "The Warner Bros. Western," are a few of the groupings). Showings Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 11:30 and 2:35.

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742) —Films starring the late Indian actress Smita Patil. Sept. 13 at 3: "In Search of Famine" (1980, Mrinal Sen; in Bengali). . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 7: "The Threshold" (1982, Jabbar Patel; in Marathi). . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 3: "Chidambaram" (1985, G. Aravindan; in Tamil and Malayalam). . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 7: "The Churning" (1975, Shyam Benegal; in Hindi). . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at noon: "The Vicious Circle" (1980, Ravindra Dharmaraj; in Hindi). . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 4: "The Churning."

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing at either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Sept. 14-15 at 8 and Sept. 16 at 6: Newly restored 35-mm. prints of 1896-1900 works by Louis and Auguste Lumière. . . . ¶ Sept. 14-15 at 9:30: Two different programs of short works by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 8 and Sept. 17 at 6 and 8: "Marty" (1955, Delbert Mann), with Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 9:30: "Mass for the Dakota Sioux" (1964) and "Quixote" (1965), both by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ Sept. 18-20 at 7 and 9: Six different programs of the Third New York Lesbian and Gay Experimental Film Festival.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

THE ABYSS—This undersea epic is more complex technically than the previous films written and directed by James Cameron—"The Terminator" and "Aliens"—and, disastrously, it aims for emotional complexity as well. The main characters are an estranged married couple (Ed Harris and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) who are forced to work together in an emergency salvage operation—searching the depths for a nuclear submarine that met with a mysterious accident. Cameron wants to turn this routine plot into a metaphor for the couple's attempt to salvage their relationship. Although that isn't a very subtle idea, he might have managed to put it over if he had concentrated on the action and let the meanings take care of themselves. But the action sequences are confusingly edited, the dialogue is painfully explicit, and the B-movie suspense devices he uses (such as placing a raging psycho aboard the salvage vessel) tend to violate the integrity of the metaphor. The big message is: You have to touch bottom—way, way down there—before you can see the light. The light at the movie's climax, unfortunately, takes the form of benign, pastel-colored aliens (provided by the Dream Quest Images effects factory). Throughout, Cameron seems utterly lost: he's trying to reach down farther into himself, and everything he clutches at runs through his fingers. Michael Biehn plays the villain. Cinematography by Mikael Salomon.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/4/89.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Chelsea Cinemas, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Ziegfeld; through Sept. 14.)

BATMAN—Tim Burton's powerfully glamorous comic-book epic, with sets angled and lighted like film noir, goes beyond pulp. It has a funky, nihilistic charge, and an eerie, poetic intensity. Michael Keaton is the fabulously wealthy Bruce Wayne, who patrols the sinister nighttime canyons of Gotham City in the guise of Batman, and Jack Nicholson is the sniggering mobster Jack Napier, who turns into the leering madman the Joker. The two are fighting for the soul of the city that spawned them. The movie is underwritten, but it has so many unpredictable spins that what's missing doesn't seem to matter much. It's mean and anarchic and blissful. Written by Sam Hamm, Warren Skaaren (and uncredited others), based on characters created by Bob Kane. With cinematography by Roger Pratt; design by Anton Furst; costumes by Bob Ringwood; a plangent score by Danny Elfman; and songs by Prince. The cast includes Jack Palance, Kim Basinger, Jerry Hall, and Robert Wuhl.—P.K. (7/10/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Cinema II, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, has a memorable beginning, with Jean Gabin driving the express on the run from Le Havre to Paris. The train sequences, which are superb—realistic yet poetic—were shot on location and include views of the Gare St.-Lazare in Paris in 1938. The film has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive, and at times Gabin is a lump. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14.)

THE BIG PICTURE—With Kevin Bacon, directed by Christopher Guest. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Twin; starting Sept. 15.)

CABIN IN THE SKY (1943)—This was the first film Vincente Minnelli directed and his approach was fresh and enthusiastic. It's a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore, with an all-black cast, and it's one of the best musicals ever made in this country. It becomes even better with the years: now it's easier to ignore the weaknesses in the script, because it's so exciting to see legendary artists, such as Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and Bubbles (John William Sublett), as they were in the forties. The slinky dancing of Bubbles (to the song "Shine") is a high point; so is Ethel Waters singing "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," and so is Lena Horne on "Honey in the Honeycomb." The cast includes Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Rex Ingram, Kenneth Spencer, Mantan Moreland, Willie Best, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, and the Hall Johnson Choir. The script, by Joseph Schrank, is based on the stage musical, with book by Lynn Root, lyrics by John Latouche, and music by Vernon Duke. Only three of the songs in the movie are from the original score; the others are from a variety of sources. Made in sepia.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19.)

CASUALTIES OF WAR—A great, intense movie about war and rape, based on a Vietnam incident of 1966 that was reported in this magazine (October 18, 1969) by the late Daniel Lang. He gave an emotionally devastating account of the actions of a squad of five American soldiers who kidnapped a Vietnamese village girl, raped her, and then covered up their crime by killing her. One of the five men refused to take part in the rape, and, despite threats and attempts on his life, forced the Army to bring the other four to trial. He's the one who suffers from guilt: he can't forgive himself for his inability to save the girl's life. Directed by Brian De Palma, the movie has the purity of films such as "Grand Illusion" and "Shoeshine"; it's the culmination of his best work. Sean Penn gives a daring performance as the squad's twenty-year-old leader; Michael J. Fox is impressive as the soldier who can't keep quiet; Thuy Thu Le is the dazed, battered girl who haunts the movie long before she's dead. The adaptation (too explicit in a few places) is by David Rabe; the cinematography is by Stephen H. Burum; the music is by Ennio Morricone. —P.K. (8/21/89) (Baronet, Worldwide Cinemas, Olympia, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin, and Chelsea Cinemas; through Sept. 14.)

CHOCOLAT—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Bleecker Street Cinema.)

COOKIE—This gangster comedy, directed by

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Susan Seidelman, is about as disposable as a movie can be. The humor has no edge, despite the violent profession of most of the characters. Emily Lloyd, the British teen-ager who gave such a smashing performance in "Wish You Were Here," plays Cookie, the illegitimate daughter of a mobster (Peter Falk) about to be released from prison. Once he's out, they get to know each other, work together against his enemies, and so on. Lloyd, using a Brooklyn accent, is game and appealing but not very interesting here; directed to act "kooky," she's reduced to rolling her eyes and chewing her gum extra vigorously. Falk is more at home: he has effortless dignity and great timing. The most entertaining thing about this movie is listening to the supporting cast rasp away at their silly dialogue (by Alice Arlen and Nora Ephron). With Michael V. Gazzo, Brenda Vaccaro, and Lionel Stander around, this is the hoarsest cast in memory. Also featuring Dianne Wiest, Jerry Lewis, and Adrian Pasdar.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Chelsea Cinemas, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Cinema I; through Sept. 14.)

Dead Poets Society—Robin Williams gives an astonishingly empathic performance as an eager, dedicated prep-school teacher in the late fifties. This teacher talks to his boys about the passions expressed in poetry and helps them release their creative impulses. But one of the boys, soaring on his new confidence, lacks the shrewdness and courage to deal with his rigid, uncomprehending father, and makes a disastrous choice. Directed by Peter Weir, from a script by Thomas Schulman, the picture draws out the obvious and turns itself into a classic. Weir, it appears, is more interested in the elegiac than in the dramatic. Like his "Gallipoli," this film has a gold ribbon attached to it. With Robert Sean Leonard, Ethan Hawke, Josh Charles, Gale Hansen, and Kurtwood Smith and Norman Lloyd.—P.K. (6/26/89) (Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 19.)

Distant Voices, Still Lives—Terence Davies' film, which has won awards at several international festivals, is airless, lugubrious, and overcomposed. It's an autobiographical movie, set in Liverpool in the forties and early fifties, and showing scenes from the life of a working-class family. In essence, it's kitchen-sink drama: Dad's a brute, Mom's a stoic sufferer, the kids rebel in pathetic, stunted ways—everybody's trapped, dead in the water. What's original—and creepy—about Davies' treatment of this familiar material is his relentless aestheticizing of it. He jumbles the chronology, uses a ton of old popular songs (à la Dennis Potter), and even messes with the color process: the colors are deliberately desaturated, so the images all have a dull-brown tone. Davies uses all the art-film techniques at his command to kill his family, embalm them, and rearrange their bodies in a series of lifeless, pristine tableaux. He combines the skills of an artist with the sensibility of a taxidermist. With Freda Dowie, Pete Postlethwaite, Angela Walsh, Lorraine Ashbourne, and Dean Williams.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 15.)

Do the Right Thing—The third feature by Spike Lee takes place in the black neighborhood of Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, on a punishingly hot day; the focus of the action is a pizzeria, Sal's Famous, which is apparently the last white-owned business on the block; and the climax is a riot sparked by a monstrous act of police brutality. At its most basic, Lee's intention is to demonstrate how in a racially polarized society the slow accumulation of small irritations can swell to something huge and ugly and lethal. It's a solid idea for a movie, and initially the picture provides its share of incidental pleasures. And, although most of the many characters Lee shows us are types, at least there are a lot of different ones, and their encounters are often funny. But Lee goes wrong by pushing his material to a "powerful" climax, a Scorsese-like explosion of violence: he sacrifices political clarity for the sake of the big statement. He's nimble-witted and passionate, but his movie seems to shout at us rather than speak to us. In addition to writing, producing, and directing, Lee plays the pivotal role of Mookie, the pizza deliveryman. Others in the cast are Danny Aiello (as Sal), Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Giancarlo Esposito, Bill Nunn, Rosie Perez, Joie Lee, John Turturro, and Richard Edson; as a trio of middle-aged street-corner philosophers, Paul Benjamin, Frankie Faison, and Robin Harris are responsible for the movie's best, loosest scenes.—T.R. (7/24/89) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Cinema 3. Evenings only.)

Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle—Eric Rohmer's latest picture doesn't belong to his "Comedies and Proverbs" cycle, and it isn't the beginning of a new series, either. It's not much of anything, actually—just a quartet of sketches about a country girl (Joëlle Miquel) and a city girl (Jessica Forde). Most of it was shot, in 16 mm., while Rohmer and his crew were waiting to film the "green ray" effect for his 1987 "Summer"; this movie was conceived as a diversion, an agreeable time killer, and it's very, very slight. The first episode, "The Blue Hour," which takes place in the country, is the most satisfying: an elegant little essay on natural sounds and the value of silence. The remaining three—set in Paris, where Reinette and Mirabelle share an apartment—are no more than anecdotes: casual, graceful, and utterly trivial. Also with Fabrice Luchini, Philippe Laudenbach, Marie Riviere, and Béatrice Romand. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza; through Sept. 14.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does a knockout of a fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." (It's Anita Ellis's voice we hear.) With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Directed by Charles Vidor.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 17.)

Honey, I Shrunk the Kids—A contraption invented by a suburban nerd scientist (Rick Moranis) cuts both his kids and the neighbors' down to size: a quarter of an inch. Unaware of what has happened, and unable to hear their pipsqueak cries, Dad sweeps them into a dustpan, dumps them in a garbage bag, and hauls the bag out to the curb. The kids have to make their way back to the house across the (not very recently mowed)

"Bubbles" and Ethel Waters in "Cabin in the Sky"

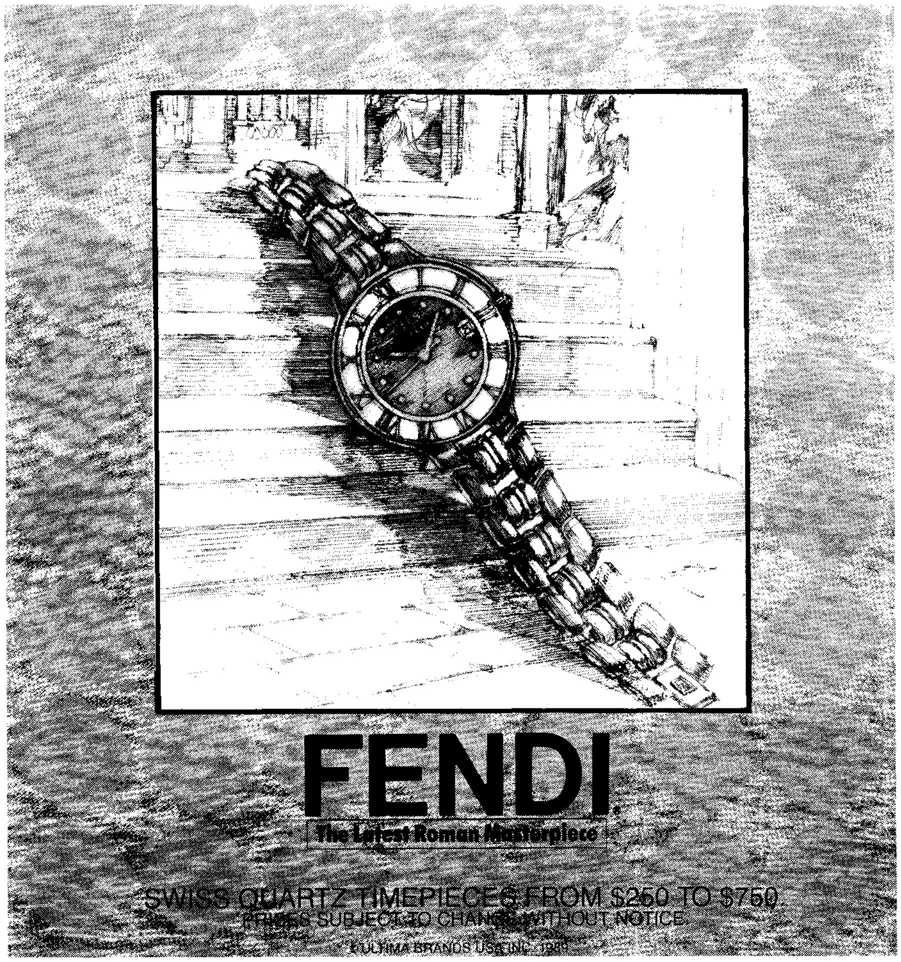
lawn—a long trek for tiny, tiny legs. There are adventures, of course, engineered by the sort of special effects "magic" that probably even the youngest audiences have learned by now to dread. The real surprise of this movie—which was directed by Joe Johnston, an effects specialist from Industrial Light & Magic, and which carries an immense list of technical credits (including a "Scorpion Crew," a "Bee Sequence Crew," and a "Stop Motion Ant Crew")—is that it's friendly, good-humored, and unpretentious. Johnston manages to scale down not only the kids but also the movie's sense of its own importance. Also with Matt Frewer, Marcia Strassman, and Kristine Sutherland; Jared Rushton, Amy O'Neill, Thomas Brown, and Robert Oliveri are the kids.—T.R. (Embassy.)

INDIANA JONES AND THE LAST CRUSADE—This mediocre third film in the Indiana Jones trilogy—a reprise of the first, "Raiders of the Lost Ark"—is a mixture of cliffhanger and anti-Nazi thriller and religious spectacle. It's enjoyable, but familiar, and the action lacks the exhilarating, leaping precision that the director, Steven Spielberg, is famous for. The only real spin is in the slapstick teamwork of Harrison Ford, as the archeologist-adventurer Indy, and Sean Connery, as Indy's father, a medievalist who's too engrossed in his studies to pay much attention to his daredevil son's triumphs. With River Phoenix playing Indy as a boy, Alison Doody, Denholm Elliott, John Rhys-Davies, and Julian Glover.—P.K. (6/12/89) (Gemini, and Embassy.)

LETHAL WEAPON 2—Chases, explosions, fights, barrages of insults, the odd moment of manly sentimentality—these are the standard elements of American action movies in the eighties, and the "Lethal Weapon" movies use them with an amazing lack of shame. There's lots of comedy, but no real relief: the punch lines slam into our brains like cars into plate-glass windows. The only thing that makes this movie at all distinctive is its hero, a reckless L.A. cop named Riggs, a role that allows Mel Gibson to zip through the picture like a free electron. Riggs isn't actually trying to kill himself this time (as he was in the first movie), but he's still a wild man and Gibson is still having a great time playing him. It's a mischievous, sprightly performance: he treats the action sequences as if they were slapstick routines. (Unfortunately, the director, Richard Donner, doesn't have as light a touch.) Danny Glover plays his partner, Murtaugh, an easygoing, conservative black family man; he's mostly called upon to react with horror to Riggs' dangerous antics, and the joke of their relationship gets a little tiresome. (The effect, sometimes, is of a white guy doing heroic stuff while his black pal shuffles along beside him. Glover, a good actor, deserves better.) Joe Pesci does small wonders with his supporting role as a ferrety, motor-mouthed money launderer, and Joss Ackland glowers like Alastair Sim as the head villain, a South African diplomat who smuggles drugs.—T.R. (Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and West Side Cinema.)

THE LITTLE THIEF—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. (According to Miller, Truffaut's initial conception of "The 400 Blows" included the character of Janine in addition to the boy, Antoine Doinel, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud.) This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

MR. KLEIN (1977)—The title may sound like a Jewish detergent, but nothing gets washed away in this unsatisfying French quasi-thrill-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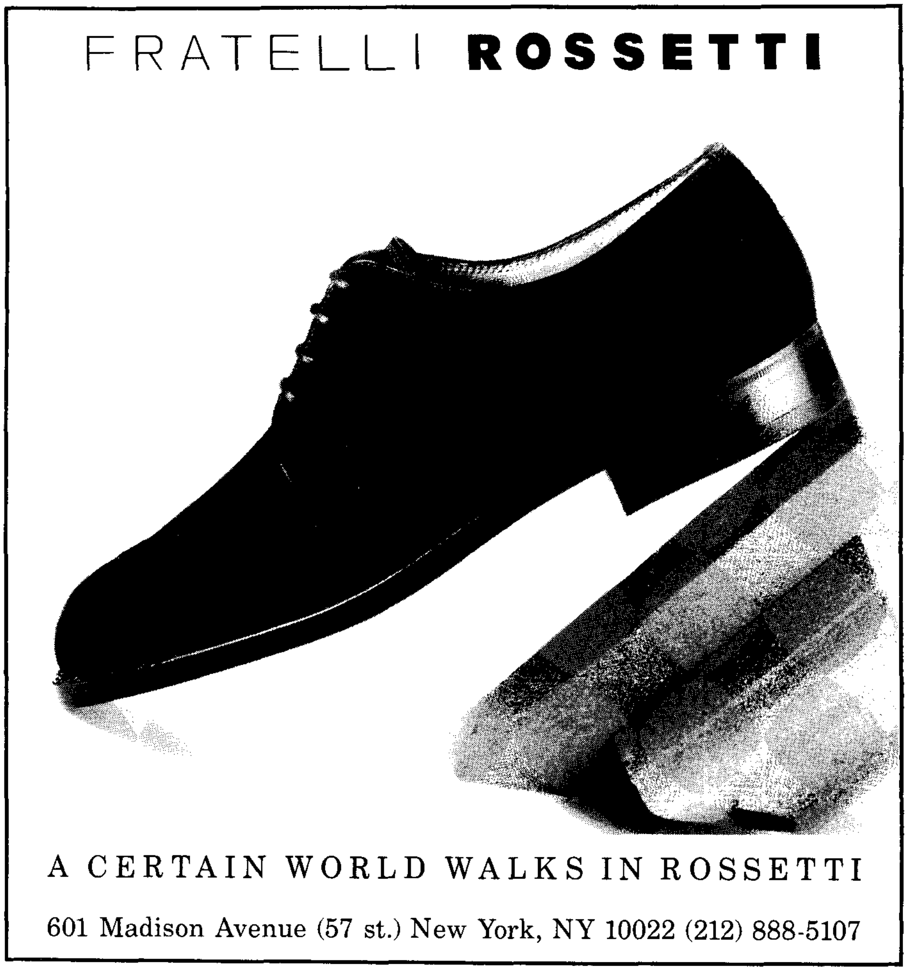
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er, set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), an Aryan, who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Aryan. Written by Franco Solinas, this is the kind of parable-thriller that has to be tight to be effective, but the director, Joseph Losey, keeps it going for over two hours. It's a classic example of his weighty emptiness; the atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. Delon gives a serious, deliberately charmless performance; as Klein, he's stiff, almost military in bearing, with a dollar-signs-for-eyes look. We watch as this lacklustre, repellent man, with a void where his soul should be, suffers the nervous, embarrassed anxiety of trying to prove he's not Jewish; the scenes are so pointed that they poke you in the eye. With Jeanne Moreau, Michel Lonsdale, and Juliet Berto. In French.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Sept. 17.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Buster Keaton's finest—but among the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girlfriend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton (and Donald Crisp) directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Keaton pulled it through all right, while playing with the abstract possibilities of the film image the way a violin virtuoso uses his fiddle. Noble Johnson is the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears in a scene.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 17-18.)

Orpheus (1949)—A masterpiece of magical filmmaking. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period and merges them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise chic to art. With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Edouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. The sumptuous cinematography with its velvety dark and light contrasts is by Nicolas Hayer. In French.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 18.)

Parenthood—The script, by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is ambitiously constructed, tracing the relationships of several boomer-age parents with their kids, their siblings, and their own parents. The advantage of this arrangement is that none of the characters are onscreen very long: we have time to get sick of only about half of them, and some—especially the nervous, eager dad played by Steve Martin—are fun to watch. The drawback is that the movie has no drive. The dull title captures the tone precisely: the whole thing has been conceived generically, abstractly, and by the end the director, Ron Howard, is rushing from scene to scene tidying up loose ends, to make sure that each little individual drama gets its point across and that they all add up to a correct answer to the essay question "What is parenthood?" The movie tries very hard, but its wisdom is on the forlorn side.—T.R. (8/7/89) (34th St. East, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Sept. 14.)

Rita Hayworth in "Gilda"

Sea of Love—With Al Pacino, Ellen Barkin, and John Goodman; directed by Harold Becker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, Loews Orpheum, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld; starting Sept. 15.)

Sex, Lies, and Videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest; he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Plaza, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Shirley Valentine—Willy Russell, who wrote the play (and the movie) "Educating Rita," gives us another Englishwoman learning a thing or two about life. This time, it's a housewife in her forties whose kids are grown and gone and whose husband is so unresponsive that she spends a lot of time talking to the kitchen wall. A friend persuades her to come along on a two-week holiday in Greece, and Shirley, away from her dull husband and her constricted life, starts to enjoy herself for the first time since her adolescence. But she's not just having a fling or reliving her giddy youth—the writer wants us to understand that she's experiencing deeper, maturer pleasures. Russell's script is an adaptation of his play, which was a monologue. Though this isn't a one-woman show anymore, it's still a showcase for perky, round-faced Pauline Collins. She's very likable, and her performance is mercifully restrained. Lewis Gilbert's direction is long on maturity and short on pleasure: the picture moves at a careful, measured, guided-tour pace. When a movie's as stodgy and lulling as this, we're likely to have some trouble accepting it as a ringing affirmation of life. By the end, poor Shirley seems more than ever like a lost soul: an Edna O'Brien character who woke up and found herself on "The Love Boat." Also with Tom Conti, Julia McKenzie, Alison Steadman, and Sylvia Syms.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father is ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone, and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. Silent.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 15-16.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, pausing for a marvellous, lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, George Devine, Joan Greenwood, Diane Cilento, Joyce Redman, and many others. The script is by John Osborne.—P.K. (Paris; starting Sept. 15.)

When Harry Met Sally . . .—Rob Reiner's movie, from a script by Nora Ephron, takes a screwball-comedy idea and inflates it like a rubber raft. Harry (Billy Crystal) and Sally (Meg Ryan) meet in the late seventies, rub each other the wrong way, and then, after breaking up with their partners, become close friends; all the while, they're conducting a running debate on the question "Can a man and a woman ever be just friends, without sex getting in the way?" It's a Rohmer movie played as a sitcom. Crystal muddles through amiably, but Ryan flounders: the filmmakers give her impossible, unplayable scenes, and all she can do is be adorable. The movie keeps telling us that it's real and truthful and universal. Everything in it seems false. Also with Carrie Fisher and Bruno Kirby.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Beekman, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow, and Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman. Directed by Victor Fleming.—P.K. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Festival; through Sept. 14.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, suave Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Bleecker Street Cinema.)

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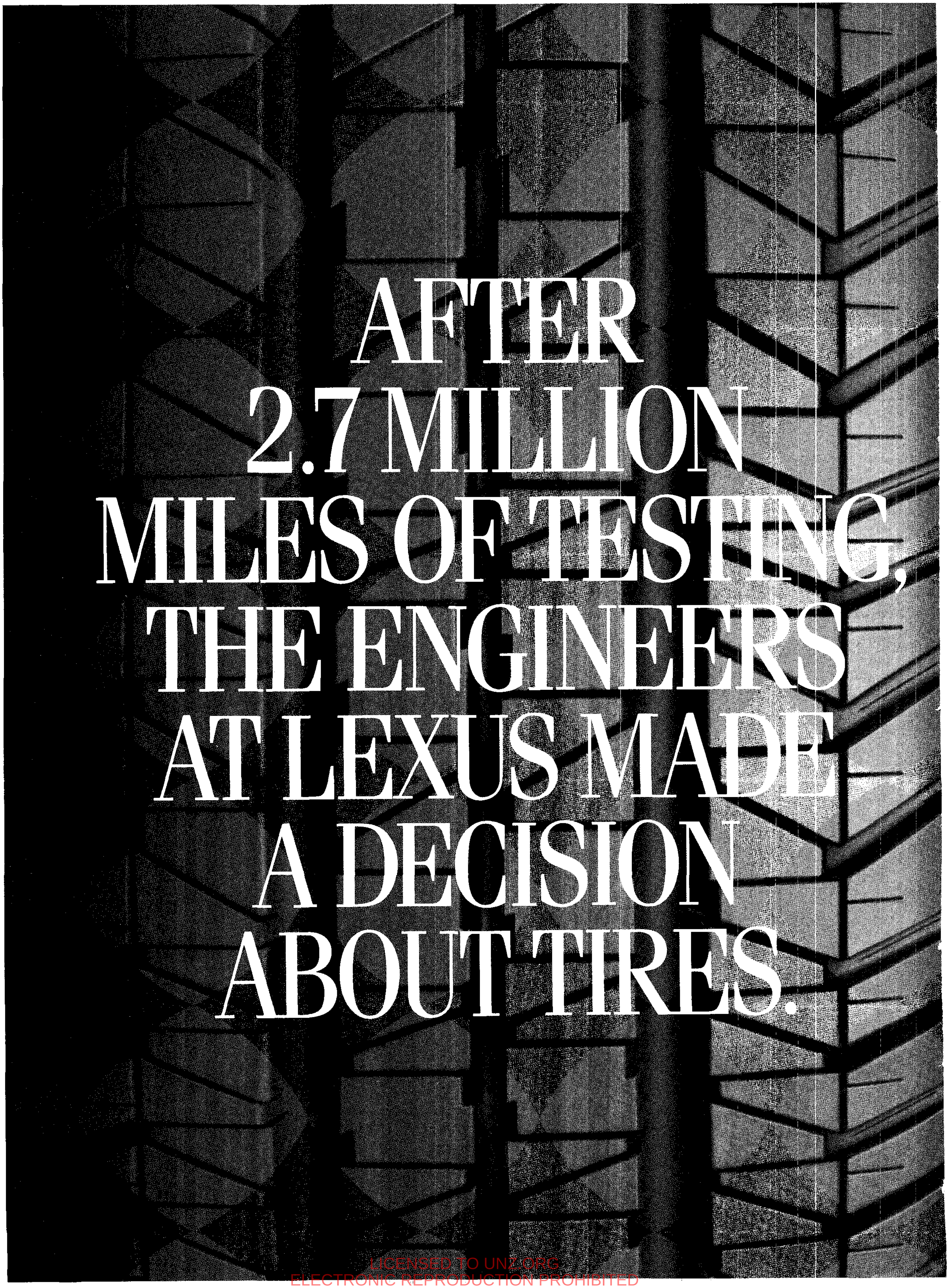
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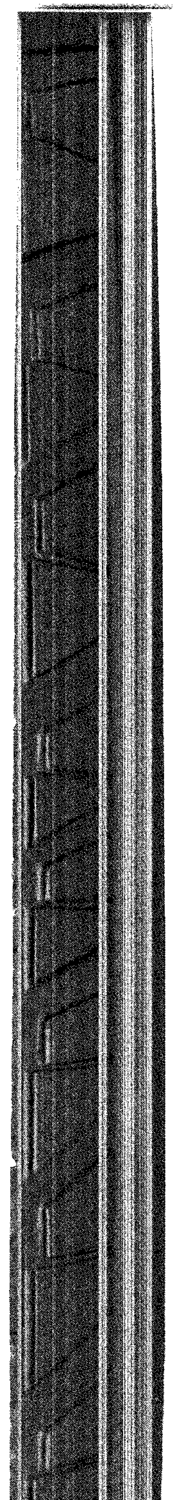

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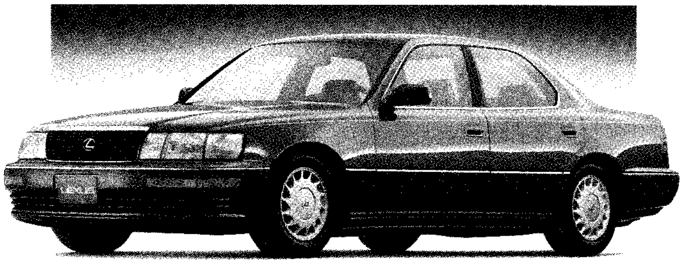


Developmental tires were tested in America. In Canada. In Germany, Luxembourg, and in Japan.

The result: the Goodyear Eagle GA Touring Radial.

It is a radial tire that bridges the gap between the aggressive handling, grip and stability of an outright performance radial and the smooth, undisturbed ride of a quality luxury radial.

The Eagle GA Touring Radial is the original equipment tire on the new Lexus LS 400. (Your Goodyear retailer has details of Eagle GA availability for your car. Call 1-800-CAR-1999 for the Goodyear retailer nearest you.)

What the Eagle GA Touring Radial can offer your car is a very smooth, undisturbed, quiet ride over a variety of road surfaces. Plus the ability to handle your car's full performance capabilities.

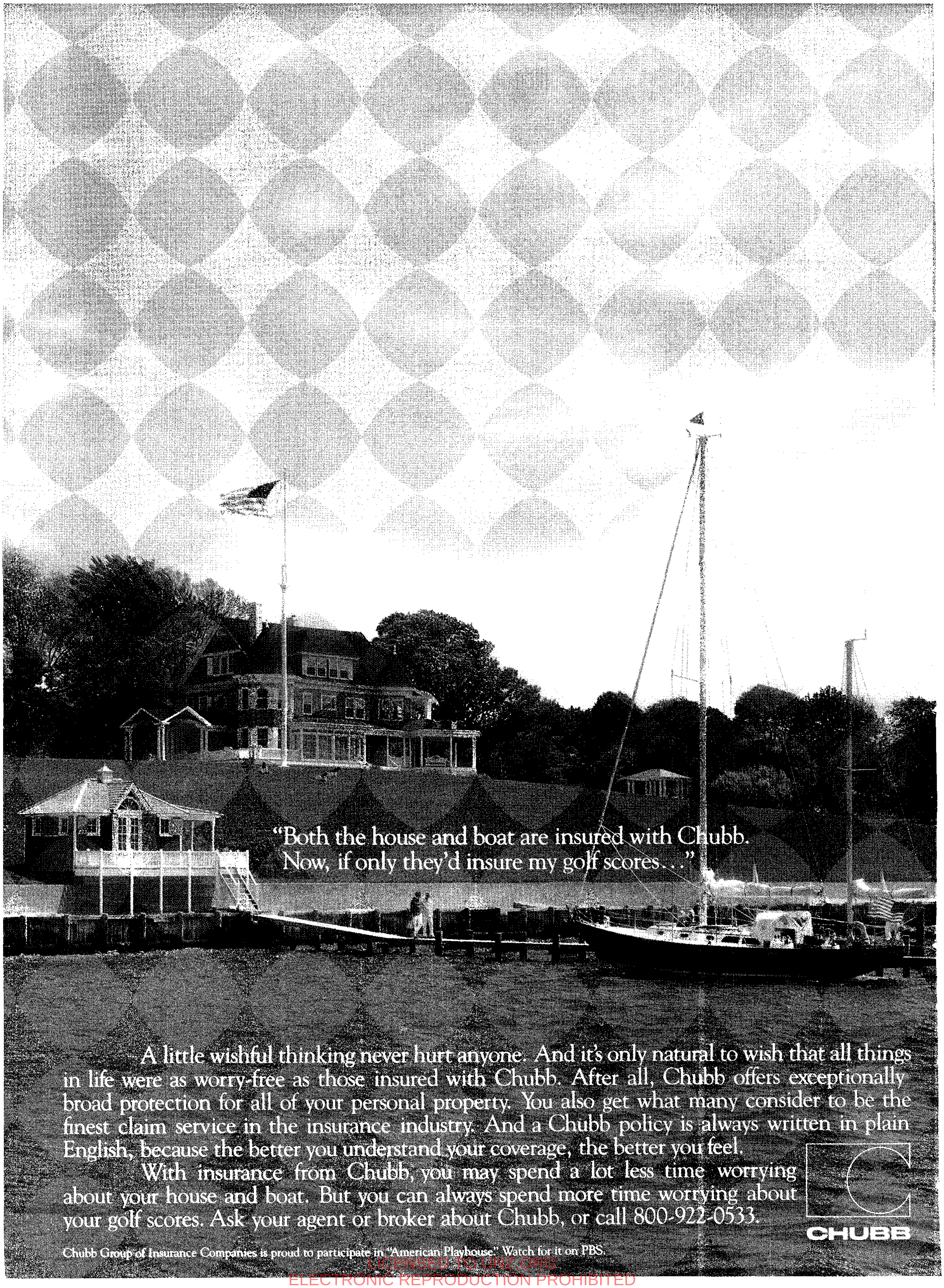
Every Eagle GA Touring Radial is speed-rated. And it is available in all-season mud and snow versions.

In short, the Goodyear Eagle GA offers peace and quiet without sacrificing performance. And vice versa.

Or to put it another way, the Eagle GA Touring Radial is where luxury meets performance.

And both win.

GOODYEAR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Now, if only they'd insure my golf scores..."
CHUBB

A little wishful thinking never hurt anyone. And it's only natural to wish that all things in life were as worry-free as those insured with Chubb. After all, Chubb offers exceptionally broad protection for all of your personal property. You also get what many consider to be the finest claim service in the insurance industry. And a Chubb policy is always written in plain English, because the better you understand your coverage, the better you feel.

With insurance from Chubb, you may spend a lot less time worrying about your house and boat. But you can always spend more time worrying about your golf scores. Ask your agent or broker about Chubb, or call 800-922-0533.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the America of public-opinion polls, this country's most frightening problem is, and for some time now has been, drugs. Thus it was, as President Bush said, "no coincidence" that his first formal address to the nation, televised live on the evening after Labor Day, took what speechwriters invariably call this "scourge" as its subject. "All of us agree that the gravest domestic threat facing our nation today is drugs," the President announced in his opening remarks, and he proceeded to outline his Administration's "comprehensive strategy" to meet that threat. It was a speech full of dire military metaphors ("If we fight this war as a divided nation, then the war is lost") offered with a faint smile, and ringing calls to arms ("Victory. Victory over drugs is our cause") delivered in a less than ringing tone. The President described in some detail his plans for spending almost eight billion dollars on anti-drug programs next year, and yet his speech threw little light on the true nature of what is so frightening to so many Americans.

Certainly "drugs" is too broad a term. There is no national outcry against caffeine, nicotine, or alcohol, each a drug that wreaks its own form of havoc on public health and safety. It is only those drugs which are illegal that inspire the present public furor, and what the public is objecting to more than drugs as such is the violent crime associated with drug abuse and the illegal drug trade. "Casual" use of illegal drugs has by all accounts declined over the last few years, and drug abuse has been increasingly concentrated in our poorest communities, where it is inevitably woven into the dense tangle of other problems that come with acute poverty in America—a tangle that has itself been inspiring talk of "war" for many years now.

While the question of deploying this country's armed forces in the effort to disrupt the drug trade is still being debated, the militarization of political rhetoric on the subject seems all but complete. There is a crack war and a marijuana war; there are scuffles among government agencies about "the chain of command." The usefulness of all this martial imagery is obvious—it mobilizes emotion, if nothing else—and in the case of the emergency assistance currently being sent to Colombia it conveys a politically indispensable impression that something hardheaded is being done. But the wisdom of sending large consignments of military hardware to an army and a police force that have between them compiled, according to Amnesty International, one of the worst human-rights records in the world, and, moreover, are said to work closely with the drug cartels in many areas of their country, is questionable. In any case, almost no one who has studied the drug trade lately believes that the supply of cocaine to the United States can be greatly slowed by crackdowns on production or on smuggling. The war perennially being declared against drugs (every American President since John F. Kennedy has declared at least one; Ronald Reagan declared several, and so did his wife) is really against domestic consumption. The enemy is, so to speak, millions of Americans.

President Bush, in his speech, asked "Who's responsible?" His answer: "Everyone who uses drugs. Everyone who sells drugs. And everyone who looks the other way." That last category must include millions of residents of New York City alone. Now, it may be politically convenient to speak of a "war on drugs," and it may even be accurate to suggest that virtually everyone is complicit to some degree in society's most serious problems, but mixing these metaphors yields an ominous idiom. It is the language of repression, criminalizing vast numbers of ordinary people.

Cultural conservatives, like William Bennett, the Administration's anti-drug chief, argue that our current drug problems arise from a collapse of re-

D.C. FARMS
FARM FRESH PRODUCE
M. IAN

spect for authority. Anti-drug crusaders have been making similar arguments since at least the beginning of this century, often with special (and racist) reference to black people. But it's far more likely that the present wave of drug violence and related problems arises from the collapse of opportunity over the past ten years for those at the bottom of the economic pile, especially poor blacks. President Bush, whose experience before taking office was almost entirely in international affairs, gives little indication that he understands this basic American problem, or its history. In a television interview taped while he was on vacation in Maine, and broadcast immediately before his speech about drugs, he said, "We simply cannot have any discriminatory impulses against our friends from Japan or Asia or anybody else. Can't do that in our country. We're too big for that. Too bighearted. Never have been that kind of people." We *have* been that kind of people, though. And we seem, too, to be the kind of people who allow our leaders to spend more money each year on the B-2 bomber than on the "war on drugs," and a people who, in the face of all the scientific research telling us that drug addiction is a disease, and that the only viable model for reducing drug abuse is a therapeutic one, resort instead to a military model. It is a model that identifies many millions of Americans as the enemy, dismissing them in fundamental ways from our national life. It is unworthy of us, and only hinders our understanding of what we actually face.

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Plans

SHORTLY before embarking on a week-long tour by rental car this summer of a few favorite Midwestern baseball landmarks—Cleveland Stadium, Detroit's Tiger Stadium, Milwaukee County Stadium, and Wrigley Field and Comiskey Park, those twin testaments to ballpark longevity in Chicago—we made a phone call to the Osborn Engineering Company, of Cleveland, and asked for an appointment. We'd been aware for years, in a trivia-question-and-answer sort of way, that the Bronx's own Yankee Stadium was designed by Osborn, and, in the spirit of our tour, we felt that a visit to Osborn was almost obligatory.

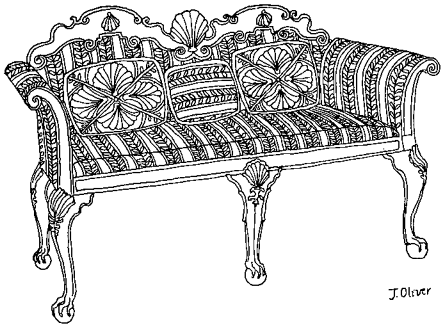
Dale Swearingen, the company's vice-president and its director of architecture, received us, in a resolutely unassuming reception area (a framed rendering of a ballpark hanging on one wall saved the space from complete self-effacement), and ushered us into a comfortable but hardly ornate office. We couldn't resist asking him if the plans from the Yankee Stadium job were still around somewhere.

"Right here," he said, and pulled open a long document drawer marked "Yankee Stadium: American League Baseball." There were five Yankee Stadium drawers, all told—drawers brimming with exquisite drawings of architectural details that were also indelibly familiar: the great twin eagle emblems that once graced the main stadium gate; the stadium's huge outer cathedral windows; the ubiquitous Art Deco copper frieze that encircled the old roof.

"Nearly every year since about 1910—at least, until recently—this firm has engaged in the design or redesign of one or two baseball stadiums, somewhere," Mr. Swearingen said. "Municipal Stadium and League Park, here in Cleveland—we designed them both. Fenway Park, in Boston—we redesigned that in 1934. Comiskey, in Chicago, and Sportsman's Park, in St. Louis—we expanded their capacities substantially in the twenties. Braves Field, in Boston; Briggs, now Tiger, Stadium, in Detroit; old Griffith Stadium, in Washington; Milwaukee County Stadium—we designed them all."

How, we asked, had Osborn got into this business?

"Well, before Frank Osborn founded the company, in 1892, he was the chief designer of bridges for the King Bridge Company," Mr. Swearingen said. "At that time, he was working on structural experiments with steel and concrete for all the *new* suspension bridges being built. Mr. Osborn pioneered the development of standards for strength with these materials, and stadium building became a natural extension and application of his work. You see, stadiums had not been much of an issue after Roman times. Not until the nineteenth century, when people were beginning to have more leisure time and sporting events were beginning to draw bigger crowds, did architects start to think about stadiums again. One of the first stadiums that we designed was the Polo Grounds, in New York City, in 1911. I'd love to show you those blueprints, but we can't seem to find them."



As we were paging through a sheaf of Fenway Park drawings, and pausing over a miraculous evocation of the legendary hand-operated left-field scoreboard, Mr. Swearingen said, "The last project that we worked on relating to baseball was the design of the light towers for Wrigley Field—yes, we put the lights up at Wrigley. But the last *new* baseball stadium that Osborn worked on from scratch was Three Rivers Stadium, in Pittsburgh, which opened back in 1970, and that was a joint venture with the Pirates' local architect and engineer." For a moment, he looked pained. Then he went on, "The stadium-building business today is very, very big business. You have a lot of people in cutthroat competition, and, frankly, we just got out. The heavy hitters in the ballpark game today are all masters at hyping the owners on domes and skyboxes and monumental scale. But we've always believed that the key to a good stadium is to get the most people as close as possible to the playing field. That's what Osborn did with all those old ballparks we built."

Mr. Swearingen grabbed a piece of scrap paper from a table and began to scratch diagrams on it with a pen. "The key, you see, is the cantilever—this upper deck—and the angle at which it hangs," he said. "In the old days, you used columns to move that upper tray of seats closer to the field at a minimal cost. Today, all these new outfits lay the foundation, if you will, of their pitch on what I call the fictitious Nirvana of columnless viewing. We'll build you a stadium without columns, they say. Well, without columns, you need a

No, thank you. No more for me.
Eucalyptus on the lips, a lifetime on the hips!
Shanahan
CLASSIC KOALA
DIET KOALA

cantilever, and the expense of that really intimate angle is too great. And so you get these huge stadiums where the upper decks are miles from the field, and the fans are so far away from the action that you need a huge television screen to keep them interested. Now, I know this is heretical, but we believe that there's way too much emphasis placed today on this column business. Don't the percentages dictate that, instead of building a stadium where every seat above ground level is too far away from the playing field, you build a stadium *with* columns and thereby bring tens of thousands of seats closer to the action, sacrificing maybe a couple of hundred obstructed seats on a handful of occasions each season, the few sellouts, when those ticket-holders will be absolutely trapped behind a pole? Doesn't that make some sense? Well, we think so here."

Mr. Swearingen began closing the drawers, and said, "Lately, there does seem to be a bit of renewed interest in the lessons that older parks teach us architecturally. Interest, I mean, beyond the buffs and preservationists. The plans that I've seen for a new ballpark in Baltimore look interesting. But we'll just have to see." He paused, then smiled, and asked, "So where are your seats for the Tigers?"

The Anchorage

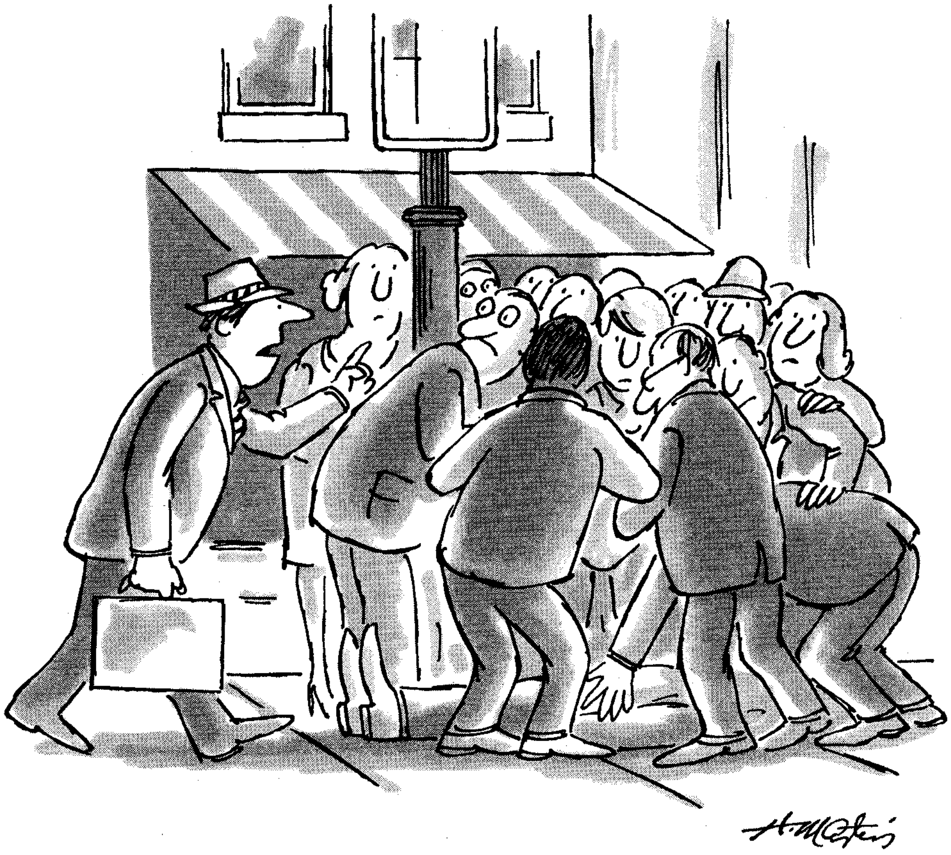
NOT long ago, we spent a good part of the evening under the Brooklyn Bridge listening to a performance by the audio artists Yoshi Wada and Terry Fox of a fifty-odd-minute musical piece, "The Resonators." It was being put on in the Anchorage, which is on the Brooklyn side, and is one of the two seventy-foot-high brick-and-limestone-block structures that anchor the bridge to the shore. David McCullough, in his book "The Great Bridge," describes the Manhattan anchorage as a "four-square masonry pile which, with its pair of deep arches, looked like the beginnings of a Roman bath." Neither anchorage looks like much from the outside anymore, what with the thick overlays of steel and the concrete approach ramps, and the other twentieth-century barnacling on much of them. It's only in the interior that Brooklyn's maintains its Roman-bath monumentality. You enter through an innocuous gray metal door on the south side, and find yourself in a fifty-foot-high brick-faced barrel vault flanked by two identical vaults, all perpendicular to the length of the bridge. Abutting the left brick vault on the west, and parallel to the bridge span, are two equally high, austere, sepulchral vaults made of monumental limestone blocks. This is the actual, technical anchorage: a walled space outside and between these two vaults, out of sight, is where the bridge cables join huge metal anchor plates lodged in the foundation.

In the southern limestone vault, "The Resonators" was soon going full blast. A broad concrete platform, cinched by a low metal grille, rose a few feet above floor level and served as the stage. The music was an oddly lyrical collage of sound from air-raid sirens, foghorns, fire-alarm bells, oil drums gonged with rubber mallets, a curved galvanized-steel sheet scratched with an engraving needle, and various other devices. Some of these were electronically linked to Mr. Wada's computer console; others, like a drinking glass rubbed over a glass sheet, which made a sound like delicate chimes, were manually operated by Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox led off the performance by occasionally blowing a foghorn; Mr. Wada soon joined in on an elkhide bagpipe of his own making, emitting a long sostenuto that sounded at times like a minimalist Highland ditty. An electronic drone began to buzz, softly enough to allow us to hear traffic and subway sounds from the outside world. The piece ended with a cacophonous climax of fire-alarm bell, sirens, foghorn—the works—slowly dying to the sound of a lonely siren and, from inside a garbage can, an electronically simulated bird cheep. ("End of world," Mr. Wada said, with a smile, a few days later, listening to this passage on a cassette tape of the piece. He told us that "The Resonators" was composed specifically for the Anchorage, and explained, "We wanted to create a performance using the external, ambient sound. The sirens and the truck air horns and the droning sound outside the space were echoed by our use of air horns, sirens, et cetera.")

After the performance, we wandered around the rest of the Anchorage. Creative Time, an arts organization that has arranged exhibitions in the Anchorage since 1983, had put together a show of several installations this year. In the other limestone vault, you could hear "Horses," by the Philadelphia artist Vida, which was an audio installation consisting of the sounds of clopping horses apparently pulling a carriage. In the entrance chamber stood "Pantheozone: A Temple to the Ozone," by Bob Bingham, a piece assembled from metal tubing, ripstop nylon, air-conditioners, refrigerators, and assorted plants. Fred Tomaselli's "Corona," a multitude of inexpensive helmet-shaped metal lamps arrayed in various patterns, occupied a smaller chamber. In another, David Nyzio had erected "Curtain Substrate," a thick polyester curtain that rose about thirty feet—nearly to the ceiling—and had water trickling down the surface. The entire curtain was a strikingly vivid green from algae.

Mr. McCullough writes that John Augustus Roebling, the first Chief Engineer of the bridge, envisioned the anchorages as "room for cavernous treasury vaults, which he claimed would be the safest in America and ample enough to house three-quarters of all the investments and securities in the country." Roebling also apparently designed the space that is now the three large brick chambers so that it could be made into a tiered retail-shop area. According to Josephine Haggerty, administrator of the Fund for the Borough of Brooklyn, which oversees the Anchorage, the chambers were open-air spaces and served as picnic grounds through the forties, after which they were walled in and used for storage. It was for the centennial of the bridge, in 1983, that the office of the Brooklyn Borough President, Howard Golden, asked Creative Time to create and run an art-and-performance program. Now the borough is thinking about installing heating in the Anchorage, so that it can be open in the colder months. If that happens, Ms. Haggerty says, the Anchorage will provide a year-round forum for art, music, and "benefits for not-for-profit corporations, corporate parties, small trade shows," and the like. John Roebling might have been pleased by all this commerce under his bridge—that's what he designed the Anchorage for. No one, however, is now talking of keeping money there.

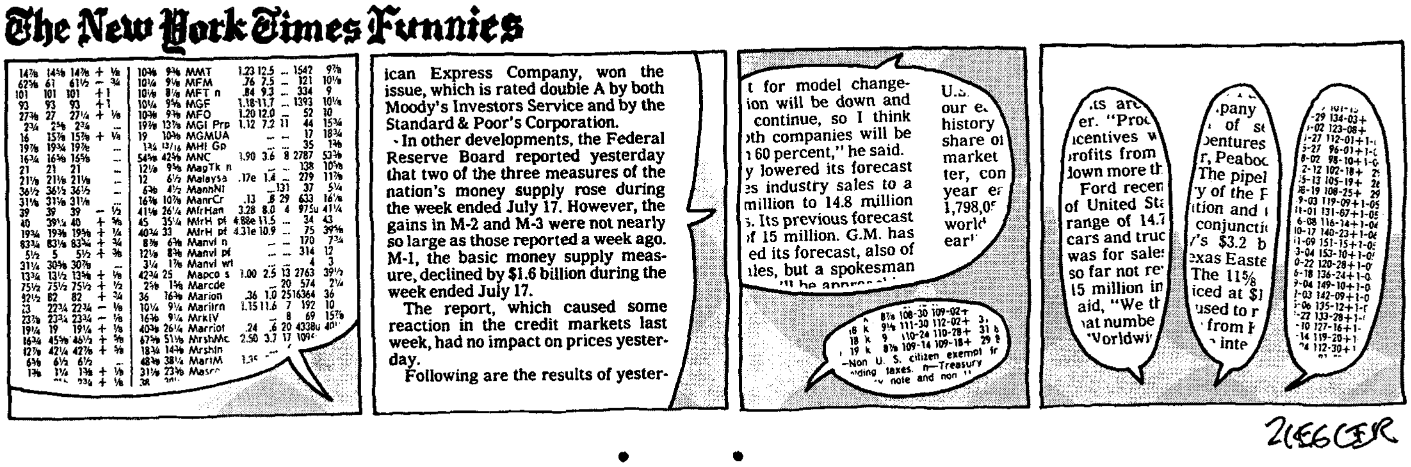


"*Let me through. I'm a lawyer.*"

Portraits

THE Museum of Modern Art estimates that since it acquired van Gogh's "Portrait of Joseph Roulin" last month some ten thousand people have come to look at the picture. One of them was the textile broker Max Schacknow. Max lives in Canarsie, and is the curator of Maxie's Museum, a movable institution devoted largely to his "black and whites"—pencil-on-canvas copies of van Gogh paintings. (Max gave up color in 1980.) Over the Labor Day weekend, he exhibited nineteen of his van Gogh copies at the Washington Square art fair, along with an original portrait of van Gogh's brother, Théo, done in Vincent's style. Max, whose approach to museum directorship suggests what might have happened had Philippe de Montebello put in some time as an auctioneer on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, spent much of the weekend trying to attract a crowd to his pictures and offering a prize to anybody who could tell which of his van Gogh portraits was in fact an original Schacknow. First, though, he weeded out the born losers: people who asked him if the pictures were of his friends, and people who offered him what he regarded as ridiculously small sums for them. "I *like* this," one woman said to her husband on Saturday, standing in front of Max's paraphrase of the "Road with Cypresses." "Offer him fifty dollars."

"That's a van Gogh, lady!" Max cried, rising out of a director's chair, from which he was presiding over the museum. "Offer me *sixty-five million*, then we'll talk. Fifty dollars for a van Gogh! The nerve!" ("I know that the top dollar for a van Gogh was fifty-four million," he said later to a friend. "For the 'Irises.' But I thought I'd


The New York Times Funnies
ican Express Company, won the issue, which is rated double A by both Moody's Investors Service and by the Standard & Poor's Corporation. In other developments, the Federal Reserve Board reported yesterday that two of the three measures of the nation's money supply rose during the week ended July 17. However, the gains in M-2 and M-3 were not nearly so large as those reported a week ago. M-1, the basic money supply measure, declined by $1.6 billion during the week ended July 17. The report, which caused some reaction in the credit markets last week, had no impact on prices yesterday. Following are the results of yester-
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ZIEGLER

jack up the price, just for her tone.") The fact is that Max never sells any of his pictures. A sign above his museum reads "NONE OF MY PAINTINGS ARE FOR SALE." He hopes to die, like Vincent, with his collection intact.

On Sunday afternoon, when a promising crowd had collected, Max said, "If you can pick out the one picture that is not by van Gogh, you win a hat. A hat just like this one." He plucked the cap from his head; on it was embroidered "Maxie's Museum." "A hat like this. The thing to remember is: the picture looks like a van Gogh, only different. I won't say better. Different."

The knot of people looked warily from picture to picture.

"This one," a man said, waving a hand toward Max's copy of the "Portrait of Père Tanguy."

"Wrong! Idiot," Max said gently. "I'll give you all a *hint*. A *tip*. This is a picture of the— Who was van Gogh's mentor? His patron? The one he loved best in the world?"

A woman walked over to Max's copy of "La Berceuse" and said softly, "Of course. Van Gogh's mother."

Max was disgusted. "That's not his mother!" he cried. "That's his 'Berceuse.' Come on—you look like an educated group. You remind me of my son. He won a twenty-thousand-dollar scholarship to college. From his father. Come on—look at the pictures."

At last, Max said, "It's that one—the guy with the mustache. That's his brother, Théo. His patron and his best friend. He never painted his brother's portrait. So I had to do it. He painted his doctor, his dealer. Twice, he painted the *postman*. But he never painted his own brother." Then, shaking his head in wonder, Max said gently, "The son of a bitch!"

Later, Max told a visitor to his museum, "I was born in Williamsburg, and grew up mostly in Brownsville. I worked as a shoeshine boy, and in a slaughterhouse. But I always wanted to be an artist, I don't know why. My father made mannequins for Finklestein's, on the Lower East Side. My mother designed quilts. In 1950, I spent two years at the Cartoonists' and Illustrators' School, on the G.I. Bill. I didn't learn much there, and I realized that if you want to be an artist you have to be single, devoted, not a family man. Like van Gogh. So I worked hard, and in 1958 I opened my textile-brokerage business with my brother. I became a ham-radio operator, for a hobby. I did O.K.—saved some lives, believe me. But always in the back of my mind there's that picture of van Gogh's called 'The Langlois Bridge,' which I saw when I was young. So in 1973 my wife, Evelyn, said to me, 'Get off the damn radio. Find another hobby.' I took a painting class, and I started painting one or two times a week, and now I paint seven days a week, all the time I can take from the business." Since 1973, Max has done 1,143 pictures. He said, "This is not an estimate, since I number every one."

Max's portrait of Théo borrows its background from one of Vincent's self-portraits in Arles. "Swirls. Curlicues. Mine are a little bit deeper," he said, and he added that the face is taken from a photograph of Théo that he found in one of many books he owns about van Gogh. Max's Théo has a higher forehead than the man in the photograph, and his brow, unlike that of any van Gogh subject, is clear, smooth, and unruffled. "That's deliberate," Max said. "I didn't potchke up the paint at all, because I wanted to show what a rock Théo was. What a brother he was."

On Tuesday morning, after selling a hundred thousand yards of print goods to a guy with a factory in Pakistan, Max paid a visit to the Museum of Modern Art to see, at last, the Roulin portrait. As he approached it, he said, "It's the same idea as the 'Berceuse.' The background there. Also, that beard is good. It's the color in the curlicues that makes the beard stand out. Van Gogh is a colorist. Me, I'm an accentuist—I ac*cen*tuate the lines." He walked back and forth in front of the picture. "His eyes don't follow you. That's bad. The eyes should follow you. Look at those eyes, though. Those are some eyes—he's done them in red. I wonder why he did that? In *red*." He stepped back about ten feet. "Look at it from over here," he said. "From over here, it looks as if he's got a *sneer*. Why would a mailman be sneering at anybody?" Finally, he said, "This picture is a big disappointment. Those two big yellow buttons on his coat—your eye goes right to them, so you don't see the face. Also, the way those three flowers in the background crowd the beard. Also, that *smirk*. Give me the 'Langlois Bridge'! Give me the 'Road with Cypresses'! Actually, I think my portrait of Théo is a better picture than this picture. You know, looking at this picture and thinking about Théo makes me remember a time when my brother Harry was in his shorts, delivering some goods, and a postman got right in his way. Harry said to the postman, 'Get out of the way.' The postman stands there. So Harry slugs the postman. It's funny how this picture reminds me of that story."

DEVILS

MY mother liked to tell me never to close the door of a closet or an empty room at night, because the devil might grow inside it while you were sleeping. I thought the devil was some sort of fungus that grew the way mold used to grow on old tomatoes in the recesses of our refrigerator. I say "used to" because once my mother became a Christian everything changed. I didn't like that. I didn't like how we now had to dust the furniture daily and dress for dinner, and how we could no longer put our feet on the coffee table. What did all this have to do with religion? Still, I always opened my closet door wide at bedtime. I did not want any devil growing in there. I pictured this devil fungus growing on the tops of my patent-leather Sunday-school shoes, or on the collars of my favorite dresses. That was my big mistake: I thought a devil would grow on the outside of things, not the inside.

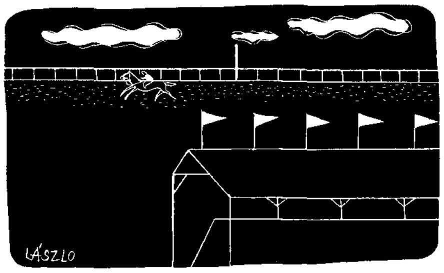
Of course, none of this new regimen was what my mother learned at church but her own idea, which she somehow extrapolated from the weekly sermons of our flamboyant minister. My mother became a Christian a month after she and my father divorced, and she remained a Christian for about eight months, until we left the town where we were living—Chesterville, Arkansas—and moved to Chicago. We'd lived in Arkansas for a few years, because my father worked sexing chickens at a hatchery, like most of the other Japanese in town. My parents' marriage was already falling apart when we got to Arkansas, so our years there were unhappy ones. After the divorce, my father moved to Georgia, where he'd found another hatchery job. Despite the divorce, he wanted us to move to Georgia, too, but my mother declined.

With my father gone, my mother needed a job. She got crates of newborn chicks from a friend at a hatchery and practiced separating them—male, female, male, male, female, female—until late at night. My sister, my brother, and I would creep into the garage and watch her practicing in her old clothes. She moved her body in jerks back and forth, and every now and then she paused to wipe her beautiful hair out of her eyes. When the chicks got too old to be of use to her, we would take them on. We cut up worms and bugs to feed them and gave the sick ones water with eyedroppers. After a while almost all of them were sick. We spread them out on newspapers—old Chesterville *Stars*—laid out on the dining-room table, and every morning we checked them for stiffness. The stiff ones we threw out. Each chicken was different, you noticed. Some had brown streaks across their foreheads, some white puffs on their backs. We minded when they died, but we didn't mind giving away the survivors to be eaten; I think in rural areas what you learn early to mind is not death but waste. By the time they were all gone, my mother had already found a different kind of job—in an office—and we went on to other projects.

AROUND the same time my mother also found a new boyfriend. His name was Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason was a member of the church my mother had just joined, but he wasn't a Christian, in my opinion. Sometimes he told my mother she was stupid or ugly, and once we saw him threaten to hit her. But because he was in the church she trusted him. I, too, felt he possessed a certain authority. I hated it when he called my mother names, but I disliked myself for disliking him, because I thought it was wrong of me.

I thought Mr. Mason's features were off somehow, exaggerated—big hands, big feet, and big, big eyes. My sister, who didn't like him either, said he was handsome, and his feet, hands, and eyes were perfectly normal. Everyone agreed he seemed very strong. Whenever our numerous aunts called, they said my mother should get married again, because we needed a father. I didn't understand this at all. We already had a father. I talked to him on the phone all the time.

Whenever my mother went out with Mr. Mason, the Irvings from next door kept an eye on us. We stayed home, and every so often one of them came over to check on us. My sister, Kate, was a year and a half older than I; Sean was four years younger. I was eight.



One night, my mother returned from an outing with Mr. Mason looking for a fight, and she yelled at us to clean up—we'd been painting at the table. As she yelled, she swung her arms, accidentally sending a container of white paint spinning across the table and splattering to the floor. She looked stricken as she saw the paint being absorbed by the rug, and she ran to her room and didn't come out. Of course, we all thought it was because she had spilled the paint. We wanted to pound on her door and tell her it was O.K.: "Spill all the paint you want!" Kate knocked and said the paint came out with water—it was no big deal at all. My mother murmured, "O.K.," but she didn't come out of her room until the next day.

After that, she didn't see Mr. Mason for a couple of weeks, and then suddenly she was seeing him all the time, and all she talked about was Mr. Mason and the church. One day, a travelling revival meeting came to town. The tent was set up near our house. After school on the first day of the revival, Kate and I took our bikes—Sean always rode with me—across the highway from the revival tent. We watched from a parking lot, watched that big gray tent billow and sway with the wind. I don't know what we were expecting to happen. Inside the revival tent, you could hear noises like moaning. Every day on the way to school, Kate and I rode the long way, past the tent, to listen to the moaning. We wondered whether our mother moaned like that in church, or whether she might even be going to the revival and moaning there.

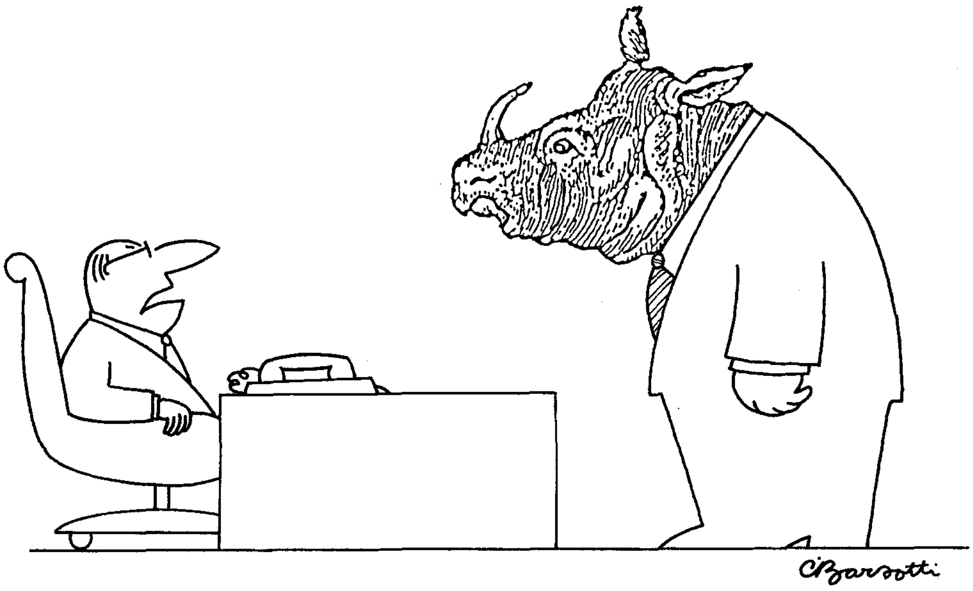
The evening before the tent left, my mother came home late from work with her hair all wet. It scared me. Nearly every day brought some odd change in our lives at home. We sat down to supper in our school clothes, the way we always did lately. While our mother said grace, we tilted our heads down, eyes peering up at her wet hair. My brother had an unbreakable habit of seesawing his chair so that he was resting on just two legs. He often lost his balance and fell over, and we would all jump to check on him. You could be talking to him face to face and all of a sudden he wouldn't be there anymore. I remember that after saying grace my mother told us she had been baptized, and right then Sean fell over with an especially big bang. My mother said, "I've been baptized," and my brother disappeared—crash! So her announcement didn't have quite the effect she'd probably expected.

While I didn't like events at home, I admit I liked going to church. I liked singing the hymns, which I got very emotional about, and I liked the way the minister shouted during sermons. Sometimes he walked back and forth with his hands on his heart and pretended he was dying. The minister, who was friendly with Mr. Mason, liked my mother. He was so pleased to have her in the church and she could be so charming that he gave her a set of keys so we could go into the church whenever it wasn't in use. There was a dusty back room with a piano, and we took lessons there. We brought sandwiches for lunch and sat and listened to each other practice—songs about birthday parties, baseball, kangaroos, and rabbits. All my friends from school owned pianos, and now I felt we did, too.

Most of the back rooms smelled of dust. One room I especially liked was full of supplies for the church like notebooks, pencils, erasers, and chalk. Every time I ran out of school supplies, I felt a little sad, so I was happy in the supply room, with its evidence that the world had plenty of all those things I would need again and again every year into the foreseeable future.

Another room I liked was filled with assorted junk—piles of old papers, a few shadeless lamps, an old desk. I liked it because it was so dusty that if you fanned the door back and forth the dust flew into the air, sparkling and smoking and swirling. It was as if you could suddenly see molecules and the room were thick with them.

The last thing I liked about church was Sunday-school storybooks. They were so much more fun than regular schoolbooks. I loved the stories, and I loved the beautiful colored pictures. These books, which we wrote our names in and were allowed to keep, were precious to me. Still, I had questions. For instance, why could all those astounding things happen only a long time ago? Why not now? Where was Samson *now*?



"It has come to my attention, Pickarell, that you may have been somewhat less than forthcoming in your résumé."

• •

I liked the minister, too, but I didn't entirely trust him, partly because he was friends with Mr. Mason and partly because I thought they were both changing our mother and taking her away from us. I was having dreams lately in which everything I saw was a certain color—all red or all yellow or all blue. Sometimes I woke up and opened my eyes and the whole room would be awash in blue, and I would lie there, scared to move, until everything was normal again. That's the way I saw my mothers's newfound religion—as if she had turned all blue overnight.

WE were really evil. We used to make voodoo dolls, which consisted of pieces of rolled-up tissue stuffed into flat tissue and secured with a rubber band. We would take out my mother's sewing case and stick pins into these dolls, to which we'd taped the names of Mr. Mason and his children. His children were O.K., but we disliked them on principle. Actually, I admired how Mr. Mason and his kids could throw rocks so expertly they could hit cans in our front yard from across the road. His kids threatened to throw rocks at me once, but I threatened to throw a curse on them. Usually, Kate refused to participate when Sean and I made voodoo dolls. She said she didn't like the Masons either but it was wrong to try to curse them.

Sean and I were cohorts in everything. I think life was hardest for Sean. I had school, but he didn't, and there were no other kids around who were his age—at least no Japanese kids. All my parents' friends had been part of the tiny cluster of Japanese who lived across town, and none of them had young children. There were a few other Japanese—all men—living in the Chesterville Arms, one of the few apartment buildings in town. These men, who all worked in hatcheries, were divorced, looking for wives from Japan, or too poor to buy houses. There was at that time something a little risqué about living in an apartment in Chesterville. One associated these men with prostitutes and gambling.

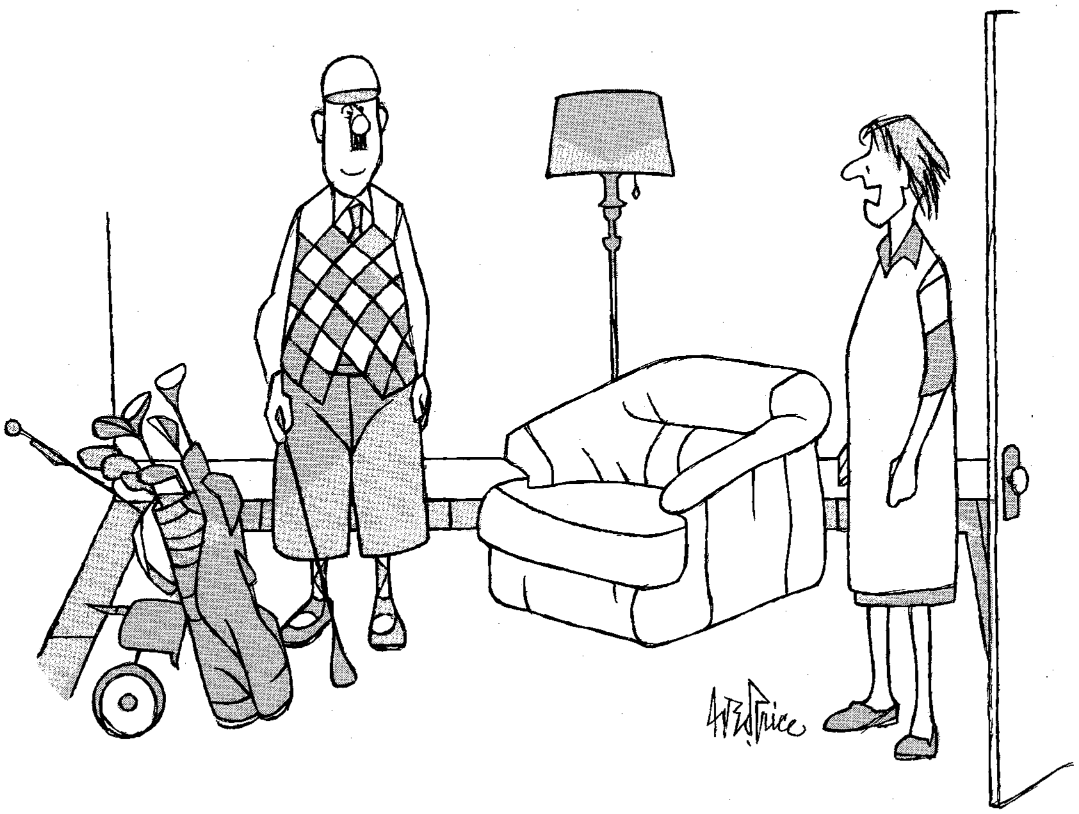
On our tiny street, there was just us, the Irvings, and, on our right, a wild family—the Ryans—whom Mr. Mason wouldn't let us talk to. Before, we'd approached them only shyly, sometimes exchanging unusual stones or branches we'd found. One of the girls had gotten pregnant once, and the boys all used swear words and sometimes started small fires in their driveway just for their amusement. I'd always been scared of them, but I envied those kids, too—now more than ever. I was still afraid of them, yet also dizzier and dizzier with desire to know them. I wanted to swear and to eat supper on the front porch every night, the way they did.

The Irvings, our other neighbors, were a couple whose children had grown up and gotten married. Every Christmas, they let us help decorate their tree with beautiful ornaments filled with bubbling lava of intense colors. Everyone in town liked the Irvings, but no one liked the Ryans. Sometimes people in town discussed ways to get them to leave, and the Irvings often spoke wistfully of selling their home and moving to a better area. If Mr. Mason caught us even looking toward the Ryans' house, he would give us a rap on the head. It was very difficult, because I didn't know who was evil, Mr. Mason, the Ryans, or the people in town—or me, for pondering all this every night. I started opening the closet doors wider before I went to sleep. Previously, I'd made sure to open the hall-closet doors a few inches. Now I opened them several feet. One night I heard a cry and a commotion, and everyone in the house jumped out of bed. But it was only that Sean had walked into a door I'd opened wider than usual. When I saw how perplexed he looked, I thought, Poor Sean—he's too young to be worrying about such things as devils. But when I told him I wouldn't open the doors so wide any longer, he said he wanted them like that.

AFTER about half a year of seeing Mr. Mason, my mother announced that she was going to marry him. All her sisters called us and were very proud and excited that it had taken her such a short time to catch another husband. They couldn't wait to come down to Arkansas for the wedding. Whenever any of them visited, they and our uncles took Kate and me bowling every night, which they said would help make us "well-rounded girls," even though I'd never scored higher than fourteen. They pointed out that Mr. Mason owned a dry cleaner's, and a home in a nicer neighborhood than ours. So I knew my mother's sisters were right and I was wrong, but I still didn't like him. We hardly talked to him at all, and it didn't make sense to me to go so suddenly from "Mr. Mason" to "Father" with nothing in between, just as it hadn't made sense to me to go from never thinking about church to thinking about it all the time, the way my mother had months earlier.

I remember a couple of weeks after she told me they were getting married I wanted to talk to someone about it, but no one was around. I called Weather Information, just to hear an adult voice. Chesterville was too small to have its own weather number, so I called long-distance, to St. Louis or Atlanta or somewhere. I sat there listening for a long time. I had a vague awareness of time passing as I listened, the weather repeating itself over and over. I knew I would get in trouble when the phone bill came, but I couldn't stop listening. I loved it when the report changed, without a break, at the hour, and I loved the comforting monotony, like the sound of steady rain. I daydreamed, I played with my collection of little plastic dinosaurs, I leafed through a book, all with the phone cradled next to my ear. At some point an operator broke in and asked, "What do you want?" I replied, "The weather!," and she said, "O.K.," and clicked off.

After that I hung up and sat at a window. My brother was playing out back. One of the younger Ryan boys wandered over, and for a while he and Sean played peacefully. Then they got into a fight about something, so I ran outside. When I had reached the yard, they were ineffectually throwing punches at each other. I was still hurrying over to them when something whizzed in front of me. It landed—*whop*—on little Joe Ryan's back, and he sort of flopped over. I remember he took a small hop before he fell, as if he'd just got an electric shock. There was nothing to pad his fall, because the ground was cracked and grassless from drought. My brother and I stood there for a moment, stunned. Then Mr. Mason, who had come to see my mother, walked forward. I was sure Joe Ryan was dead, so I was very surprised when he jumped up and broke into



"All right, they're coming back. Couldn't you have waited until they got here?"

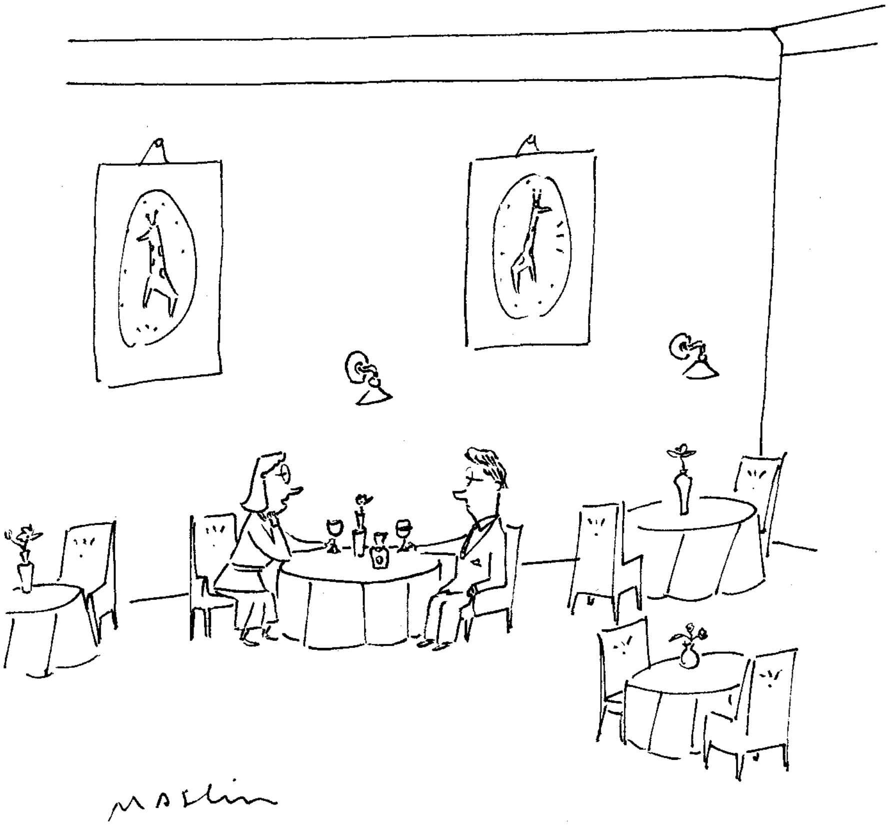
a hard run toward his house. "Hey!" I shouted, meaning to help him, but he ran even harder. There was a blotch of red on the back of his white shirt, from where the rock had hit.

My mother was appalled when she heard about this incident, but it didn't affect her plans to marry Mr. Mason. Strange weeds had begun to grow in the cracks in the back yard, and I thought devils were sprouting up all over. A few days later, I told my mother a lie. I told her that Mr. Mason had slapped me so hard it had sent me flying across the room. She and Mr. Mason sat me down on the living-room couch, one of them on either side of me, and tried to get me to change my story. Mr. Mason said to make myself at home. He said I could put my feet on the coffee table. They offered me Heath bars—my favorite candy—and coffee ice cream. I was terrified that if I ate some I would accidentally blurt out the truth and then my mother would certainly go ahead and marry Mr. Mason. I wasn't scared that he would hurt one of us, but that he *could*. My father was just as big, but I never thought of him as someone who might hurt people. So I held my ground. In about fifteen minutes we were all shouting at each other, yet somehow in the middle of all the yelling we heard my sister's soft voice say, "I saw it." We looked to the doorway, where she was standing. My sister was the most well behaved of the three of us—the quietest, the smartest, the sweetest. "I saw him hit her," she said. And that was that.

Our house had been packed up for the impending move to Mr. Mason's. Instead, two days later truckers came to take away our things and my mother took Kate, Sean, and me to the Chesterville Arms. She told us that Mr. Hirokane, a man we'd met a number of times when he'd worked with my father, was going to look after us while she talked with Mr. Mason. The apartments were shaped like a small motel—a one-story building of single rooms around a courtyard. The outsides were painted white with forest-green awnings. In the middle of the courtyard sat a wooden swing that was very dirty and looked as if no one ever used it. Across the street was a tire store with a huge tire on top of it that looked just like the huge doughnut over the doughnut shop downtown, except the tire was black and the doughnut was brown. Mr. Hirokane rented a small room with one bed and two bureaus. There was a hot plate on one of the bureaus and a TV in a corner. We watched TV while Mr. Hirokane sat outside talking with some other men. Poring over the *Racing Form*, discussing horses, they became quite animated. Every so often, Mr. Hirokane peered through the screen door and said, "How you kids doing in there?" or, "You kids need anything?" or, "Everything O.K. in there?" Kate shyly said everything was fine and he went back to talking with the men. For dinner, we ate rice with sliced ham, and then we washed dishes in his bathroom sink. Finally, the other men left and he sat outside alone. He kept peeking in to check, but he never came in, as if he thought he would be bothering us. Before ten he told us to go to sleep, and we changed and lay down in his bed. He still sat outside, waiting for my mother's return, I guess. I was closest to the window, and sometimes I peeked out and saw him, still sitting there alone. He had put a jacket on over his T-shirt, and he was leaning against a wooden post, snoring loudly. A *Racing Form* blew across the porch. At some point, our mother returned to take us to a motel. We said thank you to Mr. Hirokane, whom we never saw again, and my mother shook his hand.

THE next day we took the main street—the highway—out of Chesterville. It was almost autumn, so the air was cool and tart that morning, and a few trees were tinged orange. When we moved into town, we'd come on the highway, too. I watched out the window as we passed everything we'd passed when we first came: the church, our school, the doughnut shop. I tried to pretend we were going backward in time, to before we came to Chesterville, but then I noticed how the huge brown doughnut, new when we came, was chipped now and weathered.

My brother was examining a map of the country, but he was holding it upside down. I turned it right side up for him, then leaned my head against the window. We were heading for Chicago. That's where all those aunts of ours lived. —CYNTHIA KADOHATA



"Just when I'm thinking you've run out of surprises you tell me Gouda is your favorite cheese."

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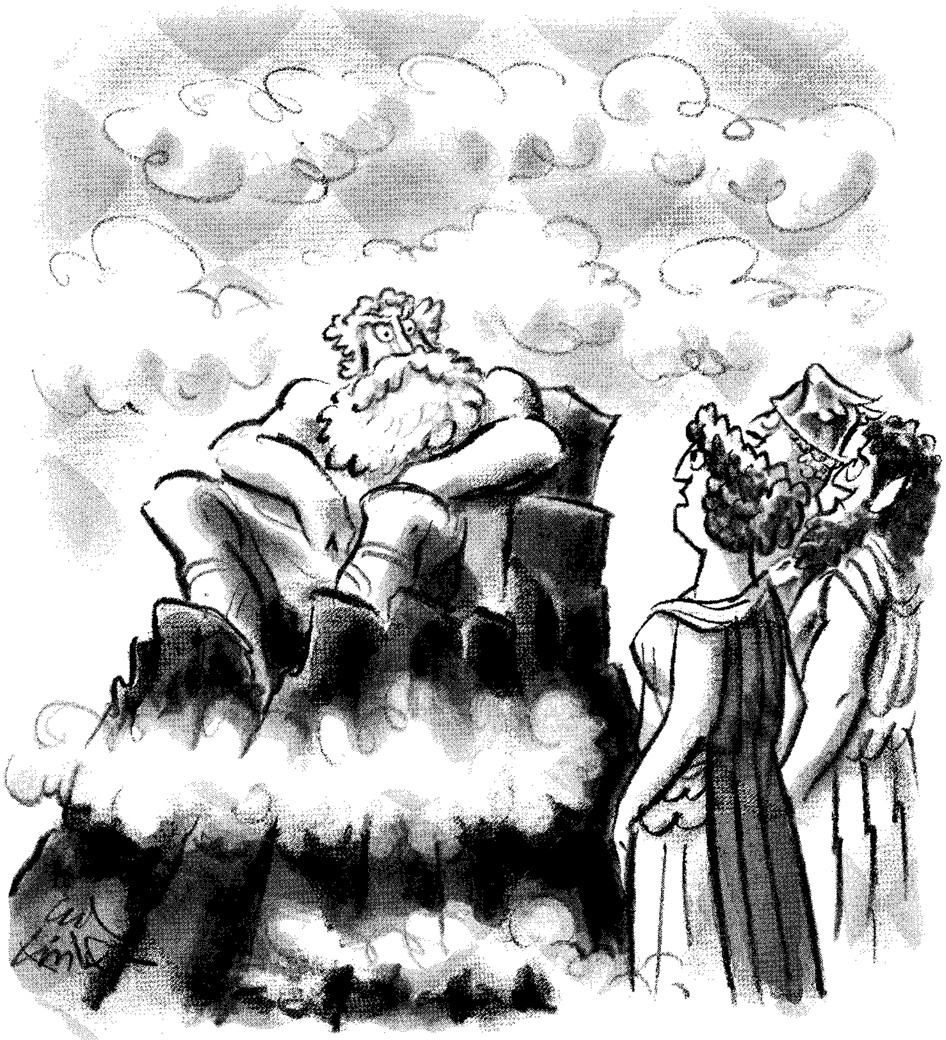
CAMARO CITY

BRUNET, the assistant fleet manager, was putting a replacement barrel on one of the spare concrete-mixing trucks. He was out in the sun and dust of the quarry attaching a crane cable so that the old barrel could be lifted off, and he was talking to Noonan, the youngest driver, who was going to be using the truck for the next few weeks. It was an '81. Two of the '83s were being overhauled, and the new $143,000 Oshkosh-McNeilus the company had ordered wouldn't arrive for another ten days, assuming the McNeilus people were ready. McNeilus added the mixing equipment.

"You better take care of this," Brunet said. "And remember to spray the damn thing." Drivers were supposed to wash the trucks after each delivery with a mild acid solution to remove the grit and preserve the paint, but they often skipped the chore.

Larry Mohr was running the crane. He had been appointed Brunet's boss in the spring, although he was some ten years younger. Brunet was in his mid-thirties, a blond, wide-faced, thick-waisted man a little over six feet tall. There had been a fire at his house Friday night—a fairly serious fire that apparently had started with a malfunction of the furnace—and he was in a bad mood, and after a few minutes Noonan escaped and went over to the crane and began to joke around with Mohr, who had been a friend since high school.

It was October. The sumac bushes had turned scarlet above the rim of the quarry, and fringes of yellow grass frothed over the edge. There was the sense of an extreme landscape here, although this wasn't exactly a mountain and it was made dramatic only by blasting. The quarry was a large bite taken from the side of a ridge, one of the low, crumbling spines that run north-south through Connecticut. In another ten years, the explosives and the front-end loaders would eat their way completely through it.



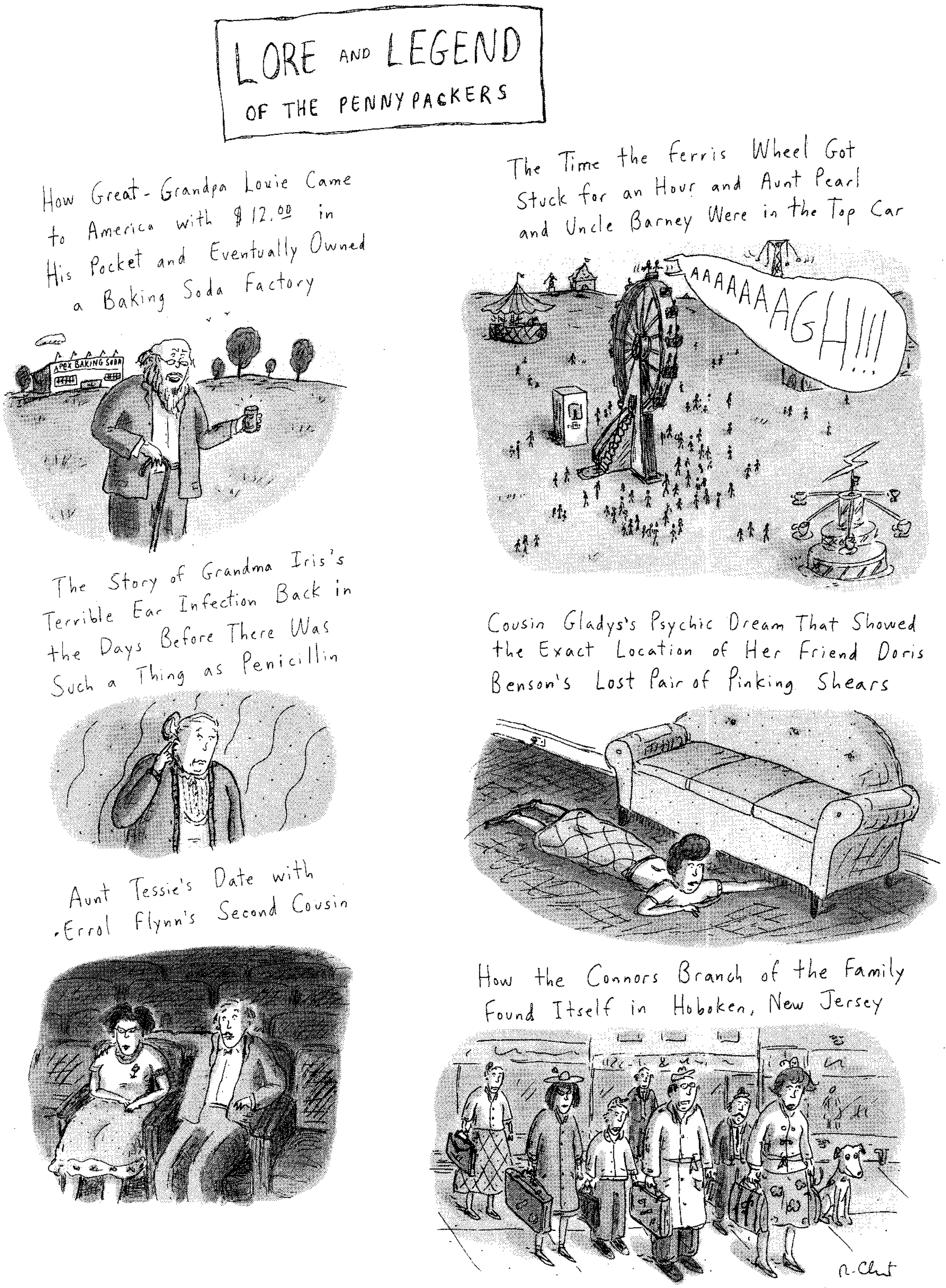
"We're all getting fed up with your Olympian views."

Brunet wrestled at the undercarriage of the truck with a wrench. Where he stood in the quarry, not far from the entrance but out of sight of the road, was an informal junk yard. A dozen old cement-truck drums, some of them twenty feet long, were jumbled like giant Easter eggs among rusted pieces of superstructure from the conveyor belts, jettisoned diesel engines, and old buckets from the front-end loaders. Noonan and Mohr watched a company pickup drive up. It stopped next to Brunet, and Kobliski, one of the dispatchers, got out and said something. He had his hands in his bluejeans pockets. After a minute Brunet began to throw pieces of traprock at the nearest abandoned barrel. He threw nine or ten rocks, and the deep gongs they made when he connected (he missed once or twice) could be heard over the idling of the crane. Then he went back to work while Kobliski waited in the cab of the pickup. After ten minutes the old barrel came free and dangled from the crane, and Brunet got into the cab and drove the truck out from beneath it.

"Goddam it!" he yelled when he got out, because Mohr seemed in no hurry to let the barrel down; it was white and had blue stripes, and said "MOHR CONCRETE & TRAPROCK" in large red letters. It glinted like a huge, battered Christmas-tree ornament. Brunet gestured impatiently, but Mohr had backed off from the controls and was exchanging a joke with Noonan, and after a minute Brunet got into the pickup and drove off.

SOMEONE had stolen his Camaro. His wife had called Kobliski and told him to tell Brunet that he was supposed to meet a policeman in the parking lot by the company office at ten-thirty. When Brunet got there, he found that the cop had come not so much to obtain specific information as to lecture him. The car was a red 1986 Berlinetta, Brunet said. There were three hundred dollars' worth of tools in the trunk. It had twenty-two thousand miles on it and was in good condition. The officer, a Sergeant DeFrances, said, "Don't buy another one." He explained that the town had gotten a reputation among professional car thieves. They called it Spudville and Camaro City. Brunet had heard the term "spud" used by the quarry's younger employees—it meant that a person was shaped like a potato and about as intelligent.

It was true that the number of Camaros in town seemed to suggest a local ordinance. They clotted the parking lots of the videocassette outlets while kids from the high school talked through the rolled-down windows. (This wasn't a rich community, and Brunet didn't understand how teenagers could afford them.) Basketball-bellied men in their fifties heaved themselves out of the low seats of the cars at midnight and went into the doughnut shops carrying police-band radios and wearing camouflage jackets and multicolored baseball caps. Infants were driven around town in Camaros, straitjacketed into the safety chairs the state now required, which were strapped to the right-side bucket seats.


LORE AND LEGEND OF THE PENNYPACKERS
How Great-Grandpa Louie Came to America with $12.00 in His Pocket and Eventually Owned a Baking Soda Factory
APEX BAKING SODA
The Story of Grandma Iris's Terrible Ear Infection Back in the Days Before There Was Such a Thing as Penicillin
Aunt Tessie's Date with Errol Flynn's Second Cousin
The Time the Ferris Wheel Got Stuck for an Hour and Aunt Pearl and Uncle Barney Were in the Top Car
AAAAAAAGH!!!...
Cousin Gladys's Psychic Dream That Showed the Exact Location of Her Friend Doris Benson's Lost Pair of Pinking Shears
How the Connors Branch of the Family Found Itself in Hoboken, New Jersey
R. Chast

Sergeant DeFrances had so much equipment on his hips that his shoulders looked disproportionately narrow, like a woman's. He leaned against his cruiser and consulted a clipboard. The Camaro had been taken, apparently in daylight, from the parking lot of the Ramada Inn, where Brunet and his wife and two daughters were staying while their house was being repaired. (Brunet explained that he always drove his Nissan pickup truck to work, because the grit that floated around the quarry was bad for the Camaro's paint.) His was the fifty-sixth Camaro stolen since January in a city with a population of sixty thousand.

"These guys come off I-91, and yours was right next to the highway, for God's sake," DeFrances said. "They must think everyone in town is an idiot." He said the car was probably in Bridgeport or the Bronx by now, where it would be broken down into parts or repainted so that it could be driven South and sold. There were used-car dealers in Tennessee and Alabama who didn't ask too many questions.

"I can tell you guys are going to be a big help," Brunet said to him. "What the hell business is it of yours what kind of car I drive? You're supposed to get it back."

"If we get it back, which I doubt, at

PAYING RESPECTS

Our fourth night of being, her children
and I, alone in her house without her,
she was returned from the mainland
after hours for the cemetery, and so
her two sons collected her at the ferry
and brought her back for one last night,
setting her down on the cobbler's bench.
We ignored her as if she were there.
At her usual bedtime her elder son
carried the cardboard box into her room
and sat it in the middle of the made bed.

Both were early risers and before anyone
was up he slipped downstairs in his robe,
tucked the box in the crook of his arm,
and walked to the beach the way she
couldn't this last year and sat on the steps
watching the water materialize. From there
he travelled all their conjoint projects
in her fifteen years of widowhood, over all
her earthly domain, bearing the remains
down to the boathouse, through marsh grass
to the pond, through deep sand to the point,
reviewing erosion, the ospreys' nest,
the new section cleared of bittersweet, on
into the quarters over the garage, the basement
to inspect the new hot-water tank,
the settings for the lawn sprinkler system,
saving the house for last, visiting
every room with its fading wallpaper
from her own mother's reign, lingering
in the doorways of his sleeping siblings before
putting the box down, while he went to dress,
on her place on the sofa in the parlor,
where she presided mornings. He omitted,
his sister was sure when she saw the box there,
the inflexible part of their mother's routine.
She scooped it up and ran, the vaguely
hostile son calling out, "Don't forget to put
the lid down first," both of them pouring cereal,
giggling, fidgeting, hearing a burst of laughter
when he found her, both swooping off
to the john to join him, all three laughing,
leaning against the tiles, until they cried.

When it was time to leave for Tower Hill
we waited in the Buick trying not to see him
standing on the knoll with the box
taking a last look at Nantucket Sound,
trying not to see him, when he turned,
this gangling, aging boy and his mama,
offer his arm, trying not to see him,
bending slightly to her height and weight,
pat the place on his forearm and tuck it
close. At her pace, they proceeded
away from the sea to her English garden,
nodding and bowing in succession
to the zinnias, the marigolds, the roses,
the hollyhocks, bowing and bowing
to dahlias, asters, marguerites, phlox,
thanking and thanking.

—MARY STEWART HAMMOND

• •

least put a kill switch in it," DeFrances said. "What is it about Camaros around here? I counted six of them just driving over here."

"We can't afford Corvettes," Brunet said.

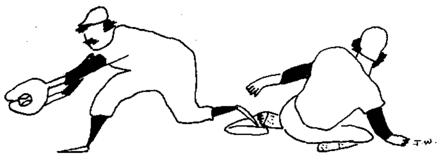
When he returned to the quarry, Mohr and Noonan waved their arms. "You drove off without one of your balls!" Mohr yelled, pointing at the barrel.

Brunet slammed the door on Kobliski's truck and went over to the now empty chassis of the Oshkosh. After a minute, Mohr came over and put a hand on his shoulder. Kobliski had apparently told him about the car. Brunet gritted his teeth; he had the feeling this was going to be sappy.

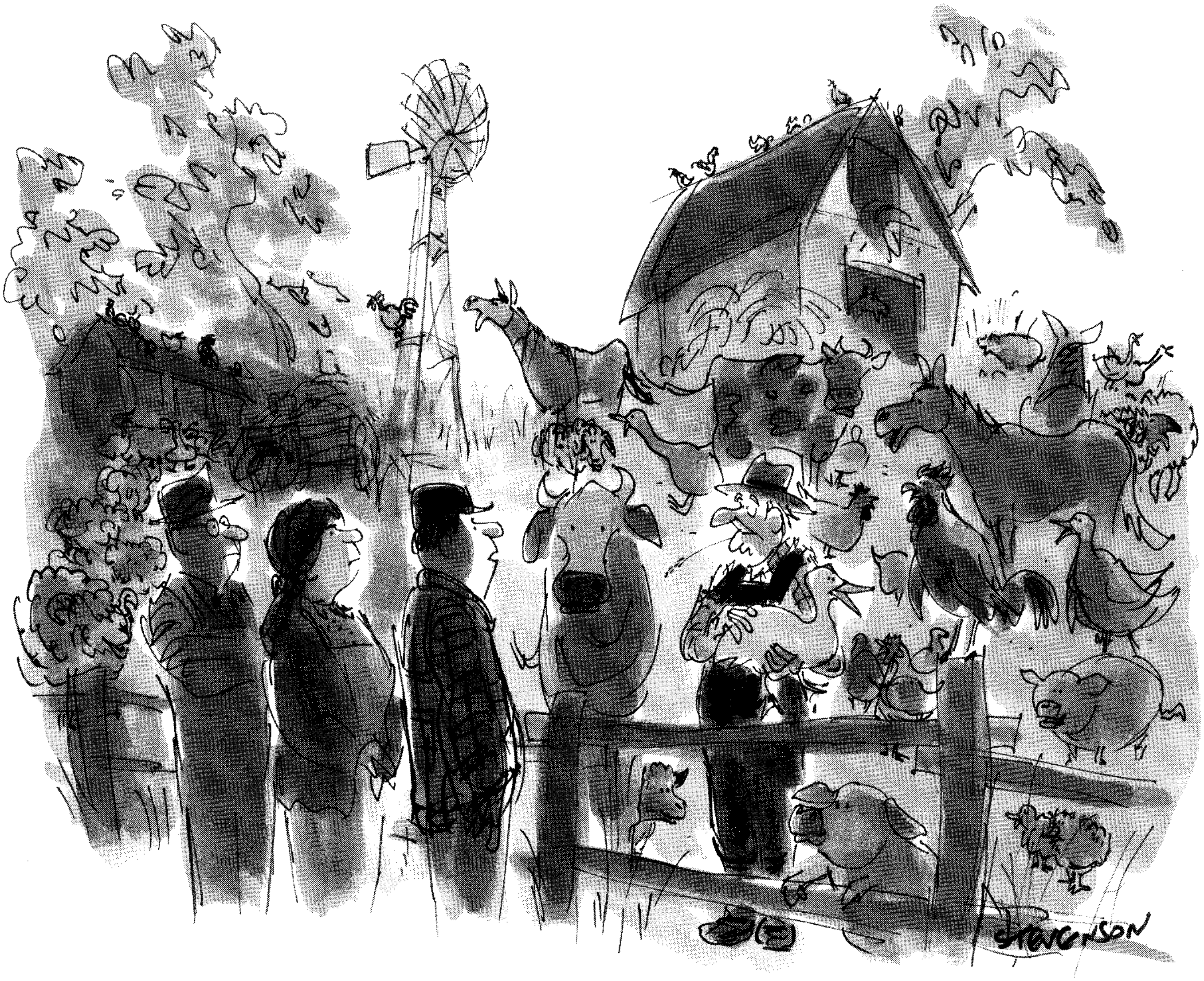
"Sorry, Bill," Mohr said. "I didn't know all this stuff was happening to you, out on the street."

BRUNET and his wife, Janice, had planned to look for a new house in the spring—something in one of the suburban east-side neighborhoods—and for several months before the fire, as if feeling guilty about leaving the area in which he had grown up, Brunet had had occasional daydream images of himself falling off Vale Street hill: the incline grew nightmarishly steep and he went all the way to the bottom, as Tom Paulwicz's Monte Carlo had done in July when the parking brake failed. The Monte Carlo was evidence once again that it was dangerous to park on Vale Street, although quite a few people did. Others parked on their lawns. No one seemed tempted to own fewer automobiles. Most households had at least three.

The houses here were from forty to eighty years old, a few of them two-family and three-family. They were tall and close together. The slope of the river valley in which the city lay was steep in this one place, and from the upper part of Vale Street, where Brunet's now charred house stood, there was a tree-obscured view of the vast, tarred roof of a failed shopping mall, four church steeples, two concrete high rises containing senior citizens' apartments, and an old foundry that was being decked by a wrecking ball. The more immediate vista was of small pickup trucks, with all-terrain vehicles or motorcycles strapped to their beds, chain-link fences, and brightly colored fibreglass wedges that turned out to be power boats grounded on the tilted lawns. Men had once walked from here to work at the old silver factories, and postmen still referred to Vale Street as the immigrant Alps, or the Irish Alps, or the Polish Alps.



On the night of the fire, the road was lined with old furniture and kitchen appliances, which had been set out in defiance of an announcement by the city that there wouldn't be a bulky-waste pickup this year. The project was



"Mr. MacDonald, some of us would like to speak to you about the noise level on your farm."

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too costly, the mayor had said, but people who had large items to throw away could take them to a municipal transfer station on the west side of town. An informal revolt had spread. As they lugged things up from their basements, people on Vale Street told each other that when city councillors got tired of the mess they would send crews around to pick it up.

Brunet's berm of junk was the first topic raised by the fire captain Friday night, after Brunet had arrived to find his house filled with water. "If you want to do something stupid," the captain said, "that's a good choice. Someone could die in the time it takes us to run hoses through that."

Frank Morjassian, who lived in the next house up, had smelled smoke around eight-fifteen. When he approached through the side yard he heard alarms beeping and could see flames through a basement window. He broke in the front door using an aluminum softball bat and lumbered from room to room through the smoke to see if anyone was inside. He smashed most of the upstairs windows, and finally came out coughing and went to his house to call the Fire Department.

While this was going on, Janice was playing in a concert with the local symphony (she was in the back row of the first violins, three seats over from the front of the stage), and Brunet was in the audience at the high-school auditorium, along with their twelve-year-old daughter, Polly, and Alexandra Alfaz, who was ten and lived across the street and took violin lessons from Janice. Brunet endured these events three times a year. Dick Alfaz, Alexandra's father, came and found him at intermission and told him about the fire. He asked anxiously about Brunet's other daughter, Patty, who was fifteen, and Brunet said that as far as he knew she was at the Showcase Cinemas, twenty miles away in East Hartford.

When Brunet got there, Vale Street was blocked at the top by a police cruiser, and he had to walk the last three blocks. When he reached the house, it was being bludgeoned by two thick streams of water, which entered where the first story had been axed open on the uphill side. The house looked sodden enough to burst, like a cardboard box put under a faucet. It was hard to believe anything ever could have been burning in there, although Brunet could see that the windows were gone and the lower frames were charred around the edges.

The crowd that had gathered included a number of Hispanics—the city's Puerto Rican community was encroaching on the bottom of the hill, something that upset many of Brunet's neighbors—and he saw Doug Androskos angrily ordering a group of them out of his front yard. Elsewhere, children yelled and ran about, skirting and leaping over the curbside junk, and neighborhood dogs roamed freely. Morjassian was standing by the Alfazes' driveway, still holding the softball bat. "I did what I could," he told Brunet.

Janice had driven Polly home, and she and Brunet put the girl to bed in Alexandra Alfaz's room. Then they sat in the Alfazes' kitchen. "I don't care," Janice told Brunet. "I hated the place anyway." Patty didn't come home until midnight, and by then they had grown very worried, although the firemen assured them there had been no one in the house.

The family spent the night with Janice's sister and her husband, who lived four blocks away, on Canniman Street, and at noon Saturday Brunet went back to the house to meet his insurance agent and the city fire marshal.

"*Best therapy I know. Make some money, feel better.*"

IN the morning, Janice went over the family's finances with Brunet. She was an accountant at the hospital. It was a pattern around here for young women to attend Central Connecticut or Southern Connecticut state universities, and then come home, find jobs, and marry men they had known since high school—men who worked in construction and might have worked in the factories if the factories hadn't closed. Janice told Brunet that as long as the insurance settlement was reasonable they still could buy a new house in the spring. She badly wanted to move. "Don't get cold feet now," she said. "Let's just fix it and go."

But Brunet felt viscerally wounded when he saw the house, and he began to have second thoughts. It was his house, and in the daylight it looked terrible, and he felt the full extent of his attachment to it. The smell coming from the windows reminded him of the cement fireplaces in the city parks, which were routinely filled with wet soot, garbage, and broken glass.

Murray Southerland, the insurance agent, sat in the sun on the rear steps and explained that the fire marshal and his assistant were in the basement, ankle-deep in water. They had driven up in a red station wagon with the city insignia on the door and had taken a stepladder down with them. They were inspecting the furnace with flashlights.

Without standing, Southerland handed Brunet five hundred dollars in cash. "There's a fifteen-hundred-dollar check in that envelope, too," he said, "but I figured you can't cash it on a Saturday afternoon. You're going to need clothes right away."

The sunlight was sharp, and leaves flashed on the trees and drifted down in handfuls. Things were happening. Morjassian, a hefty man who drove a truck for a meat-packing firm, was putting sealant on his driveway, while his little girl sat on the curb wearing an orange T-shirt that read "My Daddy Drives a Harley-Davidson"—and Brunet realized that applying sealant, a fall ritual in the neighborhood, was something he wasn't going to be doing this year. Janice was still across the street at the Alfazes', whose lawn bore a new Century 21 "FOR SALE" sign. Alfaz and his brother had been trying to buy a motel on the Berlin Turnpike, and apparently they had succeeded. Dick Alfaz had said property values along the turnpike were going up, and between the two families it wouldn't be necessary to hire outside employees, or for him or his brother to quit their jobs. They were Syrian immigrants. Brunet often drove out on the turnpike early in the morning to get supplies from Bohlan's Truck Parts, and he had noticed small clumps of Indian or Pakistani children outside the motels, standing at the edge of the divided highway with lunchboxes, awaiting the school bus. The Alfazes weren't the only ones to have this idea.

When Fire Marshal Waddell came out, he said the furnace exhaust apparently had fallen away from its connection to the chimney. The pipe was old and had corroded where the two were joined. Brunet admitted he had never replaced it—it had probably been there fifty years. He said the furnace had been turned on Wednesday after being off all summer. Waddell told him that once the connection was broken, hot smoke had accumulated and probably had set boxes or papers burning. He said it was all right for Brunet to take a look around, as long as he watched his step.

The kitchen, a newer room that branched off the rear of the house, felt firm underfoot, but the linoleum had blackened and puffed up like an omelette. They went through the kitchen door, glanced into the living room, where a hole had been chopped in the floor, and then went gingerly up the back stairs, which were covered with water and soot and fallen plaster. On the second floor the walls were black from the smoke, but the door to the girls' room, to the rear of the house, was closed, and when Brunet kicked it open he found an oasis of color: pale-blue walls, tacked-up photos from *Seventeen* and *Sassy*, yellow curtains.

"Things turn out better if you don't smash the windows and if you keep the doors shut," the assistant marshal said.

"This guy with the bat," Waddell said. "You had some bad luck there. I don't know where the idea comes from, but people like to smash things during fires. This fire's just dying to breathe, and some guy comes along and knocks out the glass. I guess it's because they see firemen doing it, but the thing is, the firemen are putting out the fire. They're making holes for the hoses and stuff."

Brunet stared—the curtains were a little discolored. That was it.

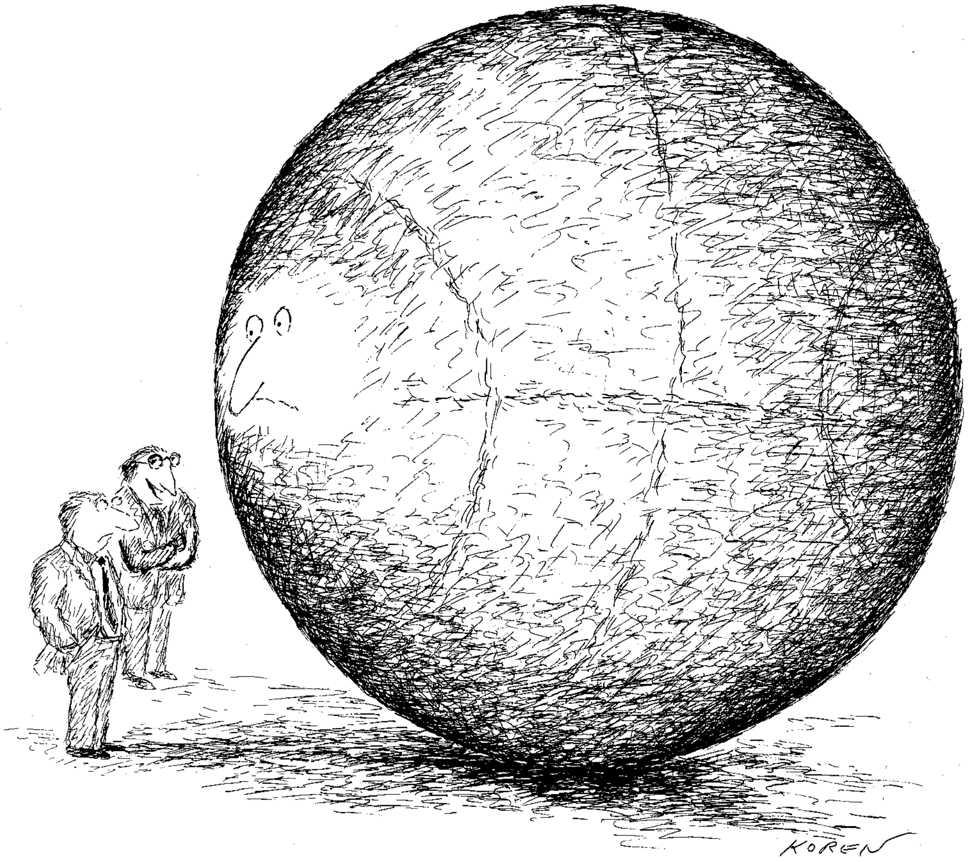
Outside, Waddell said he'd finish his written report in a week or so. He and his assistant drove off, and Southerland leaned against the hood of his Volvo and told Brunet he was fully covered and that he and Janice should make a list of their possessions and be as specific as possible about the value. The house was insured for eighty thousand—probably less than it would cost to replace it but more than enough to cover this damage.

"Listen to this one," Brunet said when Janice came over. He explained about the windows, and when he was done Southerland told them, "Don't worry about it. You could get just as mad about the water, and Waddell didn't even mention that. The Fire Department always uses five times as much as it has to."

When Southerland was gone, Brunet and Janice got into the Camaro, but Brunet didn't start the engine. He sat there for a moment. When he looked at his hands on the wheel, he noticed that his arms were shaking. "You're a moron!" he bellowed out the window at Morjassian—a fat, bearded figure holding a squeegee covered with Genite. Morjassian and his little girl looked up curiously. "I couldn't even explain it," Brunet said to Janice. "He's probably convinced he did me a favor."

"Let's go find a motel," Janice said. "Let's get out of this slum."

TUESDAY, when all sixteen drivers were out and the only truck left in the yard was a spare 1975 rearloader that Brunet considered little more than a curiosity, Noonan called in on his radio and said he was out of gas in Rocky Hill, a half mile short of



"It looks like the ball is in your court."

STILL-LIFE WITH STRANGER

Come on, Ulrich, the great octagon
of the sky is passing over us.
Soon the world will have moved on.
Your love affair, what is it
but a tempest in a teapot?

But such storms exude strange
resonance: the power of the Almighty
reduced to its infinitesimal root
hangs like the chant of bees,
the milky drooping leaves of the birch
on a windless autumn day.

Call these phenomena or pinpoints,
remote as the glittering trash of heaven,
yet the monstrous frame remains,
filling up with regret, with straw,
or on another level with the quick grace
of the singing, falling snow.

You are good at persuading
them to sing with you.
Above you, horses graze forgetting
daylight inside the barn.

Creeper dangles against rock face.
Pointed roofs bear witness.
The whole cast of characters is imaginary
now, but up ahead, in shadow, the past waits.

—JOHN ASHBERY

• •

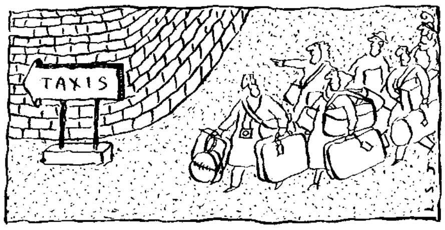
his delivery point. It was the kind of offense a driver could be fired for, although Noonan claimed the gas gauge on the truck was broken. Brunet and Larry Mohr put a barrel of fuel into the back of a pickup, strapped it upright, and tossed in a hand pump. It took twenty-five minutes to reach Rocky Hill and another ten to find the truck, which was on a wooded stretch of road between two suburban neighborhoods that hadn't existed when Brunet worked in the area five years ago. He and Noonan pumped the gas in, but the truck wouldn't start—trying to make his destination, Noonan apparently had ignored the initial sputtering and had run it bone dry. The battery was close to dead and Mohr was on the verge of calling for a heavy-duty tow truck—necessary for a vehicle holding almost ten cubic yards of concrete and weighing, with that payload, about seventy-two thousand pounds—when the engine finally caught. By then a second truck had been dispatched to make the delivery, and a good portion of the load carried in Noonan's had dried and set in the barrel. They surreptitiously pumped out the rest and watched it flow down the portable troughs into a thicket of trees. They got the truck back to the yard by five-fifteen, and Brunet brought out the jackhammer. "You know how to use this?" he asked Noonan.

"No."

"Where do they get you guys?" Brunet bellowed.

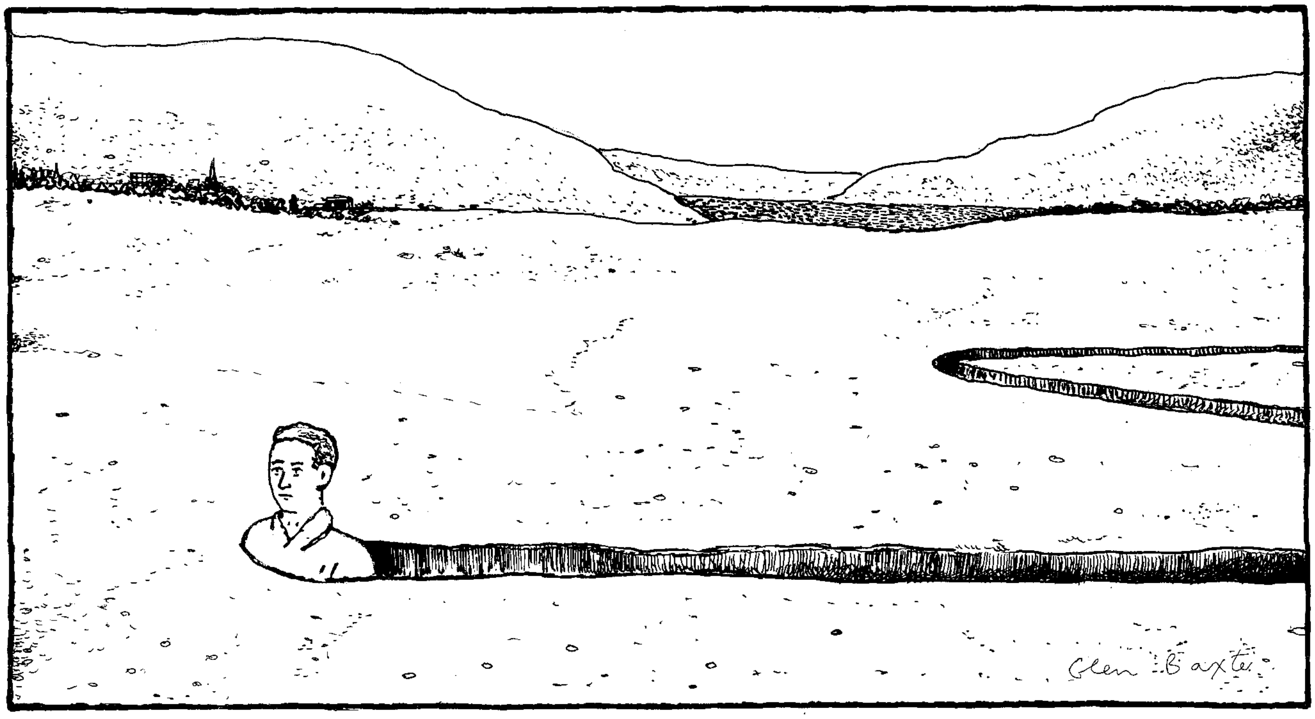
He told Noonan to go home, and then he unbolted the trapdoor on the side of the drum. The interior had metal fins some ten inches high that spiralled around the inside. Spun in one direction, they forced the wet concrete toward the bottom and rolled it, keeping it well mixed. Turned the other way, they corkscrewed it up and out of the truck through the opening over the cab. The fins were several feet apart and the dried concrete was caked between them; here and there it was as deep as six inches. Brunet gritted his teeth. Everyone who worked at the quarry hated this chore. He began at the bottom, where it was possible to stand upright. He wore goggles, earmuffs, and a breathing mask. By the time he had been in there five minutes his temples clanged from the noise, and he was sweating heavily and his arms throbbed from wrestling with the jackhammer. At that point the barrel began to turn. He released the jackhammer and tipped it into the channel between the fins next to him, then leaned forward against the ascending slope as he slid toward the bottom. Clumps of concrete fell over his head and shoulders and he howled into the respirator, then clawed it off, inadvertently taking his goggles with it. Dust filled his eyes, and he covered his head with his hands. The turning stopped. He noticed dimly that the opening was directly over his head.

He yelled, but there was no response. If the truck had been running a minute ago, it wasn't now. After a few minutes he climbed over the fins and squeezed out through the narrow port over the cab. He thought he glimpsed a car disappearing behind the trees that lined the road between the office and the quarry entrance, but there was a lot of shadow and his vision was blurred. No one else was in the yard. He had a coughing fit and went into the bathroom in the mechanic's shed and splashed his face and eyes with water. Then he drank in long gulps.



When he came out, George Loughery was there, looking for him. Loughery, Larry Mohr's uncle, was president of the company. He wore a blazer, a white shirt, and gray slacks. He briefly studied the drum of the Oshkosh, which had spun far enough that it had pulled the jackhammer hose out of the air compressor. Then he saw Brunet. "I'm the one that takes the phone messages around here after six o'clock," he said. "A Sergeant DeFrances just called. They found your Camaro."

Brunet pounded at the concrete dust on his clothes. It came off in large white puffs. Loughery had written the information on a sheet of paper. The



TIM'S PROGRESS THROUGH EUROPE REMAINED FAIRLY SLOW YET ABSOLUTELY STEADFAST.

• •

car was in New Rochelle, New York, near a loading dock, he told Brunet. It was missing the engine, the doors, the transmission, the hood, the fenders, the wheels, and the tape deck. Brunet could tell the insurance company it was a total loss.

"I don't think your nephew's up to being fleet manager," Brunet told him, changing the subject.

"I know, I know," Loughery said tiredly. "We can't have him hiring drivers who run out of gas."

"Why don't you make me boss for a while? I'll break him in good."

"I expect you would," Loughery said. He looked back steadily. "This job arrangement is stupid, but there's nothing I can do about it right now. I've got lots of relatives in this company telling me what to do. If you need some money, what with the house and the car, we can work something out."

"The insurance is O.K.," Brunet growled. "Janice is getting rich anyway. You lay me off in December like you usually do and we'll still be O.K."

"You're mad about this, aren't you?" Loughery said.

"Listen to this one," Brunet told him, pounding more dust from his clothes. He said he thought someone had spun him deliberately in the barrel of the truck. "The only guy I can think of is Noonan," he said, "which would be pretty bad, because I was doing him a favor."

"If he did it, he's fired, but he'll never admit it," Loughery said. "If he runs out of gas again, he's fired anyway."

"It's hard to believe anybody'd do it," Brunet said. "I thought I felt the engine, but I was wearing earmuffs and I was shaking pretty good from the hammer. It didn't go very far. Is there any way it could just happen?"

They talked about it and checked the chain drive on the barrel. There seemed no way it could just happen.

"Him and me are going to have a talk," Brunet said. "And you tell Larry when he gets in that he can chisel the rest of that stuff out. I did my share. That's a brand-new barrel those guys messed up."

"What's all this Spudville stuff about?" Loughery asked. "The cop must've mentioned that five times."

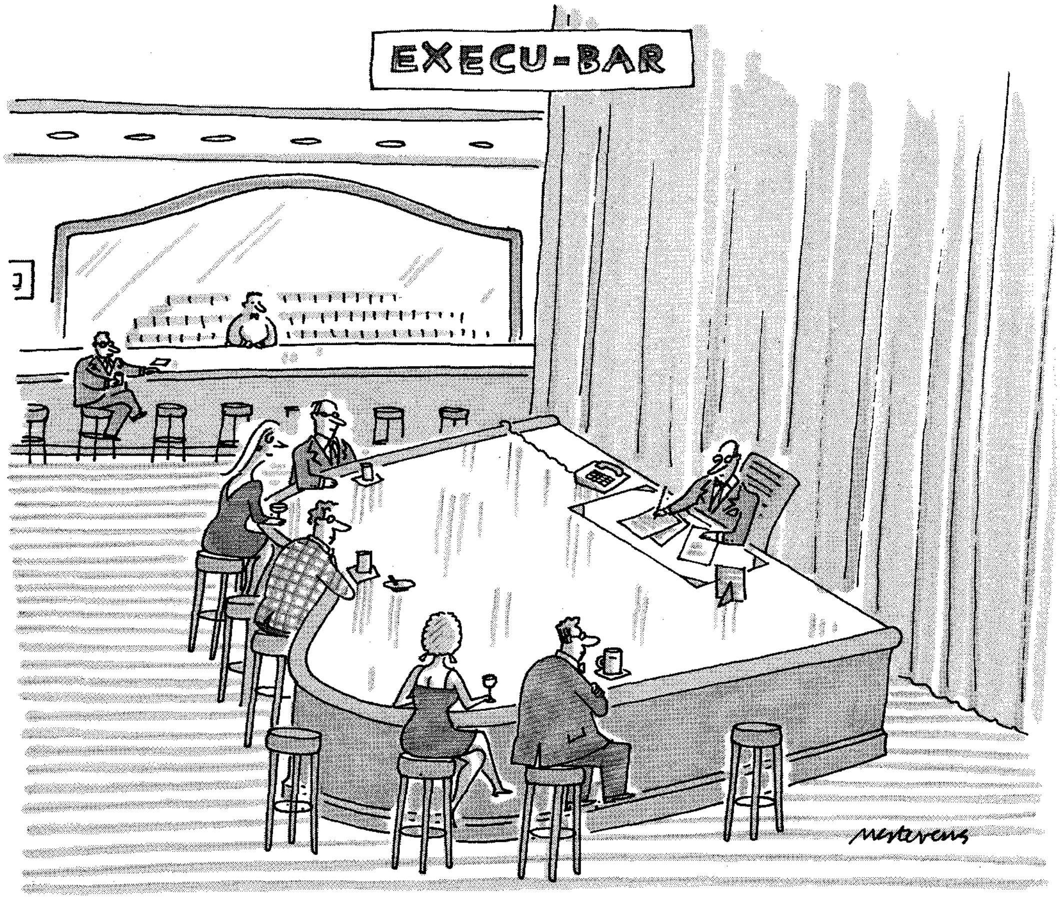
"I really don't like that guy," Brunet said.

BRUNET and Janice and the girls ate at Burger King. He had taken a shower and had told Janice about the truck barrel. He thought he felt all right. "I've had nightmares about that happening," he said. "It shakes me up just getting into one of those things."

But it was cheerful in the restaurant. He liked the way the family walked out of the motel each night and over into the fast-food thicket on Sharpe Avenue and picked a place to eat, and he also liked it that the girls seemed happy at the Ramada Inn, where they had their own room and television, and that they enjoyed making nightly trips to the mall for new clothes, courtesy of the insurance company. (Although their room was intact, most of their clothes had gone up with a pair of bureaus in the hall.) He seemed to be the only one who missed the house.

"I still can't believe what Morjassian did," he told Janice. They had finished their hamburgers and the girls were out in the restaurant game room. "Why would someone run around somebody else's house with a baseball bat?"

The table was cluttered with cardboard hamburger cartons and paper cups with plastic tops, and Janice was drawing on the last of a milkshake. "Because he wanted to," she said, waving it at him. "If you're Morjassian,



you don't get that many chances to be a good citizen. He's not going to go over there with buckets of water, and he's not going to do charity work or join the Rotary Club or anything. But if he sees a chance to help society out by smashing somebody else's windows, he'll do it."

"You should see it over there," Brunet said. "You never even went inside. The TV's exploded. The picture tube blew up. The phone's melted down the wall. He was a big help, all right."

"Well, I don't know if I should bring this up," Janice said, "but if you buy another Camaro you better not complain about Morjassian."

Brunet stared at her. "I was just starting to relax," he said.

"I'm just pointing it out. Before any decisions get made. Morjassian does stupid things to other people, but if you buy another Camaro you're doing something stupid to yourself. It'll just get stolen."

"I'll buy any car I want to," Brunet said.

"That's what bothers me about that neighborhood," Janice said. "That's why I can't wait to get out of there. That's the sort of thing people say over there. They do stupid things and then they say stupid things to explain why they're doing them."

"Nobody else is going to call me stupid right now," Brunet said. He could feel himself getting hot. "It's bad enough with the cop. This is none of your business."

"I just don't like self-defeating behavior. It reminds me of the way people have junk all over their lawns. The city's never going to pick it up—they're just turning their yards into pigsties for nothing. They're the ones who have to look at it every day. Or there's some accident down the street with a gun and everybody says it's not the gun's fault, or Paulwicz's kid crashes on his Honda ATV and he's in the hospital for three weeks, and now he's out and he's driving the ATV again. The whole neighborhood's that way. The only people who aren't total idiots are Dick and Sophie."

"What'd you marry me for if you think I'm so stupid?" Brunet said. "That's self-defeating behavior, too, right?"

"Don't go," Janice said, because he was standing up.

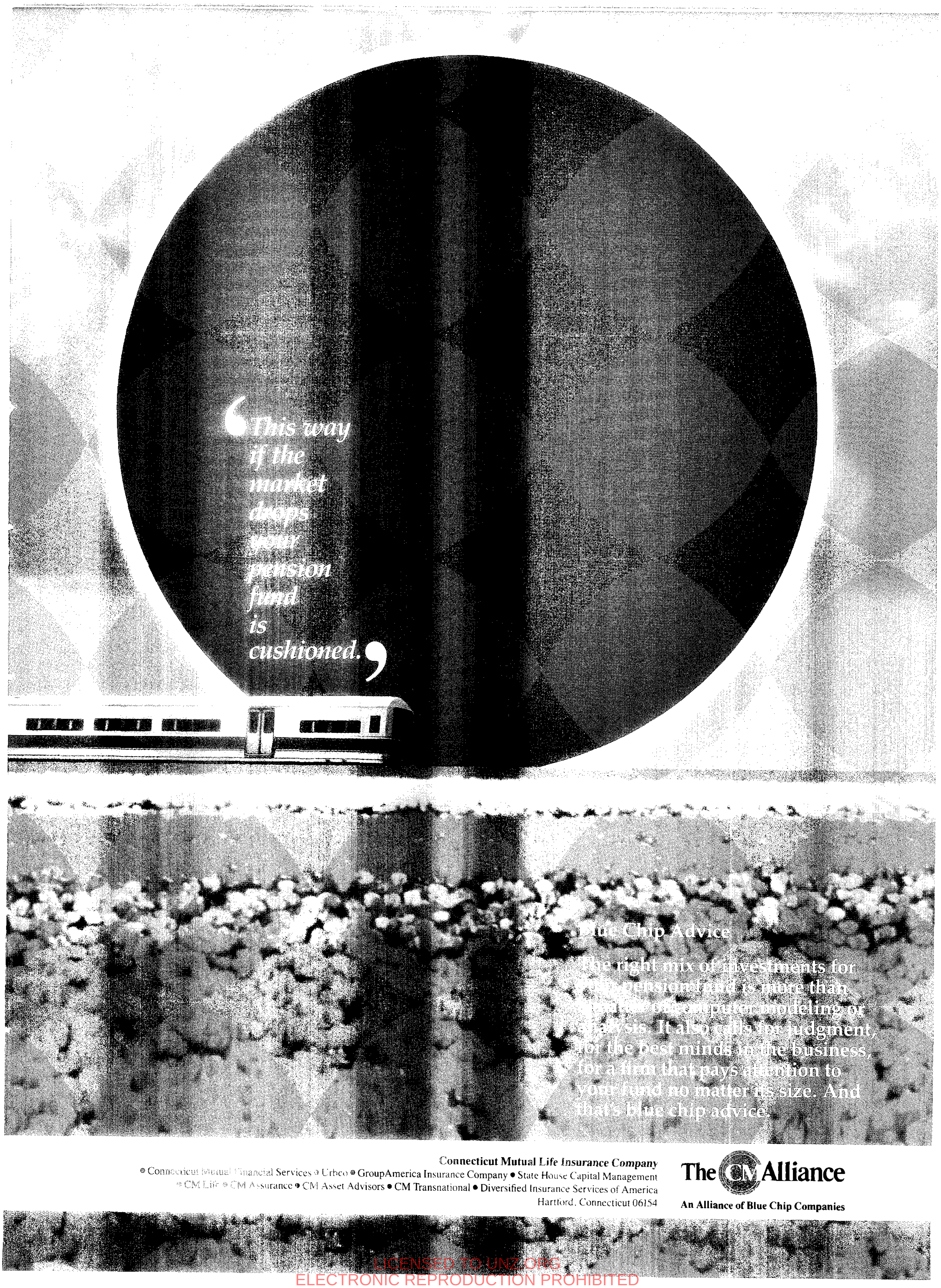
"You can't be as smart as you think you are, because if you end up with a guy like me you should know Camaros are part of the deal," Brunet said.

"Don't go stomping out of here," Janice said. "It's just a suggestion. It's just something I've been wanting to talk about. If you're that mad, let's drop it. Forget I brought it up."

"I'm not stomping out of here," Brunet said. "I'm taking a walk."

HE drank a cup of coffee at Dunkin' Donuts, a hundred yards up the street, and found himself staring at two Camaros whose broad hoods nosed over the sidewalk toward the doughnut shop. The parking lot was brightly lit. He liked the way Camaros managed to be streamlined and massive at the same time. After he finished his coffee he went outside and stood in front of one of them—the one that wasn't yellow. Brunet didn't think Camaros should be yellow. This one was gold and it had been around for a while. The paint was pitted and the car had several dents, and one of the front fenders was painted with gray primer. The car looked like a veteran airplane, not very glossy but sturdy and likable. The basic shape came through, and it got to him. He could imagine sitting in the low seat, with the engine vibrating against his right leg, which he always leaned against the hump that covered the transmission and drive shaft. There would be the smell of old cigarettes. There would be sunglasses and a lighter in the cubbyhole under the radio, and some empty French-fry packets. As he walked around the side, he was stopped by the sight of his distorted reflection in the corner of the windshield. He said, "Christ," and started back toward the motel. He didn't want anybody to see him like that—a heavy guy staring for five minutes at somebody's old Camaro. He wasn't sure if he and Janice had had a serious argument, but it seemed time for them to move on to the next thing.

—ALAN STERNBERG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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SYMBOLS OF SOVEREIGNTY

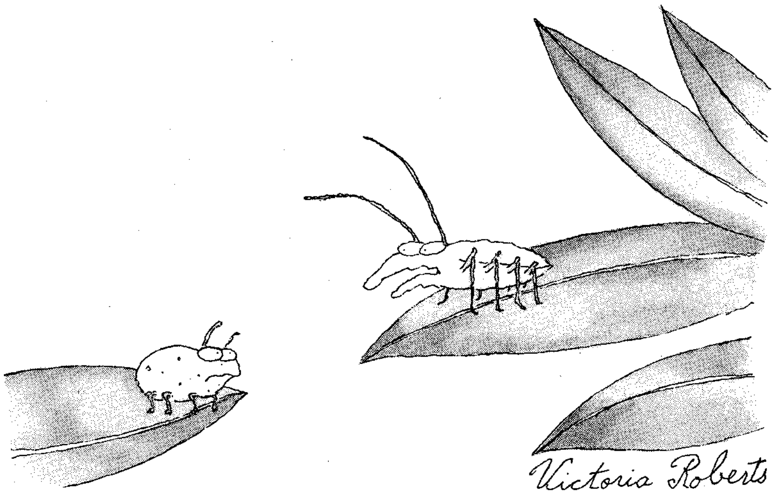
FOR nearly eight centuries, successive rulers of Estonia have governed from behind castle walls on a hill in the center of Tallinn, a port city on an arm of the Baltic Sea. The thirteenth-century Danes, the knights of the Teutonic and Livonian Orders, the Swedes, the Russian czars, the Estonians themselves, the Nazis, and now the Soviet government have all used this seat of power. It is reached through crooked cobblestone streets that wind steeply past the remaining fortifications—segments of high gray stone walls which still connect watchtowers capped by peaked roofs of red tile. Near the top of the hill, in an area the Estonians call Toompea, is a small square, dominated by a hundred-and-fifty-foot tower named Pikk Hermann. Part of the battlements, it was built in the thirteenth century. It adjoins a long three-story building of considerably later vintage, painted a pale pink. This building, once the residence of the czar's governor-general and then the center of government during Estonia's brief period of independence, between the two World Wars, now houses the Council of Ministers of the Estonian Soviet Socialist Republic. It is also the meeting place of the Estonian Supreme Soviet, a legislature that supinely served Moscow's interests until last autumn, when an overwhelming majority of the legislators voted themselves the right to reject edicts from the central Soviet government. Last January, when I visited Tallinn, the flag flying from the top of Pikk Hermann was the one that signified Estonia's place in the Soviet empire—a red banner divided by a wavy band of blue and white, and crowned in the upper left-hand corner with a gold hammer and sickle and star.

"We will soon put our national flag there," Valle Feldmann, an official of the Estonian Foreign Ministry, told me as we walked beneath the tower. Valle is a slightly built young man with an acerbic wit—a Communist Party member who speaks with the quiet candor that has become fashionable under Mikhail Gorbachev's regime of liberalization. He was referring to Estonia's flag during the country's twenty-odd years of independence, which ended with its annexation, in 1940, by the Soviet Union. This flag—three horizontal stripes of blue, black, and white—had long been banned by Soviet authorities, who correctly saw it as a defiance of Soviet power, a call to secession. Yet now it seemed to be everywhere, blossoming forth in shopwindows, on lapels, and in the frequent demonstrations in behalf of Estonian "sovereignty"—a concept so elastic, I discovered, that it united Estonians who had an array of competing opinions about how best to obtain autonomy from the Soviet system.

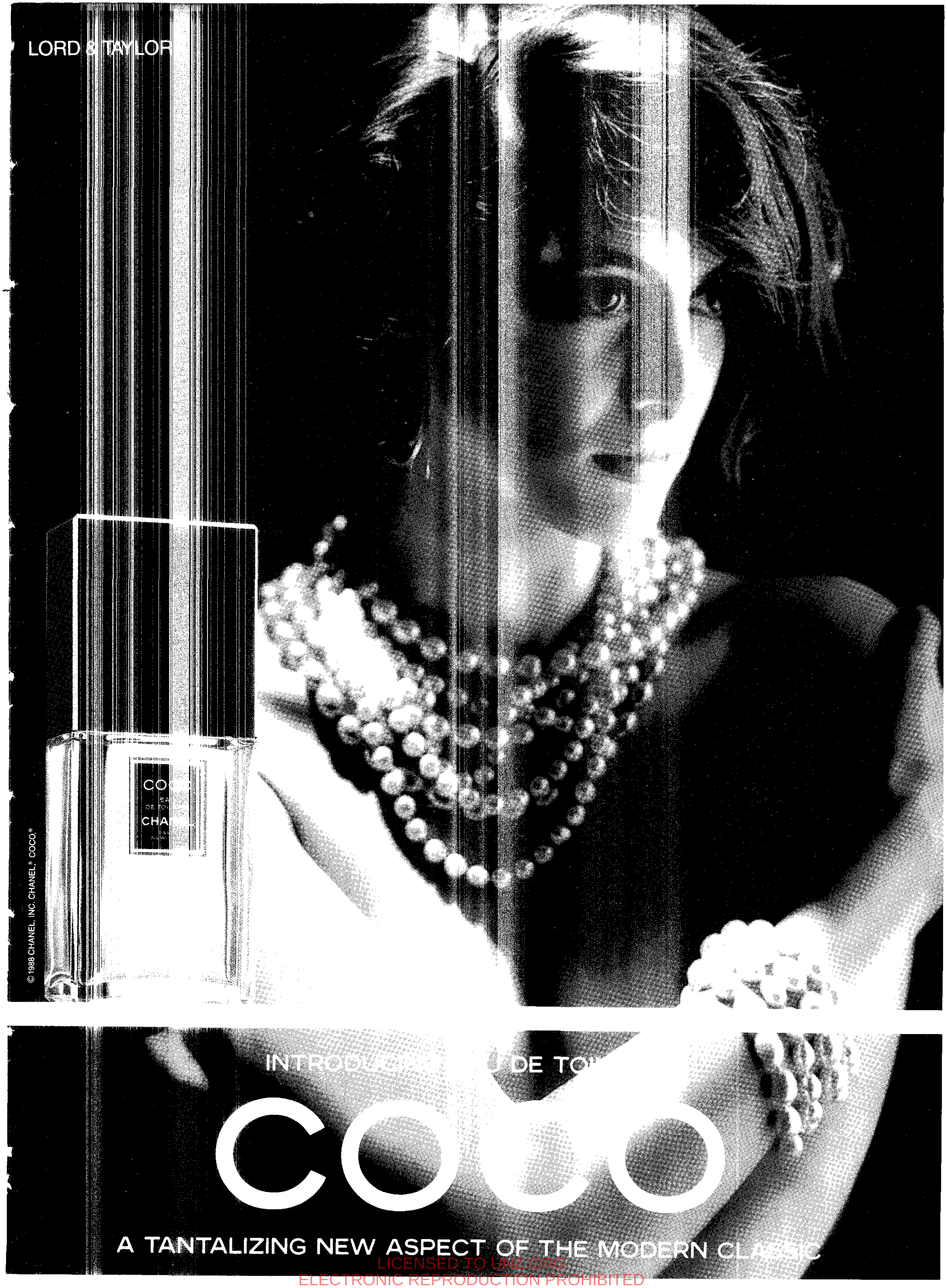
Valle proved to be right. On the evening of February 23rd, the red flag with the hammer and sickle was lowered, and the next day, to mark the declaration of Estonian independence on February 24, 1918, the blue-black-and-white banner was raised over Pikk Hermann. It is still there—more as a demand than as a statement of accomplishment. The idea of flying the national flag over the capital displeases many Estonian separatists, who feel that it should not be there without Estonia's first having achieved real independence. The secessionists do not want to cheapen the national flag by using it to proclaim the advent of an era that has not yet begun.

ESTONIA was initially the most adventurous of the Soviet Union's fifteen republics in seizing the opportunity provided by Gorbachev's expanding permissiveness, in trying for more democracy and private enterprise than Gorbachev envisions, and in reviving the dream of complete independence from the Soviet Union. The other Baltic states, Latvia and Lithuania, took Estonia as a model, duplicating its range of political groupings and symbols. The Estonians are trying to preserve their tiny nationality from what they fear could be extinction under a great tide of Russians, who have been migrating to the republic to work in its factories and shipyards for the past forty-five years. Estonians make up only about sixty per cent of the republic's one million six hundred thousand residents; the balance consists mostly of Russians but also includes small proportions of Belorussians, Ukrainians, Georgians, Armenians, and other Soviet nationalities. This demographic concern, coupled with a visible decline in living standards and a removal of the ban on discussing such matters, has unleashed the nationalism expressed over the past two years with flags and songs and monuments.

In resurrecting their own history, opening their politics, and pressing for economic autonomy, the Estonians have helped set in motion the centrifugal force of national separatism now operating not only in the Baltic states but in Moldavia, the western Ukraine, Georgia, and elsewhere in "the Union," as some Soviet citizens like to call their multi-ethnic country. Many Estonian Communists are convinced that if they are allowed to proceed as they wish—toward political democratization and a market economy—they can satisfy Gorbachev's de-



"Ticks get all the publicity these days."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sire to energize the work force and improve economic efficiency; Estonia, they argue, can become a showcase of *perestroika.* The Supreme Soviet in Moscow conducted a contentious debate on this idea in July, and then voted—in principle—to permit Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania to experiment with control over their own foreign trade, pricing policies, budgets, and progression toward private enterprise. However, reformers in Moscow are confronted with the danger that the decentralization they seek as a cure for the ills of authoritarianism will begin to fragment the empire, provoking a backlash in the Kremlin and a curtailment of liberalization by reactionaries in the leadership or by Gorbachev himself.

That possibility arose a few weeks ago, on the twenty-third of August, when a million or more Balts, demonstrating for independence, joined hands to form a four-hundred-mile human chain through Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the nonaggression pact between the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany, which laid the basis for the Soviet takeover of the Baltic states. The pact had been condemned five days before the demonstration by Aleksandr Yakovlev, one of Gorbachev's key allies on the Politburo. But the enormous outpouring of protesters must have caused alarm in the Kremlin, for a few days later the Central Committee of the Communist Party issued a nervous and threatening statement, warning of "impending disaster" and linking the nationalist movement with foreign influences. "The fate of the Baltic peoples is in serious danger," the statement said. "People should know into what abyss they are being pushed by nationalist leaders. The consequences could be disastrous for these peoples if the nationalists manage to achieve their goals. The very viability of the Baltic nations could be called into question." The Central Committee demanded "urgent measures to purge the process of *perestroika* in the Baltics of extremism, of destructive, harmful tendencies."

Leaders of national movements in the three republics replied sharply, in a joint statement that said, "There has been no such sinister and dangerous document for the cause of democracy since the death of Stalin and the events in Czechoslovakia in 1968." But Trivimi Velliste, an Estonian nationalist whom I reached by telephone, had a calmer assessment of the declaration. "Moscow was overreacting," he said. "The demonstration we had here on the twenty-third was much more impressive than anyone could have anticipated, including ourselves. The spirit and atmosphere were very positive and very good." Nor had the spirit been dampened by the Central Committee's harsh words, he reported. "There is perhaps some slight anxiety, but most people are taking it rather quietly."

Beneath the calm is a mood of indignation, according to Tarmu Tammerk, a reporter for *Kodumaa* (*Homeland*), a weekly newspaper in Tallinn. The Central Committee's statement "seriously undermined the credibility of the Communist Party in Moscow, and of Gorbachev himself," he said, adding, "Now the secessionist and separatist trend is even stronger." He told me that the mass demonstration on the twenty-third, unlike earlier demonstrations, had been greatly facilitated by Estonian Communist Party officials, who organized bus transportation and permitted newspapers to print lists of the various gathering points. After a day of rallies and speeches, people were bused to their assigned places, where, from seven to seven-thirty in the evening, they held hands, forming a line—in some places, three or four people deep—that stretched through the streets of Tallinn and out into the suburbs and the fields and forests of the countryside. A password was whispered along the line. It was "*Vabadus*"—"Freedom."

IF the tough talk from the Central Committee is followed by action—if Moscow feels threatened enough by the separatist impulses to crack down on the Baltics—an ominous signal will have been sent throughout the rest of the Soviet Union that strict limits on political and economic diversity may be imposed.

The potential for confrontation was evident on my visit. It was still dark a little after 9 A.M., when the overnight train from Moscow pulled in. Valle Feldmann was on the slippery platform to meet me, and we climbed into a black Volga sedan for the short ride to my hotel. The winter day is brief this far north—Tallinn is at the same latitude as the middle of Hudson Bay. The slow midwinter dawn first touches the Gothic towers and tiled rooftops about nine-thirty, then lightens gradually through the rest of the morning, filtering out color and enveloping the city in a mesh of blacks and whites and grays. Occasionally, a spot of brightness broke the pattern: knitted caps of yellow or green, a cheerful shopwindow still hung with Christmas tinsel. In the Old Town, a medieval quarter that is the pride of Tallinn, puddles glistened among the cobblestones, and pungent whiffs of coal smoke were carried here and away on the biting breeze. Valle signalled immediately that he was not the sort of Party-line official I used to encounter before *glasnost:* when I remarked that Tallinn was a pleasant city, he gave me a sidelong look and said, "It's been sleeping for fifty years. Now it's beginning to wake up."

And, indeed, I found the city intellectually livelier, though physically shabbier, than it was in the late nineteen-seventies, when I last visited; in this, it typifies the dissonance of Soviet life in general. The apartment buildings, even those built no more than ten or fifteen years ago, had lost their trim look of relative comfort. They seemed used up, like old cars ready to be junked. The single-family houses left over from the prewar days of private property were decaying from lack of care by the state, which assumed ownership. But the conversation that took place inside those homes was intensely stimulating, and a visitor entering from the gloomy streets would move into an atmosphere of quiet excitement. A major topic of discussion was Estonian history, which had been consigned to silence by Soviet fiat but was now being dug up—sometimes literally—and affirmed in public.

There are scarcely a million Estonians—the equivalent of one large neighborhood in Moscow—and their republic is approximately the size of

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New Hampshire and Massachusetts combined. Estonia's smallness and its strategic location on the Gulf of Finland have made it vulnerable for centuries to European conquerors, and the Estonians have preserved their identity only by maintaining a stubborn historical memory and clinging to their sense of themselves as Western rather than Slavic. They belong to the Finno-Ugric group, whose origins have been debated by scholars since the middle of the last century, some contending that the Finno-Ugrians originated in southeastern Siberia along with Tatars and Mongols, others that they came from Western Europe. The most widely accepted theory places their origin in the middle Volga region, west of the Urals, from which, it is thought, they migrated to the Baltic coast by about 3000 B.C. Their language is in the same family as Hungarian and Finnish, and television broadcasts from Finland, which is just thirty-five miles across the gulf, give Estonians a kind of electronic window on the West. For a few hours each evening, Estonians can turn their backs on their Russian rulers and face in the direction they prefer—toward Europe.

Much of Estonian history has been characterized by this tug between East and West. In the early eighteenth century, Peter I of Russia set out to wrest Estonia from the Swedes and the German nobility who dominated the Baltic countryside. This was accomplished by 1710, and Russia maintained its grip on Estonia for two centuries—until the chaotic aftermath of the Bolshevik Revolution, when the Estonians fought their war of independence. The Russians battled the Estonians from 1918 to 1920, and, weakened by civil war, went down to defeat. The war was concluded by the Treaty of Tartu, in which the Russians granted sovereignty to Estonia, along with fifteen million gold rubles as compensation for confiscated property.

Estonia's independence provided only a fleeting and rather unsuccessful experience with democracy. In 1921, a newspaper editor named Konstantin Päts was elected President and Prime Minister, and a parliamentary system was established under him. But so many parties competed in the small electorate that administrations became increasingly unstable; the government changed hands four times in 1932 alone. The hardships of the Depression contributed to the rise of a Fascist movement—a party called the League of Veterans of the Estonian War of Independence—which mirrored those in Germany and elsewhere in Europe at the time. The historian Toivo Raun writes, in "Estonia and the Estonians," that "the members wore berets and armbands (and sometimes uniforms), gave Nazi-style salutes, and engaged in mass marches and parades," and that the movement's ideology "in general terms . . . professed militant nationalism, anti-Marxism, and anti-Semitism." In 1933, campaigning against alleged corruption in the parliament, the League got seventy-three per cent of Estonian voters to approve a revised constitution, giving Päts, who was still the head of state, the right to issue laws by decree. Päts used his new powers to declare martial law. Then he closed down the League, arrested several hundred of its leaders, and purged the government and the military of League members. He also outlawed all the other political parties, suspended parliamentary elections, and censored the press. This regime, which many Estonians today describe as "mildly authoritarian," continued until 1938, when elections of a sort were held. No former parties could participate, however; only the government's party was allowed to campaign. Not surprisingly, Päts retained power, and although he proceeded to grant amnesty to nearly all political prisoners, he had made only ambiguous moves toward limited democracy before Stalin forced him, in September of 1939, to agree to the stationing of Soviet military forces in Estonia—a prelude to the country's annexation the following year.

The Molotov-Ribbentrop nonaggression pact had been signed in August of 1939. In a secret annex to this agreement, Hitler and Stalin divided up the Baltic states, assigning Estonia, Latvia, and Finland to the Soviet Union and Lithuania to Germany. Hitler later traded Lithuania to Stalin in exchange for further concessions in Poland, then occupied Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania from 1941 until 1944, when Soviet troops recaptured them. With the Soviet return, Estonian partisans formed themselves into guerrilla bands and went into hiding in the forests; these Forest Brothers, as they were known, made sporadic attacks on Soviet troops until they were eventually put down, in the nineteen-fifties.

Before the accession of Gorbachev, these and other such elementary facts were excluded from Estonia's official history. In the Soviet version, still

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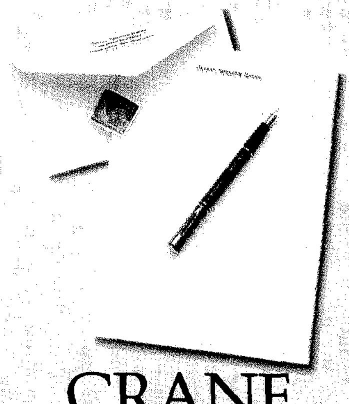

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promulgated in tourist guidebooks, independent Estonia was "a bourgeois-nationalist dictatorship," which was finally overthrown by "the working people" with Soviet help. Estonians had to preserve their history privately.

After their war of independence, the Estonians had erected monuments to their soldiers. Some twenty years later, the occupying Soviet troops destroyed the monuments, but Estonians managed to salvage the fragments at night and bury them in back yards or fields. Those who remember have begun digging up the pieces, putting them back together, and rededicating the monuments. Trivimi Velliste, who is the president of the Estonian Heritage Society, has been in charge of this effort. "About three dozen have been found," he told me. "Some are up already, and some are in a state of restoration."

Velliste, a slender man of forty-two with an aristocratic air, spoke enthusiastically of his organization's efforts to reconnect Estonians with their history. The day I met him, in his office on a winding street in the Old Town, he was quite excited about the prospect that the lost grave of President Päts had been found.

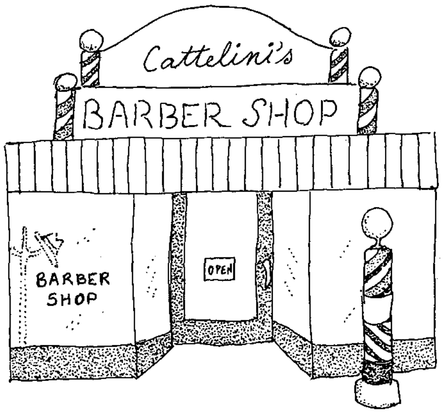
Soviet authorities, recognizing Päts as an important symbol, had deported him to Russia when they first occupied Estonia, in July, 1940. In 1954, they moved him—he was by then eighty years old—to a psychiatric hospital in the county of Viljandimaa, south of Tallinn. The hospital quickly became a site of pilgrimage, and a few weeks later Päts was taken out of Estonia to another mental institution, whose whereabouts were not known. He died there, in 1956. Last year, two retired Estonian K.G.B. agents managed to use their connections to trace Päts to a small psychiatric hospital near Kalinin, a city a hundred miles northwest of Moscow. They found an elderly woman doctor who had cared for the former President in his last days, and she led them to what she believed was his unmarked grave, in the hospital's cemetery. The Estonian Heritage Society, Velliste said, planned to examine the remains and, if they were his, rebury them with honors and ceremony in a family plot in Tallinn.

The society also broke the ban on displaying Estonia's national flag, crossing that threshold of symbolism on April 15, 1988, during a festival in Tartu, a medieval university town southeast of Tallinn which Estonians revere as the center of their cultural and intellectual traditions. Up to then, Velliste explained, "there were many efforts to show the flag, but they ended in a Siberian labor camp." In a demonstration that day, however, so many people were carrying the forbidden flags that "the police couldn't do anything about it," he said. "It was the first time without reprisals." After the unprecedented display of the flag, Velliste was invited to have coffee with Yuri Sklyarov, the head of the Propaganda Department of the Communist Party's Central Committee, who was on a visit from Moscow. "We had an argument for an hour and fifteen minutes," Velliste told me. "He was asking me, 'What's the origin of the flag?' I then explained it carefully, where it had come from. A student society at Tartu University, started in 1870, had selected these colors. He tried to persuade me that we had made a very deep, very grave mistake, and we should have left this flag in a museum, put in a glass cupboard, so that people could come to the museum and admire it. But I told him, 'Mr. Sklyarov, that's impossible. We would have had kilometre-long queues behind that museum door. It would have jammed up traffic.'"

Velliste smiled at the recollection. "What's very noteworthy is that in previous cases you couldn't argue with a gentleman like him in a way like this," he said. "But in this case I kept to my opinion and he kept to his, and we departed without having made any compromise." The moral, he added, was that the society had acted "without asking anybody." The flags were left flying, he said, "and now they are flying to this day."

VELLISTE's tactic of acting without asking seems to typify the approach of the whole Estonian republic to superior authority in Moscow. An editor in Tallinn compared the limit on public discourse to the horizon, which recedes as you go toward it. Estonians have moved quickly in two years, and the chronology of this period is filled with the breaking of significant taboos. On August 23, 1987, the forty-eighth anniversary of the signing of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, Estonian demonstrators demanded publication of the document and its infamous secret annex. A year after the demonstration, the Estonian press became the first in the Soviet Union to print the text, and last May an Estonian delegate to the Congress of People's Deputies, in Moscow, read the text at a session of the Congress which was broadcast live on Soviet television. On February 2, 1988, the sixty-eighth anniversary of the Treaty of Tartu, a thousand demonstrators gathered on a hill in that city and made speeches in which they reminded the Soviet Union of its legal commitment under the treaty to Estonian independence. On March 25, 1988, a demonstration was held to mark the wave of deportations of Estonians to Siberia which began on that day in 1949. Then in April, around the time that the Heritage Society was bringing out the national flag, the Estonian Communist Party acquiesced in the formation of the *Rahvarinne*—literally, the People's Front—which was a loose grouping of Estonian politicians, professors, artists, writers, economists, and others, both Communist and non-Communist, with strong nationalist impulses. The Party sought to use the Front to co-opt the nationalist movement but quickly became the movement's captive: the Front developed into a powerful force for change in Party and governmental leadership in Estonia, and successfully backed reformers as candidates in the elections last March to the Congress of People's Deputies—a body that, under Gorbachev's new political structure, would choose the Supreme Soviet in Moscow from among its members.

In September of 1988, an emotional all-day political demonstration was held in a huge natural outdoor amphitheatre in Tallinn, and drew some three hundred thousand Estonians to sing the old national anthem and new nationalist songs. Some in the crowd held hands, others waved flags, and, swaying to a lilting melody just



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written by a young composer, they sang:

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To be an Estonian is good and proud,
Free like my grandfather,
Yes, just as free as my grandfather,
Just like those manly men.

Suddenly liberated to make any demand imaginable, demonstrators urged that Estonia have its own territorial troops, made up entirely of Estonians. Newly released political prisoners appeared at rallies and gave interviews on television. Activists in the People's Front called for Estonia to issue its own currency and postage stamps, and insisted that Estonia be given the right to limit the "immigration" of Russians and other Soviet citizens to the republic; some advocated a citizenship law that would restrict voting rights to those who had lived in the republic for at least two years.

The spring and summer of euphoria shifted into an autumn of calculated political steps. Vaino Väljas, a former Ambassador to Venezuela and Nicaragua, became the republic's first Estonian-born, Estonian-speaking Communist Party leader. The upper ranks of the Party and the government were filled increasingly with those who desired autonomy, and these new officials changed the language of debate in the republic's Supreme Soviet and Communist Party Central Committee from Russian to Estonian; Russian-speaking members had to wear earphones for simultaneous translation. Estonian Party leaders boldly criticized Gorbachev's plan for a new electoral system, asserting that it did not shift enough power out of the hands of the Party apparatus in Moscow. The Estonian Supreme Soviet voted sovereignty for the republic on November 16th, declaring that "in the form of her highest organs of power as well as government and court organs she enjoys the supreme power on her territory," and voted itself the power to refuse to apply legislation and constitutional changes enacted in Moscow. On the same day, it passed a measure giving Estonian authorities control over the resources in Estonian territory, and it endorsed the concept of a mixed economy that included private property. "The sovereignty of the Estonian S.S.R. is integral and indivisible," the Supreme Soviet's declaration stated. "Accordingly, the further status of the republic in the Soviet Union should be determined by a Treaty of the Union." Like the flag over Pikk Hermann, these acts of the Estonian legislature were, essentially, symbolic in nature. They amounted to nothing more than demands, and they made no actual change in the republic's position inside the Soviet Union—although they did succeed in drawing a rebuke from Gorbachev two weeks later and a constant barrage of criticism in *Izvestiya* and other Moscow newspapers.

Into the large political issues the Estonians mixed small fragments of defiance, chipping away at the pervasive Russian domination of their lives, and here they were more immediately successful. They battled with the central authorities to change Estonian clocks to Finnish time, an hour earlier than Moscow, pointing out that Estonia was so far west of the Soviet capital that daylight in the winter did not arrive fully until about noon. After resisting at first, Moscow agreed to the change. In December, the traditional Russian New Year's tree, topped with a red Soviet star, was replaced in the Old Town square by a Christmas tree, topped by a white Christmas star. And for the first time school vacations began before Christmas, instead of coinciding with the Russian break, which begins just before the New Year. Christmas Eve church services were broadcast on radio and television—although the Lutheran Church, the republic's major religious denomination, has not become the vehicle for nationalism that, for example, the Catholic Church has in Lithuania. In January, Estonia formed an independent Olympic Committee. (A dozen Estonian athletes had won six medals for the Soviet team at the Seoul Olympics, Valle told me.) And the Estonian Supreme Soviet passed a controversial language law requiring policemen, medical personnel, and employees in certain other state agencies that deal with the public to be able to speak basic Estonian as well as Russian within four years. Since nearly all Estonians speak Russian but hardly any of the non-Estonian residents speak Estonian, the measure, if it is enforced, will either promote intensive language study or effectively prevent most non-Estonians from working in those agencies.

"Say 'I love you.'"

A bizarre confrontation between Estonian and Soviet authority took place this past April, when the Estonian traffic police got word that a column of armored Soviet Army vehicles was heading toward Tallinn, apparently as a show of force to intimidate nationalists. The police blocked the road with one of their cars and halted the column. According to *Rahva Hääl*, the Estonian Communist Party newspaper, an Army colonel warned the policemen to clear the road or "we'll run over your car," and the Estonians complied. "Since our car was brand-new, we

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vacated the road," the police chief, Hellat Rumvolt, explained to the paper's reporter. The column continued into the city, to little discernible effect except to provoke complaints from Estonian officials, who objected that the steel treads on the vehicles were chewing up the streets.

My visit last winter happened to coincide with a transition from the exhilarating demonstrations and unilateral decrees to the sobering task of negotiation and compromise. Estonian leaders were virtually commuting between Tallinn and Moscow in an attempt to persuade wary Soviet officials to grant Estonia the authority to make its own decisions, primarily in the economic field. The move to the bargaining table comforted Estonian officials who sought practical results within the Soviet system, but it worried Estonians who wanted to get out of the system entirely. Debate had emerged among Estonians—not over whether independence was desirable but over how much was attainable. I was unable to find a single Estonian, even among Communist Party officials, who did not embrace full independence as a dream. Instead, the political spectrum ran from pragmatism to principles—from the Estonian officials' willingness to negotiate with Moscow to the separatists' determination to campaign for independent statehood. The debate was between tactics and ideals, and it was entangled with issues of history, ethnicity, ecology, economic efficiency, and political pluralism. Thanks to the new openness, all parts of that spectrum were readily accessible. Valle Feldmann came along on those of my appointments which he had arranged at my request; other interviews I conducted alone; and a few were set up by my new acquaintances.

I had wanted to see Vaino Väljas, the new Party First Secretary, and Indrek Toome, who had recently become the republic's Prime Minister, but in the interests of cooling the atmosphere to facilitate negotiations they were both steering clear of reporters at the time. Valle took me instead to meet Mikk Titma, a sociologist who had just been named the Estonian Communist Party's Secretary for Ideology. His office, an austere cubicle with no personal touches, was in the Central Committee's headquarters, a drab and characterless building in downtown Tallinn. We sat across from each other at a conference table, and I asked him about the relationship between the dream of independence and the reality. He seemed to welcome the question.

"As in most popular movements," he said, in somewhat awkward English, "dreams are taking the biggest part in the first stage, and only when dreams are fixed do people start to look at the realities—what's really possible, what kind of resources we have, and what kind of practical ways to do those dreams. I think, in our case now, the main popular movements are stabilized. They are more responsible now, and looking also for realistic ways to improve the situation."

Titma expressed confidence in the success of some of the "bargaining" with Moscow—even on the sensitive demand by the People's Front for a restriction on the "immigration" of other Soviet citizens. As offensive as this demand must have seemed—as if Rhode Island were trying to prohibit an influx of Southerners—he appeared optimistic about its chances of being met, and said that the Estonian Party's Central Committee was studying various economic and administrative means to put it into effect, "because it's a question of our survival as a nation." The economic means, he explained, would involve some sort of curb on the kind of industrial activity that had brought workers in from other republics. By "administrative means," he meant the denial of the residence permits required of those who wished to live in Estonia.

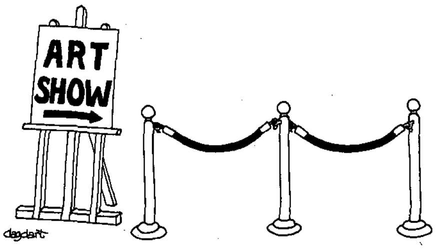
I asked him how Moscow had reacted to these proposals.

"I can say that in Moscow the Gorbachev team clearly understood that it is a real problem for us. No misunderstanding."

"You sound hopeful of being able to impose some kind of restrictions," I said.

"Absolutely," Titma replied. "No question."

When I asked him what it meant to be the Party ideologist in such a time, he gave a decidedly non-ideological answer.



"I think the main question is to reorient people from dreams, and some kind of dogmatic approach, to the realities of life," he said. "It's first. And the second, to give for our ideology one basic feature that's very important in American ideology—know-how. How to do it. Not a question, Is it right, wrong, nice, or otherwise, but a question of how to do it."

Some Estonians wince at this kind of insider's reasoning, and see the issues in much more fundamental terms. Among them are the members of the Estonian National Independence Party, a group of radical separatists, which was founded in 1988. At the time of my visit, its members numbered about two hundred, but since the Central Committee in Moscow issued its stern statement, a journalist in Tallinn told me, the movement has been "gaining supporters with every passing day." It is not a party in the full sense of the word; the authorities have not registered it as an organization, and therefore it cannot nominate candidates. (This is not entirely a source of frustration to the group; it boycotted the March elections to the Congress of People's Deputies, not wanting to legitimatize what it terms Soviet "occupation.") On my first day in Tallinn, I telephoned one of the Independence Party's leaders, a veteran dissident named Mati Kiirend, and the next evening he met me in a park near my hotel and walked me through darkened, slushy streets to a shabby neighborhood and into a cozy, dilapidated house. There he and a few middle-aged friends who had participated in human-rights movements that sprang up in the nineteen-seventies talked for hours over cups of strong coffee about Estonia's awakening. There was a sense in the small room of something comradely and illicit.

The Independence Party had not received much attention in the press, the men told me, and its members had not been able to get on television. Last November, they were allowed to put up a glass display case on the outside wall of the Café Pegasus in Tallinn, where they posted articles advocating Estonian independence. The display case was vandalized and destroyed a month later, but it was soon replaced, and similar displays were being maintained in Tartu and several

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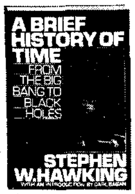
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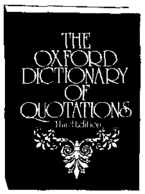
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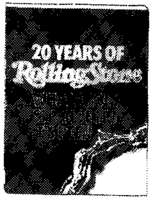
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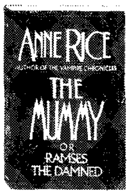
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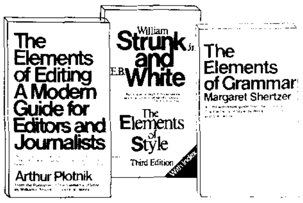
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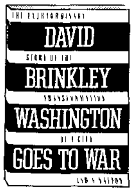
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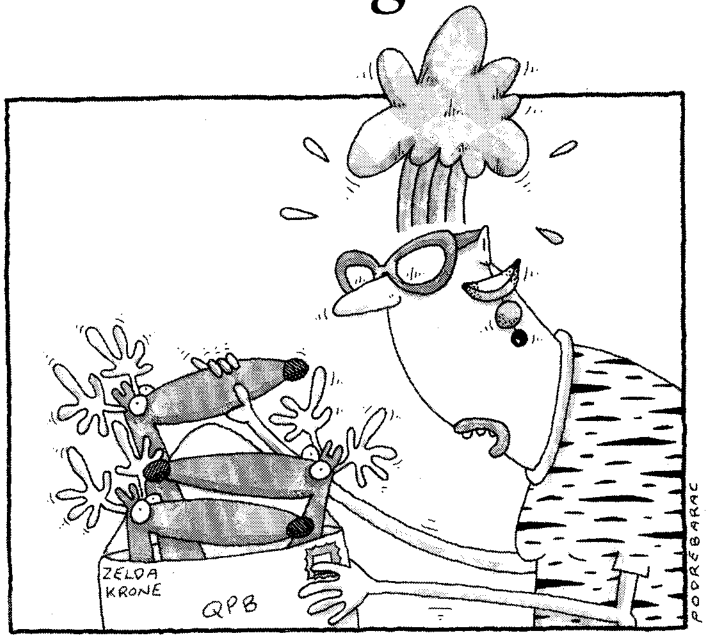
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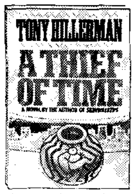
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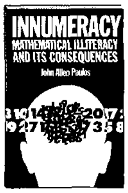
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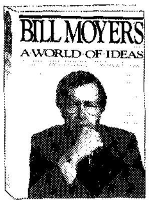
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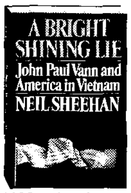
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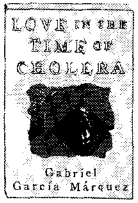
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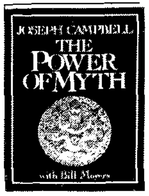
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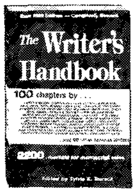
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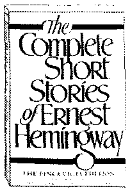
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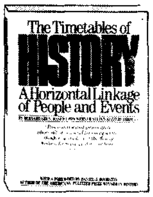
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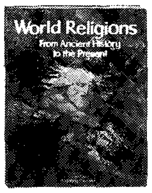
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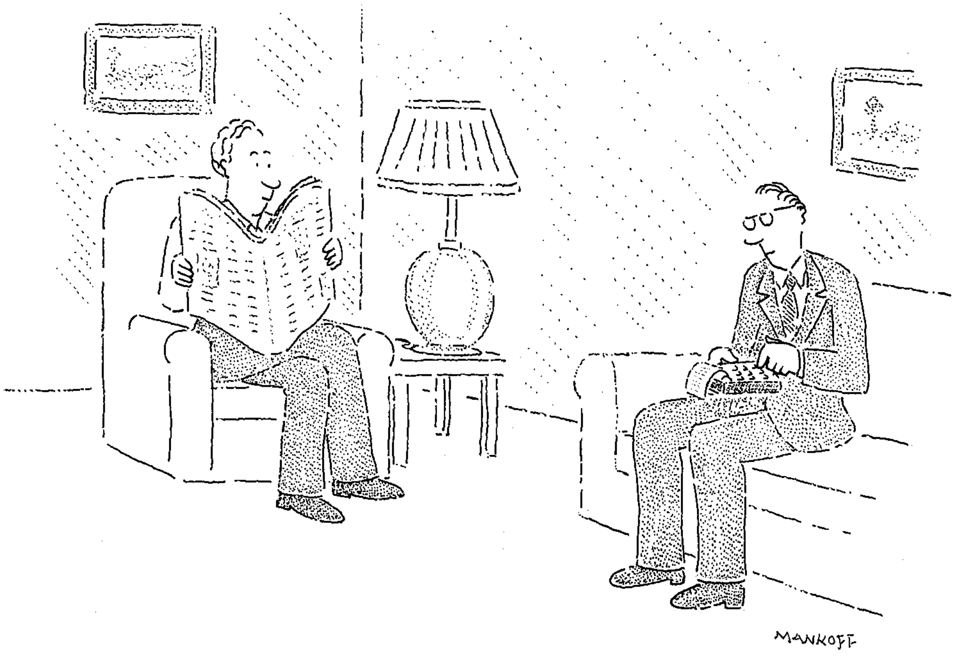

DAVE AND HIS COMMON-LAW ACCOUNTANT, PHIL

• •

other cities. The men joked about feeling lonely without the plainclothesmen and unmarked cars that used to follow them around. In 1974, five of the group's members were arrested, and others lost their jobs for saying the same things that they were now saying with impunity.

"We consider that we never entered the Soviet Union, juridically speaking," Kiirend explained to me. "It is occupation, really." He had been imprisoned in Siberia from 1974 to 1979, but his face had remained soft, kindly. Only his words had been hardened by the camps. Those Estonians who were negotiating, he said, gave him an uneasy feeling that "some kind of game, with some kind of cunning rules," was being played. "But what rules?" he went on. "They don't publish them. They reveal only enough to keep the people behind them—'Trust us, we know what we're doing.' The people want to find out what measures are being taken, what compromises are being made with Moscow. They require some explanations."

Kalju Mätik—also a former political prisoner, but toughly built, like a dockworker—picked up the conversation. "There are always many people who make compromises," he said, "because, even if they want independence from the Soviet Union, they are simply intimidated and don't want to express it openly."

Something of an overarching view was taken by Tunne Kelam, a gentle, bespectacled historian. Kelam had avoided prison, but he had lost his job as an editor of the Estonian Encyclopedia, and for eight years he had had to work as a night watchman at a chicken farm outside Tallinn. Now, in the changed climate, he had been able to find an editing job on a new scholarly journal. "The background of the situation is that the Soviet empire is in an over-all crisis now," he said, "and that presents a unique possibility for smaller nations who were annexed into the Soviet Union. We doubt very much that proceeding step by step—by internal reforms, economic and social reforms—will solve this problem. If we look at the Eastern European experience thus far, we see that all reform attempts ended in disaster, by repression from Moscow. We have got not one positive example that would give us hope that this process will lead to genuine democratization and national sovereignty. So our choice is a more radical one. We feel that we must have, in the Estonian political context, some factor, some political organization, which will present these problems more forthrightly, more honestly, and will spell out what every Estonian in fact feels about the situation. We understand—and events of the past year show—that the majority of Estonians want independence from Moscow."

Few Estonians in the establishment would argue with Kelam's assessment of the limitations of reform within the Soviet system, but many would say that independence is unobtainable. One of the pragmatic nationalists is Marju Lauristin, a Communist Party member, who teaches journalism and sociology at Tartu University, and has emerged as a leading spokeswoman for the People's Front. She was elected to the Congress of People's Deputies last March, and is now a member of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow. Lauristin told me that, on the one hand, she feared that Estonians would give up on political action, because of a lack of concrete results. For many years, she had urged her brightest students to become Communists, so that the Party would remain heavily Estonian. "We have to work," she said, "and we have to be very patient. I hope our people will not be so tired that they will stop trying." On the other hand, she worried about the students, whom she saw as too impassioned and radical to participate effectively in pragmatic politics. She expressed concern about the excessive diversity of views. "If there is more pressure from the outside," she said, meaning Moscow, "I am afraid we will have more differences among our different movements. Then the Popular Front, I suppose, will become more radical. But we would prefer to see the situation stabilize."

Lauristin suffers from a peculiar family entanglement with Estonian history. Her father, Johannes Lauristin, became the first chief executive of Estonia—his title was Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars—after the Soviet annexation. In many eyes, that made him a collaborator. He died in 1941, when his daughter was a year old, during the retreat of the Soviet leadership as the Germans advanced. One could not help wondering whether this background shaped the conflicts she has displayed in seeking a levelheaded idealism that would allow her to be simultaneously part of the system and separate from it. I asked her about her father.

"We speak of this very often," she said, "about the role of our Communists and Socialists in 1940. It's quite a tragic history, because here in Estonia and in other parts of the world not all the people saw the real features of Stalin's policy. I have spoken with friends of my parents, and my mother, THE LOVE BOAT℠

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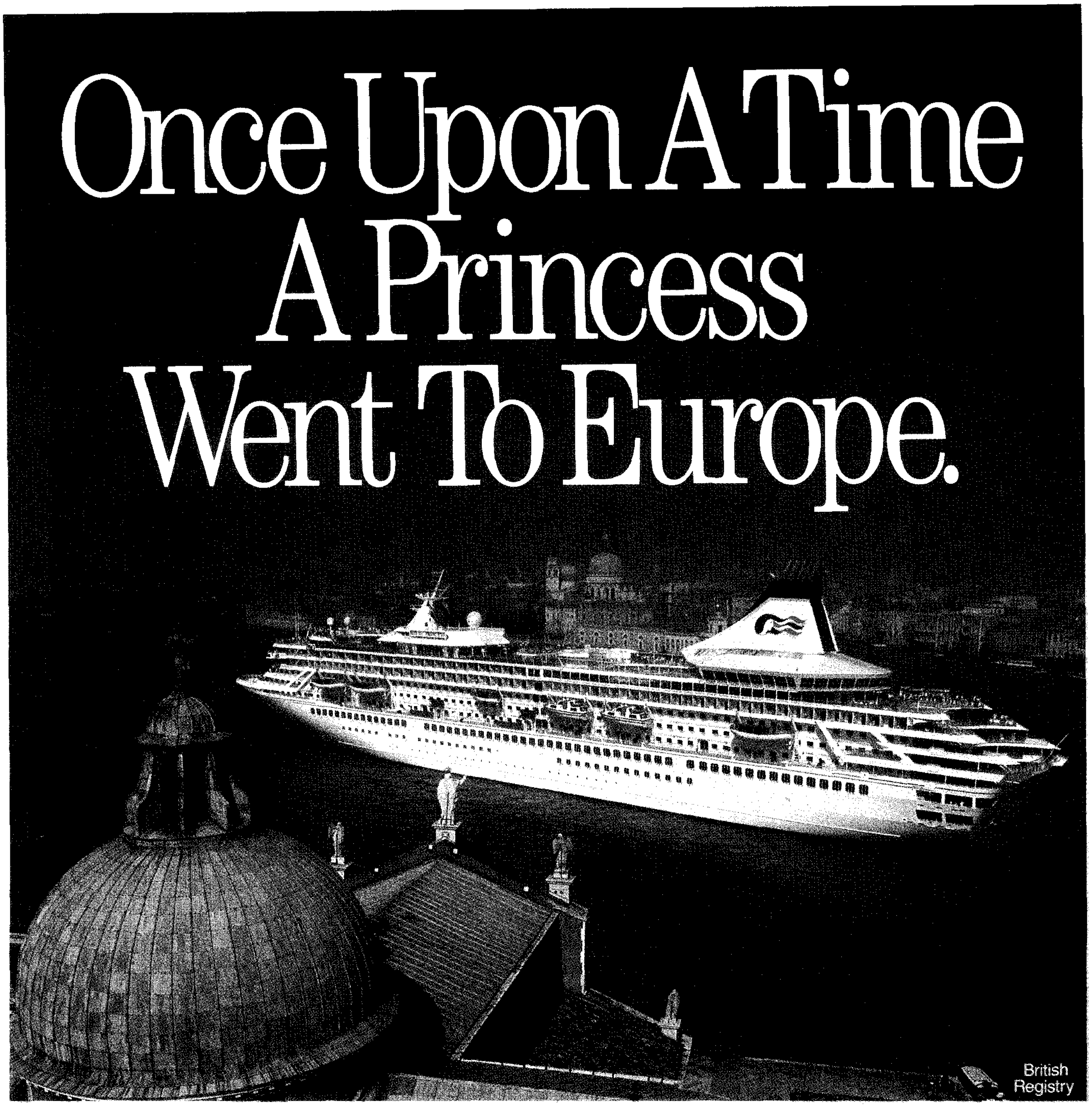

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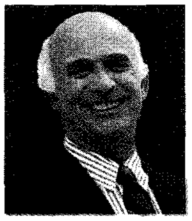

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and before they saw Stalin's policy here they didn't know. They read his words, his very beautiful words. But until they saw his real policy, they didn't know."

I asked her how her family background had affected her role as a leader of the Front. She didn't seem to want to talk about it, and replied that she wasn't sure how it influenced her politics. "It is a question that is very personal and very difficult," she said, waving me off. "Every person brings his own biography to his actions."

THIS surge of national awakening contains a measure of ethnocentrism. *Glasnost* has released Estonians to be candid about their distaste for Russians, Russian political culture, and Russian history. On earlier visits, I heard anti-Russian feelings expressed with a cool subtlety. Ten years ago, a Russian speaker in Tallinn was often met with disdain, or, at worst, a hard look followed by pointedly indifferent service. Now Russians face bold displays of rejection, and Estonians enjoy elaborating on what they regard as the superiority of the Western Estonian heritage over the insular Russian cast of mind.

The most succinct prescription for dealing with the Russian population in Estonia came from a middle-aged entrepreneur named Toomas Nyman, who had taken advantage of the economic liberalization to form a coöperative that manufactured metal lamps, lapel pins (including Estonia's national flag), and plates for printing posters and business cards. "They should all be put on trains to Siberia," he said, as Valle and I left his office and accompanied him up a narrow street in the Old Town. Stalin would have appreciated his decisive approach, but I wondered aloud if it might not be better to have contacts with Russians, in order to search for a modus vivendi.

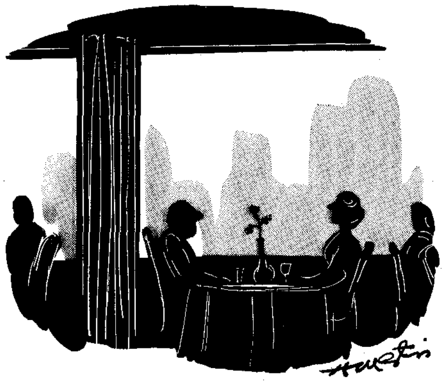
"I'm *not* interested in contacts," Nyman replied. Then he thought of a compromise. "Russians can be useful the way Turks are useful to the Germans—as workers." Both he and Valle laughed.

Valle told me later that Nyman had given quite a different assessment of Estonian-Russian relations when a Moscow-based American correspondent raised the issue with him in the spring of 1987. " 'Oh, no problems with the Russians,' " Valle recalled Nyman as saying then. " 'We get along fine, everything is fine.' " Valle seemed faintly amused by the evolution.

The image of Russians as dumpy, uncultured, working-class boors seems widespread among Estonians, who tend to describe themselves as individualistic, hardworking, taciturn, and inherently democratic—the opposite, as they see it, of Russians. "Estonians are fairly reserved," Trivimi Velliste told me, "and they're not so awfully spontaneous all the time. They first think and then act. Russians do it the other way around—first act and then think." He smiled indulgently and continued, in his British-accented English, "The difference is so basic and so deep that you simply sometimes can't put up with it even on an elementary level—in queuing up in some shop." The Russians would become annoyed by the Estonians' reserved manner, he said, mistaking it as a sign of hostility. "Estonians simply don't care—they're not very talkative."

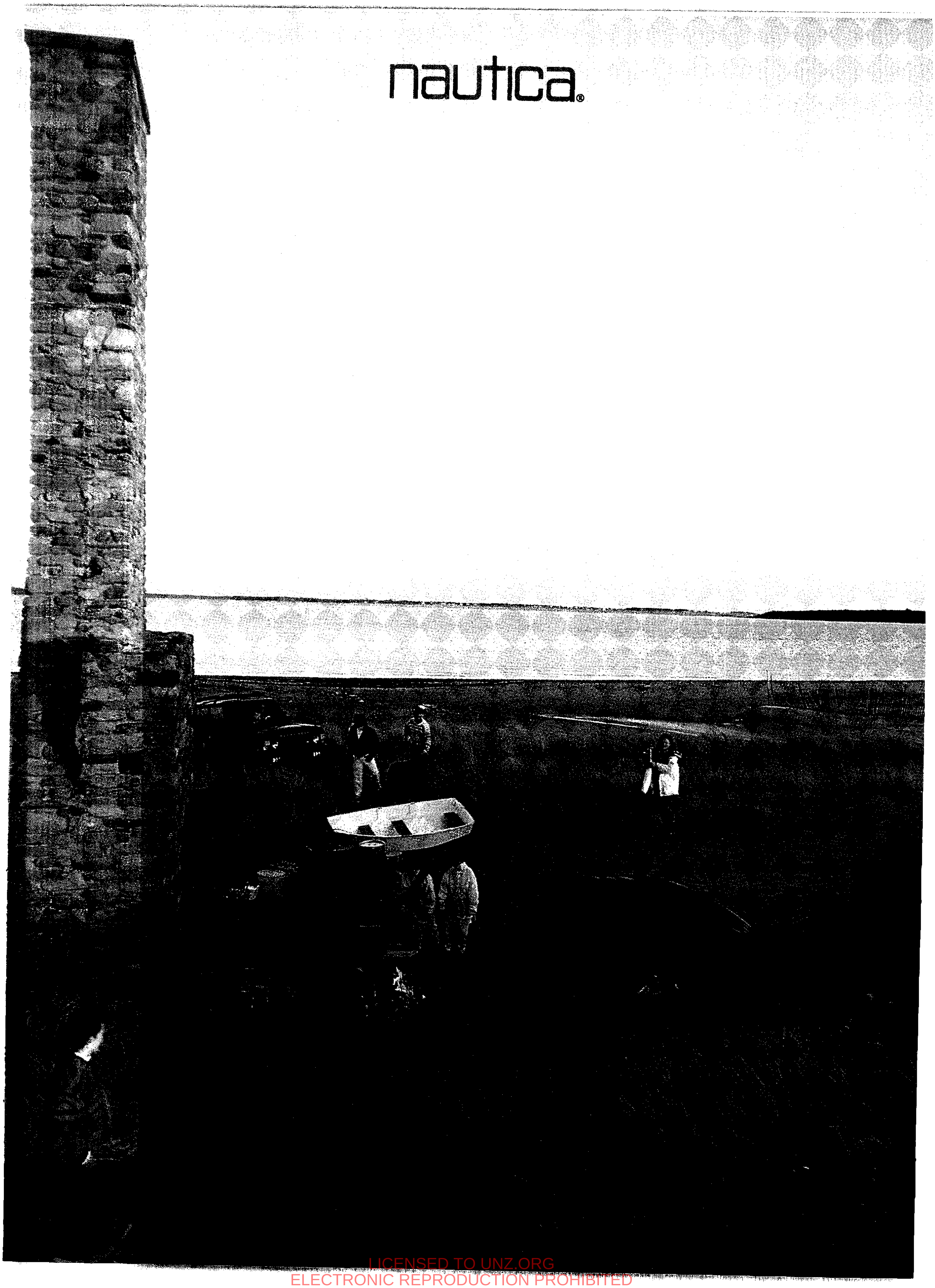
Velliste, like many Estonians, harbored a persistent skepticism about the prospects for Gorbachev's success in promoting a degree of democratization. "On the whole, I'm very positive about Gorbachev," he said. "Russia has not had such a positive leader, from the Estonian point of view. But, nevertheless, I am afraid that any Russian has his limitations, and this can't be helped. Every one of them has this tradition of Russian background, which can't be done away with. And I am absolutely sure that if he were sitting here in your place, and we were talking, he could understand many things, but our mutual understanding wouldn't be as easy as it is now with you and me, although you have travelled thousands of miles across the ocean. We are just closer to each other in culture. We belong to the same sphere of Western democracy."

Rein Veidemann, a Communist Party member who is on the governing council of the People's Front and edits a monthly youth magazine called *Vikerkaar* (*Rainbow*), echoed these sentiments. "The main battlefield in Estonia is the clash between two worlds, the Eastern and the Western," he said one evening in the living room of his apartment, in downtown Tallinn. A little blue-black-and-white Estonian flag hung from a miniature flagpole on top of his television set. Veidemann portrayed the Estonians as "the last representatives of Western culture" in the Soviet Union. "We lived together with the Germans for seven hundred years," he said, "whether we liked it or not." Estonians were thus uncomfortable under the domination of an Eastern power—especially one made up of a great many diverse cultures. "It would be easier for us if these cultures were pure," he explained. "But these cultures are a kind of mixture. We would be in a better situation if we had half a million Chinese. We have only Soviets, who have no nationality."



The cultural differences that Velliste, Veidemann, and other Estonians often referred to are related in part to differences in class. There is a real disparity between the socioeconomic level of Estonians and that of the non-Estonian residents. A number of Russians and other non-Estonians were sent to the republic on military assignment, and decided to stay after they finished their service. Many others came there to work in the shipyards and the heavy-industry complexes constructed by ministries in Moscow. The people who staff such enterprises are known as "the Russian-language population"—a term that includes not just the Russian majority but all those for whom Russian is the lingua franca. The Estonians consider them rootless vagabonds in the lower strata of the Soviet labor force—people who have no interest in or connection with Estonia, who never bother to learn the Estonian language.

"It's a matter of class, mainly," Andres Raid, a fashionably dressed young reporter for Estonian Television, remarked to me as we sat in a modern café just outside the walls of the Old Town. "How can you judge people who are born in Bratsk, who lived in Yakutsk for ten years, then moved to Uzbekistan for ten years, then moved to Estonia, and are ready to move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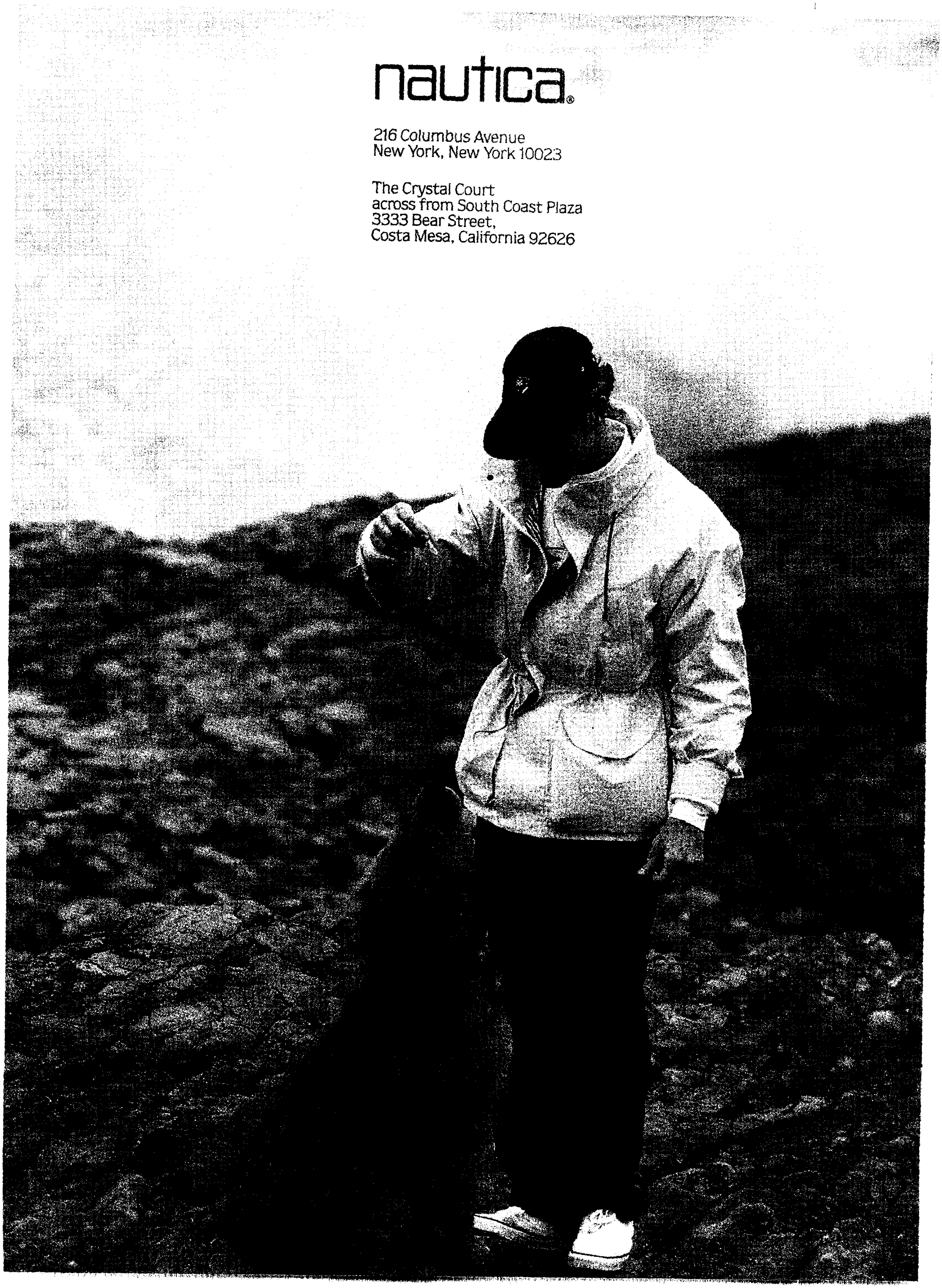

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again, anywhere they can get bigger salaries and better conditions, where they can do nothing and get as much as possible? They're just living their own lives. They're not interested in this community life at all."

Marica Lillemets, a young woman who works as a magazine editor, saw a certain irony in the resentment that Estonians feel toward those who live in the republic without learning to speak Estonian. She told me that the schools for Russian-speaking children in Estonia do teach Estonian, but rather poorly. "The Estonian and Russian characters are very different, and Estonian teachers don't want to work in Russian schools," she said.

I asked her how the national characters differed.

"Have you ever lived with Mexican people in a hotel?" she asked by way of reply. "I can't say that the Russian is bad and Estonian good. Our culture is different from the Russians'. Estonians are rather silent, don't want loud company. They are individualists. The Russians are the collective ones. They enjoy company. They talk loudly. If they talk to you, they want to be side by side, close."

In Lillemets' view, Estonians had a more serious attitude toward work than Russians did. "We are very proud of our parents and grandparents—proud of how hard they worked," she said. "I don't know if every one of us works hard, but we believe it is important." In this, too, the Russians were "more collective," she said. "And if the aim of their group is not to work, so they adapt to the group. Although Russian culture was a very high culture—as you see in the arts—they have no history of democracy. The period when we had our democracy was very short—about twenty years. But we were never in such a position as the Russians under their rulers. We never had this god complex."

THE ethnic tensions have been marked by scattered incidents of vandalism: windows in a workers' dormitory broken, gravestones in a Russian cemetery near Tartu defaced, Cyrillic letters in bilingual street signs smeared with paint. Someone registered his feelings on the front of Tallinn's School No. 21, which is for Estonian children whose parents wish them to have Estonian as the language of instruction. On one side of the door was a white stone plaque identifying the school in Estonian; on the other side was a companion plaque in Russian. Faintly visible on the Russian panel were two big black "X"s, obviously resistant to considerable efforts to scrub them off.

Although Soviet schools are designated by number, many also commemorate prominent historical figures, and School No. 21 bore the name of Nikolai Gogol. This irritated Valle. "Why did they have to name this school after Gogol?" he asked as we entered it.

"Well, he *was* a great writer," I said.

"We have great *Estonian* writers," he shot back.

Classes were changing, and the corridors were full of children, ranging in age from about seven to seventeen. I was struck immediately by how few of the youngsters were wearing school uniforms, which are required throughout the Soviet Union. Moreover, not a single red neckerchief of the Young Pioneer organization was in sight; elsewhere in the Soviet Union, it is an integral part of the dress for schoolchildren under fourteen. But in Estonia the Young Pioneer movement was in the process of being converted into an Estonian youth organization along nationalist lines.

I had asked to meet with some teenagers, and nine seventeen-year-olds were seated around a table in a conference room when Valle and I walked in. I had trouble getting the discussion going, and the school's deputy principal, a matronly woman named Imbi Kaasik, said, "You see, Estonians are modest. If they were Russian children, they would start talking at once." The remark fitted a pattern: here, as elsewhere, Estonians were defining themselves in terms of the Russians—usually as the antithesis of some supposedly Russian trait. When I told her that I had encountered many Russian teenagers who were also shy at first, she seemed genuinely surprised.

The young Estonians warmed up quickly. I asked them who their heroes were, and they said that they didn't have any. "Estonians are more individual," one boy explained. "Russians believe in a good czar. They believed in Stalin, and so on." I had not asked him about Russians.

All the youngsters said that their friends were exclusively Estonians; they never fraternized with the Rus-

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sian children who lived in their neighborhoods. "The temperament is different," one girl said. "They are more lively, more active."

"Estonians are working more in the cultural sphere," a boy declared, "and Russians are mostly working in the factories."

"Yes," said a blond girl. "There is only one Russian theatre in Tallinn, and hardly anyone goes."

I asked them what they thought of the idea of inviting a few Russian teen-agers to sit around a table and talk through some of these feelings. They didn't think much of it. "It seems to me that they don't want to understand our problems," one girl said.

"They have no interest," said a boy. "They just blame the People's Front movement."

Did they all think that trying to establish a rapport with Russians was hopeless?

"Maybe it's not hopeless," said a girl with ribbons in her curls, "but they can't speak a word of Estonian, when they have lived here for many years. They can't read the signs on the shops or the bus stations. They don't understand anything." It was not their fault, she added, but the fault of their schools and the attitude in their homes.

Afterward, when I asked Imbi Kaasik what she thought about inviting Russian students in for a discussion, she just looked blank. I seemed to have stepped into a void.

The resistance to meeting with Russians was surprising, given the children's startling political liberalism. I had suggested that they pretend they were in a constitutional convention with the task of writing a new constitution for Estonia. They had to make some decisions. How many political parties would they allow? "As many as arise," one girl said, and the others agreed—no limitations. How would laws be made? By an elected parliament. How would the head of government be chosen? By direct vote. Would you regulate the press? No need to. On our way out of the school, Valle and I walked past a group of giggling youngsters who were putting up a display of caricatures of teachers in a hallway. The cartoons were funny, and not altogether kind, and I thought how impossible such teasing of authority figures would be in a Russian school.

Valle evidently had some of the same thoughts, for a few days later, when we visited one—School No. 26—he pointed out how "military" it looked. On the walls were red signs with slogans printed on them, and a variety of propaganda posters. There had been nothing of the sort in the Estonian school. But a few of Valle's images of Russians came crashing down that morning. Several of the children conceded that they should be doing better at learning Estonian. One girl said, "If you go to England, you don't demand that everybody should speak to you in Russian. A Russian here should speak Estonian." When I led a group of teen-age students through another constitutional exercise, I got essentially the same answers as I had at the Estonian school. "I think that there must be many parties if there are different points of view," said one boy. "If there is one point of view, there needn't be many parties. The People's Front appeared because the Communist Party couldn't decide all the questions." The other youngsters who ventured to speak were believing democrats as well. "I agree with my friend," another boy said. "I think there must be many parties, and each of them must propose its own program, and people must see what program is better and choose the program that people would like to live by. All people can't think in one way. They are all different, so there must be different parties."

So much for the Russian aversion to democracy, I thought. Valle said later that he was surprised—as, apparently, were some of the teachers, one of whom sat in the back of the room holding her head in her hands.

These enlightened youngsters were skeptical about sitting down for a discussion with Estonian teen-agers, however. "This idea has never occurred to me," said one of the boys who had endorsed a multiparty system. "I think if Estonian students come to our school with best wishes to discuss and solve these problems, we shall get a result. But if they enter our school with ideas of nationalism, which we often meet in the streets and the buses, I think we shan't have any results, because now in Estonia there are many people who simply want to push us away."

The Russian teen-agers described a life of routine discomfort. "When I get on a trolley and speak Russian," one boy told me, "they look at me as if I'm speaking Latin. They think I must only speak in the Estonian language. But I think I should be able to speak in the language I want."

A girl with a Russian mother and an Estonian father—official figures show that about ten per cent of Estonians marry Russians—seemed to feel the friction strongly. "We do not feel comfortable when we're called people without a homeland," she said. "We were born here, so I do not consider myself to be a person without a motherland."

After the discussion, Nina Titko, the principal, took me briefly to her office. She was of Ukrainian background, she said, and had lived in Estonia since 1946, but she admitted that in all those years she had known practically nothing about what Estonians were feeling. "How little we communicate with Estonians," she remarked. "I don't know what they think. It never came into our heads—it never occurred to us—that they could feel that their nation is in danger." In a few days, she said, students from an Estonian school would come to School No. 26 and present a program, in Russian, on Russian traditions. "I am quite sure we will listen to them attentively, they will leave, and that will be the end of it," she said. "They will be polite, and we shall be polite, and that is all."

RUSSIANS, accustomed to being the Estonians' rulers, have reacted variously to being the targets of their overt resentment. A Russian in his twenties with whom I had shared a compartment on the train from Moscow filled the time with brave humor: this was his first trip "abroad," he said, and perhaps he would have to produce his passport at "the border," or maybe, since he was Russian, they wouldn't let him in—or out. Flippancy, though, seems to come less easily to Russians who live in Estonia. A backlash of sorts has arisen among them, embodied in an organization called Interdvizhenie—a Russian contraction for "international movement." The group, which is led by Communist Party members and is overwhelmingly Russian, was founded in Estonia in 1988 to hold meetings, lobby, and talk to the press about the rights of the Russian-language population. Its leaders claim a hundred and fifty thousand members, and parallel groups have sprung up in Latvia and Lithuania. This July, Interdvizhenie managed to organize a strike by about five thousand Russian-speaking workers at shipyards and factories in Tallinn to protest the Estonian-language law and to oppose a bill that would establish residency requirements of at least two years before a person could vote in local elections and at least five years before he could run for office. A few weeks later, the residency bill became law, and Interdvizhenie responded by calling wider strikes. The Presidium of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow then declared that the new law violated the Soviet Constitution's guarantee of equal rights regardless of ethnic or national origins. The strikers returned to work after ten days, and Estonian authorities have agreed to seek a resolution of the residency issue.

Liberal Russians in Moscow had told me that they saw Interdvizhenie as a scary manifestation of Russian chauvinism—a reactionary and anti-democratic vehicle for the opponents of Gorbachev's reforms—but the three Interdvizhenie leaders who came to my hotel room for a long talk late one afternoon laced their remarks with so many references to "democracy," "pluralism," "rights," and so on that one would have thought them Western democrats. Valle, who sat in on the session, was fascinated.

One of my visitors was a paunchy electrician named Yuri Rudyak. "I'm a Yid," he said, then caught himself. "I'm a Jew. He's Georgian"—he nodded at a thin, dark-haired young man, an insurance-company surveyor named Konstantin Kiknadze. "He's Russian"—a nod toward Oleg Morozov, a Russian-language teacher in an Estonian school. The three violated all the Estonians' stereotypes, which was probably no accident. Only Morozov was actually Russian, and none of them fitted the image of the transient. Kiknadze and Morozov were born in Estonia, sons of sailors who served in the Baltic Fleet and stayed after discharge. Rudyak came to the republic as a small child, in 1945, to join his father, who was also in the Navy.

"We have no connections of any kind with Moscow," Kiknadze said. "Our principle is completely international. We are an international movement because we value—and, as Communists, our Party values—a person no matter what his origins. His place in society must depend on the nature of his work, independent of his nationality. Where did this notion come from that Estonians are the owners of this land, and that non-Estonians living here are guests?"

Rudyak picked up the refrain, accusing the Estonians of descending to "a kind of closed-minded hooliganism" to express their national consciousness. "They say, 'We are better than everybody, and we're going to do what we can to live better than everybody, and this doesn't concern you,' " he said. "But we live here, too. I've been here for forty-four years. My father liber-

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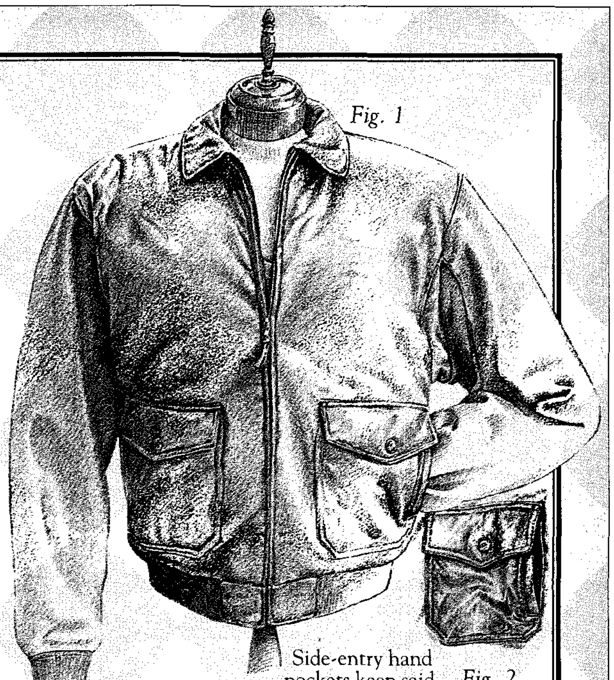
ated Tallinn during the war. Russian speakers make up forty per cent of the population, but we earn fifty per cent of the republic's revenue. We apply ourselves here with all our strength, and, of course, it offends us to hear that we came here to pluck rubles from the account of the Estonians. In Russian schools there are 1.23 pupils per place, and in Estonian schools 0.95 per place. So teachers do different amounts of work for the same salary, thus there is discrimination among teachers. This also offends people, you understand. And the funds to renovate schools are unequal. Estonian-language schools receive more. For example, they gave swimming pools to four Estonian schools, but only one Russian school in Tallinn has a pool."

I asked the three lifetime residents of Estonia whether they spoke Estonian. "Minimally," Rudyak conceded. Kiknadze shook his head. Even Morozov, the Russian-language teacher, spoke no Estonian, though he taught in an Estonian school. He blamed the Estonians themselves for the failure of most non-Estonian residents to take up the language. "For many years," he said, "the Ministry of Education of the republic was completely unmoved by the fact that, in practice, the Estonian language is not taught in Russian schools. There are two hours a week of lessons in Estonian. Who leads these lessons? Practically anybody, because the Tallinn teachers' institute was not prepared to train Estonian teachers to teach in Russian schools." Because of the Estonians' aversion to teaching Russian children, he went on, the schools resort to using physical-education teachers and others untrained in language instruction. "Compare this with Estonian schools," he said, "where Russian is taught four hours a week, and almost exclusively by teachers of the Russian language. Naturally, eighty per cent of the Russian-language population does not speak Estonian."

When I asked them if they had any close Estonian friends, they said they did, in the unconvincing way that Southern whites used to say that they had close black friends. I pushed them a bit, and Kiknadze finally conceded that the current tensions had affected his friendships. "Of course, you are quite right," he said. "Several of my Estonian friends ask me directly, 'What are you doing?' I answer that



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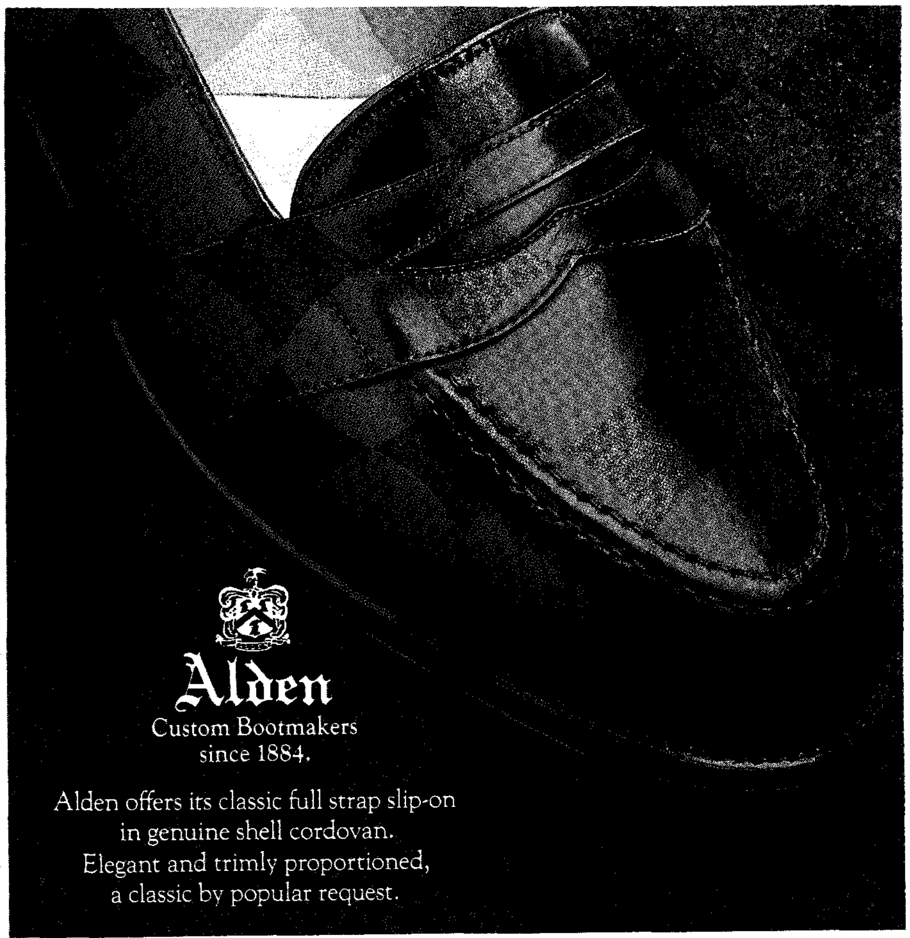

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I want to defend my rights. We have these discussions. Unfortunately, warm friendships cannot exist in this situation."

As they rose to leave, Valle, who had been sitting quietly, got into an argument with them. The heavy industry that had brought so many Soviet migrants to the republic, he said, was so inefficient that many factories would go bankrupt if they were placed on the profit system proposed under *perestroika*. "In 1932, Finland and Estonia were about at the same level," he declared. "Look at Finland now, look at Estonia."

"Finland has wood for paper, and so on," Morozov protested, and his comrades chimed in, arguing that Estonia was poor in natural resources and thus economically dependent on the Soviet Union. Valle countered that Estonia could form economic relationships with Europe.

"Estonia is not like a boat that can pull away," Kiknadze declared.

"You need to ask why Soviet industry is at such a low level," Valle said.

"First, Stalin," Rudyak answered. "Second, leaders who were interested in their own power and not in the people's life."

That stopped Valle for a moment; he had apparently expected more orthodox answers. And so it went as they walked out of the room, down the corridor together, and into the elevator.

The conflict does tap deep emotions, of course, and the veneer of tolerance in the organization's official pronouncements is not always evident in its public meetings. No Interdvizhenie rallies were held while I was in Tallinn, but an Estonian nationalist let me listen to a tape of one he had attended several weeks earlier. The gathering was raucous, full of shouts and whistles, as speakers rose to vent their rage at the Estonian national awakening and the "campaign of insults" going on in the press. Phrases of hurt and anger were hurled through the tumult like stones in a melee. "Estonian families are first in line for apartments," one man charged. Another shouted, "Russians perished on the motherland's bloody fields fighting partisans, fighting for Soviet power in Estonia! . . . They couldn't imagine that the flag favored by our blood would also be withdrawn as the national flag. . . . We will not allow you to separate yourselves from our country!" There were roars of approval. A woman declared, "Remember, the blue, black, and white colors were connected with the Fascists. . . . The combination was associated with Estonian extremists who sat as prisoners in the camps." The crowd applauded, and then a man said, in a mocking tone, "The best children's toy is a bear. But, you must remember, the bear is the symbol of the Russian people. He is calm as long as he isn't touched, but touch him—" A low rumble of angry cheers rose like a wave, buoying the man's voice to a shout. "Touch him, and he will show you his frightening strength—" The rest of the sentence was drowned in the tide of the crowd's furious delight.

IT was the fear of further Russian immigration that ignited Estonian opposition to a plan by the central government to mine the phosphorite deposits of Virumaa, a county about sixty miles east of Tallinn. The decision had been made by bureaucrats in Moscow and presented to Estonia as an edict, with no room for discussion. But times were changing under Gorbachev; there was now some political room to react. In 1987, news of the plan was leaked by Estonian government officials who opposed it, and the issue quickly became the rallying point for Estonians who sought control over their own environment, resources, and economy. Some of them formed the Estonian Green Movement, modelling themselves on the Greens in West Germany.

"It was like the beginning of our own *glasnost* and *perestroika* period in Estonia," Tiit Made, a Communist Party member and an economist who had worked for the Estonian State Planning Committee, told me. "It was journalists—TV and radio journalists. They started with this struggle, and then the people from this area where the phosphorite resources are located, and then all Estonians, came and supported them. The main question was that the mines would bring a hundred thousand new immigrants to Estonia. We struggled against phosphorite mines because we knew that imported labor forces were coming and we would be a minority in our area. And then we would be lost."

Made, a round-faced man in his mid-forties, had become a leader of the Greens. He was a businesslike sort, with a serious mission and no smile,

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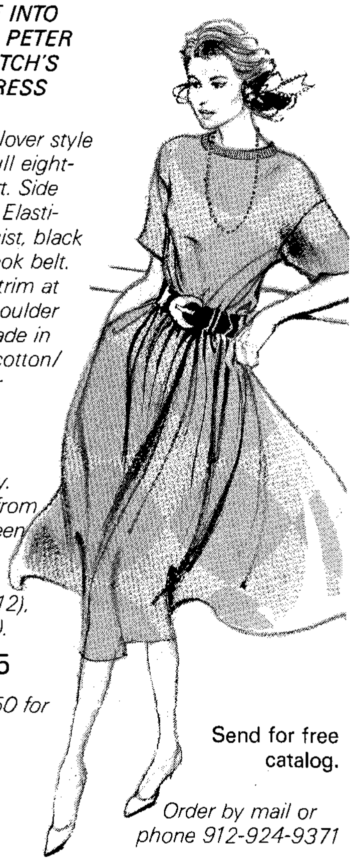

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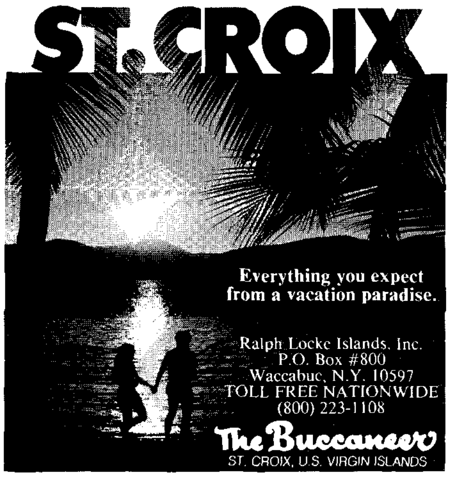

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and he had acquired a canny suspicion of the political establishment. He stopped by my hotel late on a Sunday morning, in between appointments and commitments that had made his life hectic since he became an activist. He was in the midst of campaigning in the Virumaa district for the coming elections to the Congress of People's Deputies. After joining the fight against phosphorite mining, he had been nominated for the Congress by eighteen organizations—including collective farms, construction firms, and schools—and was running against a Russian from Interdvizhenie. (Backed by the People's Front, Made later won election easily.)

"We do not need these heavy-machinery enterprises," he told me. "We have *no traditions in this area of heavy* production, and we have no qualified labor force, and we have no engineering, and so on. And it was one part of the Stalinist policy of national mixing of nations in the Soviet Union, you know. They wanted a rotation of the labor force. Take millions and send them to Siberia, to Karelia, to the Baltics. And they think from here there comes some kind of new Soviet people. They needed enterprises here, to import, to send to us, people from the Soviet Union—from Belorussia, from the Ukraine, from Kazakhstan, and so on. We do not need such kind of enterprises."

With only two or three thousand members, the Green Movement wasn't large, but it had woven together so many strands of the sovereignty question that it had gained broad popularity. It had even become part of the republic's political graffiti: on a fence around a construction site in Tallinn's Old Town were slogans reading "JOIN THE GREENS" and "GREEN IS THE COLOR OF SURVIVAL." Although the politically charged ethnic issue was the chief motivation for the struggle over phosphorite mining, the Greens skillfully shifted the argument to less emotional, ecological concerns. Estonian scientists contended that drilling tunnels to get down fifty feet to the phosphorite deposits would drain groundwater away from a key agricultural area, turning relatively productive farms into arid wasteland. The new political phenomenon of an alliance between the Greens and the People's Front must have been daunting, for the central authorities hesitated, temporarily suspending the project.

Made and other economists were sanguine about Estonia's economic potential and bitter about its experience as part of the Soviet Union. The comparison with Finland was a favorite argument—one that focussed on the Moscow reformers' most compelling anxiety: the growing gap in living standards between the Soviet Union and the West. And, indeed, a visitor could see plainly that Soviet economic failures had been visited upon Estonia. The food stores with their sparsely stocked shelves, the crumbling housing, the lines that formed instantly when some reasonably stylish article of clothing was put on sale—all testified *to hardship*. Tallinn appeared to me to be better off than Moscow but worse off than it was a decade ago. Estonians certainly believe that there has been a deterioration—not just in the capital but throughout the republic. One day, I drove through the agricultural region of Rapla, about thirty miles south of Tallinn. Farmhouses dotted the landscape—an arrangement that has endured even forty years after collectivization and gives the region a Western look, in contrast to the widely spaced villages that characterize the Russian countryside. But the over-all effect was not one of prosperity. This could have been an impoverished part of backwoods Maine: wooden houses in need of paint, sagging barns, here and there an old, broken-down car in a muddy yard.

Estonians have made *perestroika's* goal of economic decentralization and increased productivity into a wedge, in an attempt to force Moscow to accept a degree of political decentralization and pluralism. "We know that without economic sovereignty political sovereignty is impossible," Made declared. "We should be rich first, and then free. Ninety per cent of our industrial output comes under the rule of Moscow ministries. It's like a colonization policy. We have not a word to say about what we do in our industry, what to produce and what to sell." He pulled out a sheaf of the most recent annual statistics, to illustrate his contention that Estonia could profit by breaking away from the Soviet Union. If Estonia weren't forced to deliver a large amount of its agricultural production to the Leningrad, Moscow, and Novgorod areas, he said, it could sell the food for hard currency in Western Europe. "Just now, Moscow takes what it wants," he said. "They demand only first-category meat. But what are we to do with the legs and feet—soup products? They don't want them. Soup products must stay here, in the Estonian market. We give them seventy thousand tons of first-category meat. In the world market, we would get a hundred and fifty million dollars for that." Moscow had paid for this meat with an insufficient amount of grain, he said—a million two hundred tons of it, the world-market value of which was only about eighteen million dollars. "Then they criticize us for not producing more milk," he said. "They think our cattle can give milk without eating. Our cattle do not understand what socialist competition is. We are trying to explain socialist competition to the cattle, but they don't understand us. It is to give milk without eating."

Estonia receives all its gasoline and oil from Soviet supplies, but in Made's eyes even this did not right the imbalance, since last year's allocation would have cost only about thirty-nine million dollars on the Amsterdam market. In addition, Estonia burns its own shale oil to produce a surplus of electricity, which is transmitted to the Leningrad region. Some of it is then sold to Finland, but Estonia never gets the hard currency earned in this transaction.

Estonians see the big factories that make military equipment and other heavy industrial goods as monstrous and alien organisms of Soviet colonialism, managed by Russians, manned by Russians, and emblematic of a hostile, domineering politics. They are a special target of Estonian economists, who hope that Gorbachev's plan to place manufacturing on a profit-and-loss basis will force most of them into bankruptcy. "About a third of our industry produces things that we don't need," Made said. "They are artificial enterprises here. A hundred per cent of their raw materials, fuel, and machinery are imported from the Soviet Union, and the labor force is imported, too. A hundred per cent of the goods and products they make are exported. They use our infrastructure and nothing more. We would use them to start producing goods for the world market—

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LONDON

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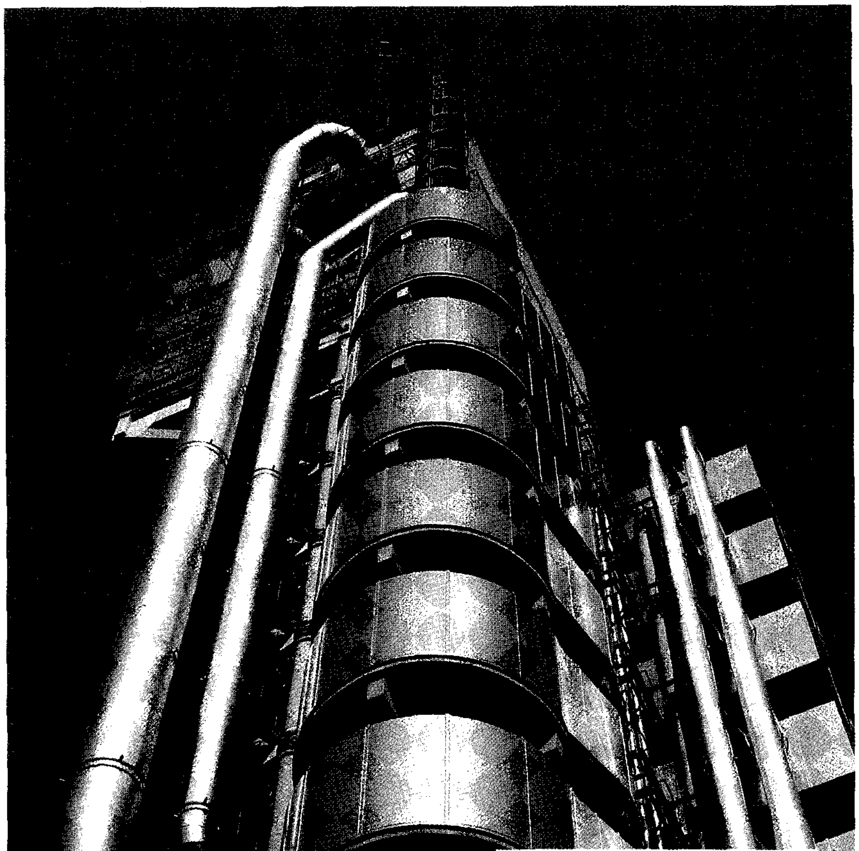
The Romans were the first to spot London's potential when they arrived there around 50 A.D. Recent excavations have established that London had a Roman amphitheatre on the site of the Guildhall, and a basilica and forum where Leadenhall Market now stands. Fragments of the Roman city walls remain by the Tower of London.

London declined after the fall of the Roman Empire, but the Middle Ages brought London back to life again. The area between the Tower and St. Paul's Cathedral, now known as the City of London,



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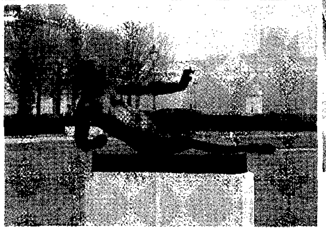
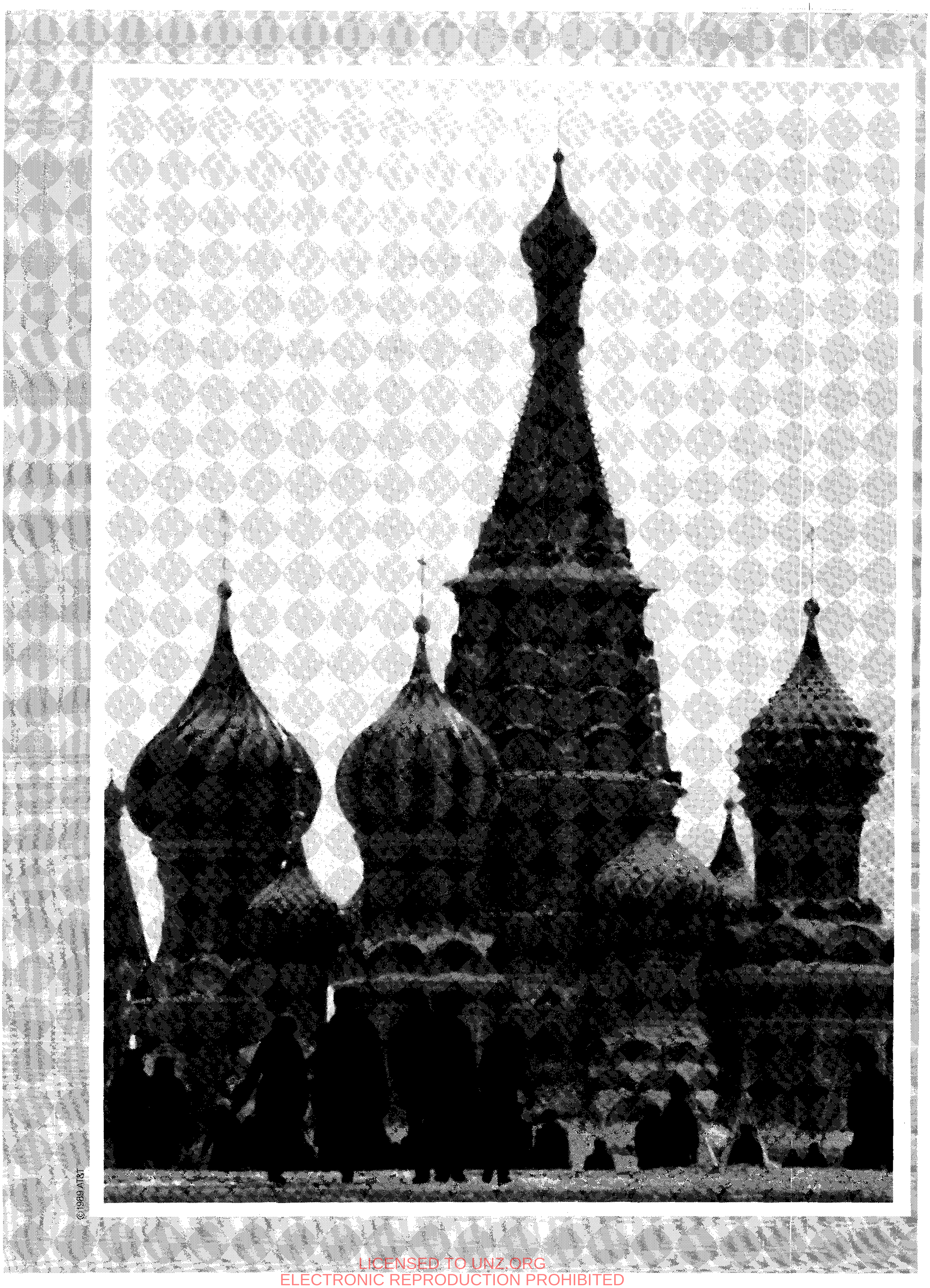


Rodin Sculpture, Paris.

Stockholm at dusk.



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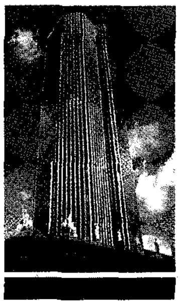
became so crowded with people and houses that, in the interest of hygiene, legislation had to be passed to limit city expansion.

In the seventeenth century, elegant estates were laid out in areas west of the city, such as Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden, under the supervision of the king's surveyor, Inigo Jones. Several of his influential Palladian buildings survive, including the piazza at Covent Garden, now the center of fashionable London; the Banqueting House in Whitehall, which boasts a grand ceiling by Rubens; and the Queen's House at Greenwich, which has been described as England's most important piece of architecture.


National Westminster tower.

Although affluent Londoners moved west, the commercial center of London remained in the city. Thomas Gresham built the Royal Exchange to establish London as a financial power to rival Antwerp. The Exchange burned down in the Great Fire of 1666, and business moved temporarily to fashionable coffee houses. Reconstruction after the Great Fire was directed by Sir Christopher Wren. His grand plan of wide avenues and grand squares was not realized, but he did supervise the rebuilding of fifty-one churches and St. Paul's Cathedral. A quick way to see some of the spires of the twenty-four surviving baroque churches by Wren is to climb the dome of St. Paul's. To support the large exterior dome of St. Paul's, Wren built a smaller dome inside. The lightning rod on top of the Cathedral is one of the first made by Ben Franklin.

Franklin lived in London for sixteen years. His house at 36 Craven Street, where he invented bifocals and the lightning rod, has recently been opened as a Franklin museum. You can see the site of Franklin's printing works if you visit the serene Romanesque church of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield: the works adjoined the Lady Chapel.

The narrow, dark Dickensian streets south of Tower Bridge have now sprouted wine bars, fashionable street markets, and, perhaps inevitably, London's new Design Museum. The spotlessly white neo-Corbusian building displays the matte black gadgets of the eighties and their art deco ancestors. You can walk along the south bank of the Thames from the Design Museum on Butler's Wharf, past the street market in Hay's Galleria, and all the way to Lambeth Palace opposite the Houses of Parliament. Near the river path, by Southwark Bridge, are the newly discovered remains of the Rose Theatre, where Shakespeare once trod the boards. The future of the site, currently covered, is the subject of a dispute between the developers and a committee led by some of Britain's great actors.

Britain's inclement weather has encouraged an indoor rather than an outdoor social life. For centuries the traditional meeting place has been the pub. The oldest ones are located in the vicinity of the City of London. The Old Cheshire Cheese, off Fleet Street, was frequented by Dickens, Mark Twain, and Samuel Johnson, who wrote his dictionary in a house a few doors away. It seems hardly to have changed. The Mayflower, in Rotherhithe, was the departure point of the Pilgrim Fathers. The pub is licensed to sell both U.S. and U.K. postage stamps. At the Fox and Anchor, next to the Smithfield meat market, you can enjoy a huge breakfast at 6:00 A.M. The Prospect of Whitby, in Wapping, has a superb view over the Thames and lays claim to sixteenth-century origins.

Some of the most fascinating attractions of London are not easily accessible to the general public and admittance is best arranged by a London-based business contact. Through a British Member of Parliament, you can obtain passes to visit the interior of the Houses of Parliament and to attend a debate at the House of Commons. If attending a Parliamentary session, you should try to get tickets for Tuesday or Thursday at three-fifteen, when Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher takes off the kid gloves and launches scathing attacks on the opposition with undisguised glee.

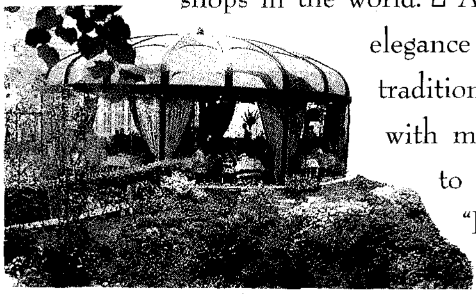
The best views of London are to be seen from the top floors of city blocks, like the National Westminster tower or the Commercial Union building. If you don't have colleagues in tall buildings, then a reservation at the Summit Restaurant of the St. George's Hotel in Langham Place will get you a view over central London.

London's autumn and winter are good seasons for theatre, auctions, and street markets, particularly in Covent Garden and Camden Lock. Christmas is marked by regular carol concerts in Trafalgar Square and illuminated street decorations in Regent Street. New Year is celebrated en masse in Trafalgar Square.

La Villette, Paris.

THE LEGEND OF PARIS

TAXI
PARISIEN



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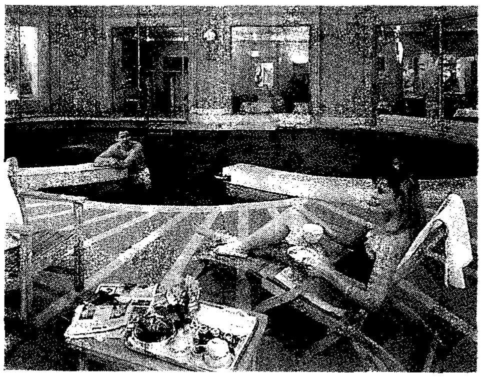

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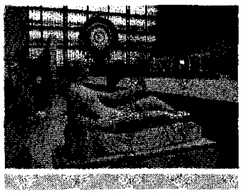
PARIS

Cultural issues are political issues in France and never more so than in 1989, the bicentenary of the French Revolution. Outrage has followed controversy has followed debacle as dozens of projects tried to achieve completion in time for the great year. Some, such as the Bastille Day celebrations, have left no visible trace. Others, like the Bastille Opera and I.M. Pei's futuristic glass pyramid at the Louvre, will remain indefinitely.

Paris's other famous sights have benefited from the revolutionary fervor, which has prompted renovations, restorations, and reapplications of gold paint around the city. Mayor Jacques Chirac has also succeeded in getting the rubbish off Parisian streets, improving public transport, and cleaning the River Seine. It's all a clear attempt to establish Paris as the symbolic capital of Europe.


Musée D'Orsay, Paris.

Even without the clean-up campaign, Paris could *lay claim to the title of Europe's* capital. Since the fall of Rome, Paris has been center stage for Europe's monarchs. And France's rulers have established a tradition of leaving tangible marks on history. Every era has left Paris with a spectacular monument. During the reign of King Louis VII, work started on Notre Dame Cathedral. François I commissioned Pierre Lescot to build a Renaissance Palace on the site of the old fortress that is now being excavated at the Louvre. In the seventeenth century, the Sun King, Louis XIV, embarked on a project of unmatched splendor: the palace and gardens of Versailles. Paris of the nineteenth century saw the construction of the then controversial Eiffel Tower to commemorate the first centenary of the French Revolution.

In the twentieth century, President Pompidou commisioned the hi-tech Pompidou Centre, now the *most popular museum in Europe.* President Giscard D'Estaing gave his blessing to the construction of Paris's most impressive new museum, the Musée D'Orsay, which holds the finest collection of Impressionist art in the world, and also initiated the building of France's first National Museum of Science and Industry in the Parc de la Villette.

France's current socialist president, François Mitterand, has succeeded in outdoing his predecessors in the construction stakes. Not only have the Musée D'Orsay and the Science Museum been completed during his term as president, but he has also initiated five major projects: the Louvre expansion; the new Ministry of Finances, whose offices had to be moved out of the Louvre; the notorious Bastille Opera, which has lost its first director, Daniel Barenboim, eight months before it is due to open; and an extension of the Parc de la Villette project to create a grand, open-air cultural center including a new Center for Music. Taking in the surfeit of new sights in Paris, one should not overlook the slightly older ones: the enormously rich Picasso *museum, the Rodin museum, and* the Impressionist collection at the small and relaxing Musée Marmottan.

Although the pyrotechnical celebrations of the 1789 Revolution are over, numerous exhibitions relating to the revolutionary period will continue throughout the year. They include the History of the Revolution exhibition at the Musée Carnavalet, a Jacques-Louis David exhibition at the Louvre, and a music festival at La Villette.

FRANKFURT

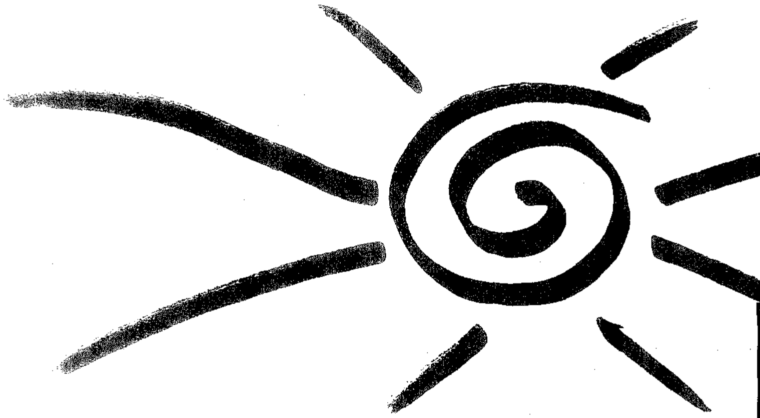
Frankfurt's status as the cultural center of central Europe is one of the world's best kept secrets. The city has seventeen museums, over twenty galleries, and a dozen theatres. Sophisticated nightclubs, excellent restaurants, jazz clubs, and designer shops have proliferated in recent years. Yet *"Bankfurt" is internationally* renowned almost exclusively for its financial activity and its busy airport: It was once dubbed "the

continued on page 91

SPAIN AND IBERIA: EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN

Paul E. Loven

On the Diagonal



Russell D. Lamb

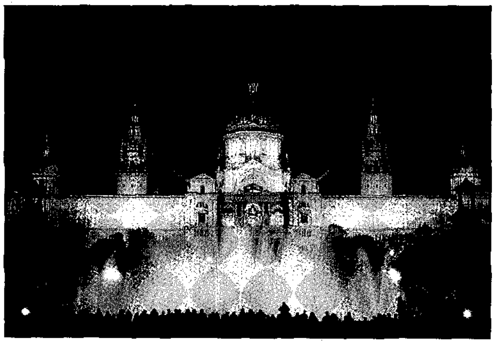
The Alhambra in Granada

Ladies of Spain

Is it something as simple as the quality of the sunshine that makes this nation of thirty-eight million people so appealing? Or is it because wherever travellers go in Spain they experience the exceptional and feel a sense of drama and excitement?

Russell D. Lamb

Church of the Holy Family



Paul E. Loven

National Palace, Barcelona

Griff Evans

Plaza España, Madrid

Spain is a rich, surprisingly diverse land. There are the rugged mountains of Aragon, the sun and sand of Costa Brava, the exquisite Moorish gardens and mosques of Andalusia, and the Romanesque castles and churches of Segovia. There are the bulls running through the streets of Pamplona and the spectacle of stately religious processions through the plazas of Toledo. There is the sensuous sound of a flamenco guitar in Seville and the strains of a jazz combo in Madrid.

Dynamic and passionate, Spain follows the pulsating rhythm of a nation in the throes of change. Not only is Spain experiencing formidable economic growth as a member of the Common Market, but it is also undergoing a cultural renaissance. Throughout Spain, the arts are thriving. Madrid and Barcelona are vying to be nothing less than the cultural capital of Europe. There was never a more exciting time to discover the nation that discovered the New World.

Spain is where there is everything under the sun.

Ronald R. Johnson

El Retiro, Madrid

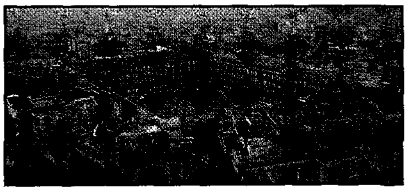
Ronald R. Johnson

Royal Horse Guards, Madrid

Madrid

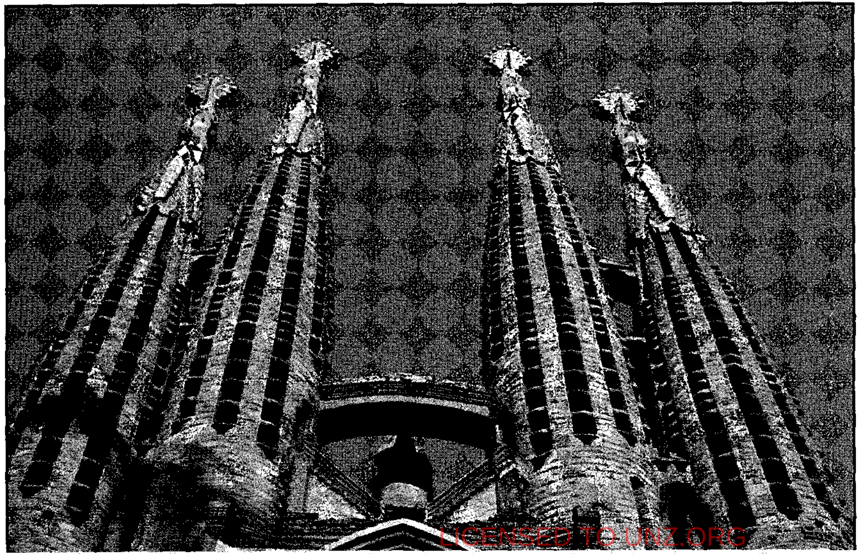
Spain's capital (population: 4.5 million) is located in the center of the country, and is the financial and intellectual heart of Spain.

Whatever the time of the year, the traveller can expect to find a city of unique vitality, a city where modern office buildings nestle against medieval plazas and baroque churches, where spacious tree-lined avenues give way to winding, picturesque streets. With all its infinite variety, Madrid is a city that invites walking. A tour of Madrid begins with the Plaza Mayor in Old Madrid. One of the loveliest squares in Europe, it is surrounded by 136 seventeenth-century houses. Ownership of most of the houses is passed down from generation to generation within the same family. Not far afield is the Royal Palace, a magnificent structure surrounded by elegant gardens. Built by Bourbon kings in the eighteenth century, the palace is filled with precious paintings, tapestries, and porcelains. Perhaps the most popular square in Madrid is the Puerta del Sol (Gate of the Sun) with its statue of the beloved bear and the strawberry tree—the symbols of the city.


Ronald R. Johnson

Plaza Mayor, Madrid

Gaudí Cathedral, Barcelona


Tom Hurl

A visit to the Prado Museum is a must. This world-famous museum houses more than three thousand paintings and four hundred sculptures. The great school of Spanish painting is represented by the works of Velázquez, Murillo, El Greco, and Goya. In a nearby annex is Picasso's celebrated "Guernica," which was returned to Spain in 1981. Museumgoers also have the opportunity to visit the Archaeological Museum, the Egyptian Temple of Debod, and the Museum of Contemporary Art.

For a change of pace, make tracks to El Rastro, the flea market, a sprawling indoor and outdoor market where you can buy almost anything. Considering that Madrid enjoys some two hundred days of sunshine a year, the visitor might want to wander under the shade trees of El Retiro, the site of two parks in the center of Madrid. Casa del Campo includes an impressive zoo, a sizable lake, and an amusement park.

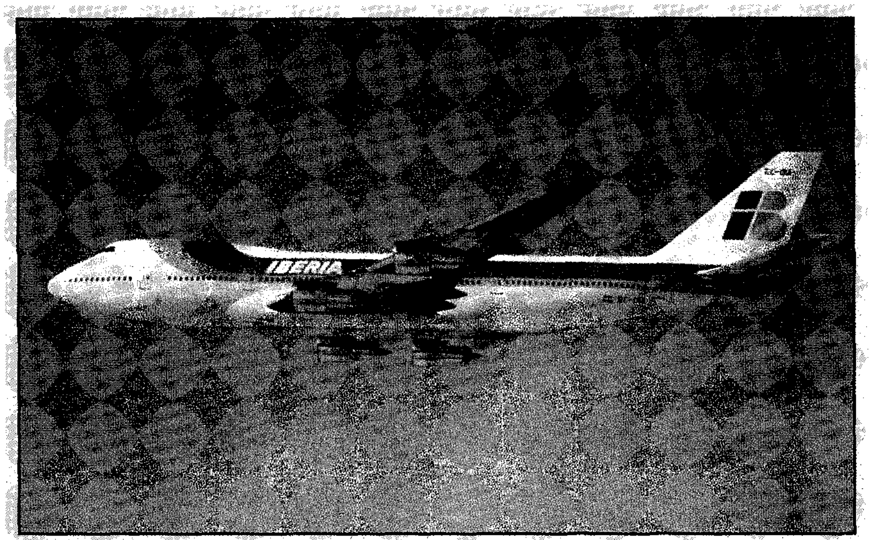
Madrid offers restaurants for every taste and budget where you can enjoy continental cuisine, special dishes of Madrid, or such regional delights as Valencian paella and the marvellous shellfish from Galicia. Don't miss the tascas—bars where you can enjoy a glass of wine or beer with a varied dish of appetizers or tapas.

Barcelona

The words that best describe Barcelona are smart, stylish, and cosmopolitan. But Spain's second largest city (and the capital of Catalonia) is also its largest port and a dynamic manufacturing center.

Located in northeastern Spain on the Mediterranean Sea, this city of two million has an extremely mild climate and is filled with outdoor cafés that offer tempting dishes. The people of Barcelona are polite and gracious, and the amenities of the city reflect their fine sensibilities. Those are among the excellent reasons for Barcelona having been selected as the site of the 1992 Olympics.

One of the most colorful sights of this vibrant city is Las Ramblas, a thoroughfare lined with a jumble of shops and buildings of every style and size. Nearby is the Liceo Opera House, one of the largest and oldest opera houses in Europe, and the Plaza Real, an extraordinary nineteenth-century square.



Iberia, the national airline of Spain, has been flying for its home country for more than sixty years, and that history of service has made Iberia the airline that knows Spain best. Iberia's commitment to Spain, and its arts, is evident in its co-sponsorship of the Goya exhibition, and the upcoming Velázquez exhibition, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the national tour of the Joaquín Sorolla exhibit. The airline is also solely sponsoring three Julio Iglesias concerts, to benefit UNICEF, in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

Iberia is the third largest airline in Europe, serving eighty-one airports in forty-six countries. In 1988, the airline carried fourteen million passengers and had a daily global schedule of over four hundred flights.

Iberia, recently awarded the first "Award of Excellence" from the International Food, Wine, and Travel Writers Association in recognition of outstanding achievement, is proud not only of its record of punctuality (ninety-five per cent of their flights took off on time, or within fifteen minutes of scheduled departure), but of their premium classes of service, as well. Preference Class, designed with the business traveller in mind, is one of the top-rated transatlantic business classes available, and includes such amenities as the use of airport V.I.P. lounges; private check-in facilities; priority boarding and baggage handling; extra-wide comfortable seats in a spacious forward cabin (with plenty of room for work or relaxation); a selection of books by contemporary Spanish authors, in Spanish, English, and French editions, from Iberia's On Board collection; a menu of gourmet meal selections; and open-bar service throughout the flight.

For travellers in Grand Class, Iberia provides free helicopter service between the downtown Manhattan heliport and J.F.K. Airport via the New York Helicopter Corporation. Grand Class passengers can also enjoy relaxing in V.I.P. lounges at most airports before their flight, and are provided with separate check-in facilities, and priority boarding and luggage handling. Once on board, Grand Class passengers receive complimentary travel kits and gourmet meals, including Spanish sherries and wines. There are first-run movies for the traveller's entertainment, and even special gifts for children. Passengers fly in an exclusive section equipped with Siesta Seats, generously sized sleeperettes that allow for maximum relaxation.

Iberia has been flying transatlantic for forty-three years, and this year has introduced the "Barcelona Express." The Express, the first-ever non-stop service from North America to Barcelona, flies from New York to Spain's second largest city (and site of the 1992 Olympic Games) every day but Sunday. Iberia has also created two unique packages: the "Madrid Amigo" and the "High Class Program."* The "Madrid Amigo," a stopover package in Madrid, is available to passengers in all classes of service travelling beyond Spain. The Madrid program includes one night's stay at a hotel; breakfast, lunch, and dinner at the hotel or a local night club; a half-day tour of the city, and round-trip airport transfers. The "High Class Program," for Grand and Preference Class passengers, is available for any two days

The Gothic Quarter of Barcelona is a fascinating place to get lost in for a few hours. Its narrow streets are filled with charming squares, courtyards, churches, and mansions. The cathedral, with its two huge bell towers, was begun in the thirteenth century.

One of the most spectacular buildings in Barcelona is the legendary La Sagrada Familia (Church of the Holy Family), designed by Antonio Gaudí. Colossal, mystical, and highly controversial, it was started in 1882 and has not yet been completed.

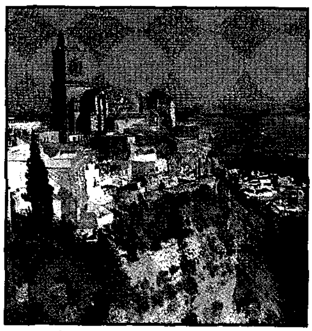
▶ ▶ ▶

Paul E. Loven

Street artist, Barcelona

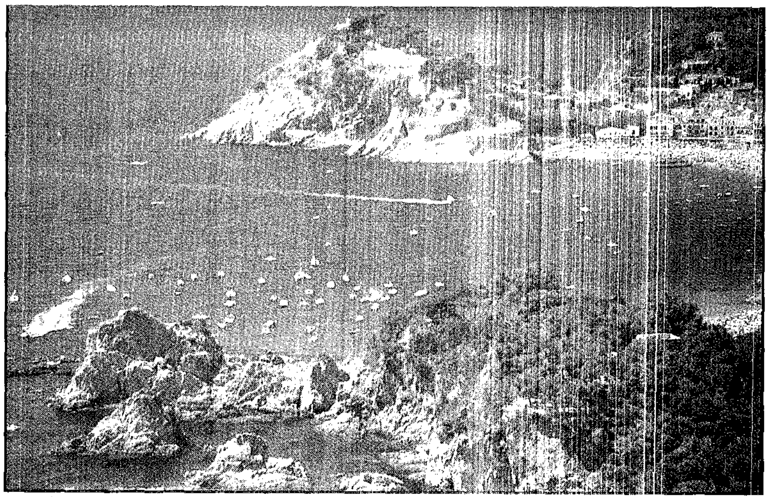
Paul E. Loven

Gaudí's Casa Batlló, Barcelona

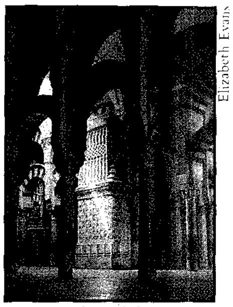


Ronald R. Johnson

Arcos de la Frontera


Ronald R. Johnson

Tossa de Mar


Elizabeth Evans

Mosque of Córdoba

Ronald R. Johnson

Avila

Russell D. Lamb

Costa del Sol

of the week in Barcelona and only on weekends in Madrid, Málaga, and Seville. The "High Class Program" includes two nights' lodging in a five-star hotel, transfers to and from the airport, a buffet breakfast each morning, a bottle of wine and a fruit basket, and lunch or dinner at the hotel. Iberia also offers specialized equestrian, gastronomy, and hunting and gaming tours to Spain.

All passengers on Iberia receive discount coupon books for savings of from five to twenty-five per cent on store purchases, automobile rentals, hotel lodgings, and fine meals throughout Spain. Transatlantic Grand Class and Preference Class round-trip ticket holders also receive a free shopping check redeemable toward a purchase at Loewe, a well-known speciality boutique. The checks (for Grand Class patrons, worth twenty thousand pesetas; for Preference Class travellers, worth ten thousand pesetas) are valid year-round.

A new, direct service to the heart of the Costa del Sol has also been introduced. The flight is a continuation of the "Barcelona Express" and takes the traveller directly to the city of Málaga, one of Spain's most popular tourist destinations.

As an added incentive for the Iberia traveller, the airline has joined with Continental/Eastern Airlines' OnePass and United Airlines' Mileage Plus frequent-flyer programs. Travellers enrolled in those programs who travel aboard Iberia between the U.S. and Spain, or on any connecting flights to a destination within the Iberia network, can earn mileage for their programs. Frequent flyers will have the opportunity to earn free travel on Iberia Airlines to Spain. Preference Class passengers who fly on Iberia to Spain also receive automatic upgrades on the connecting domestic leg of their flights on United.

Iberia offers twenty-five weekly flights from its four North American gateways: three non-stop flights from Los Angeles, and two non-stop flights from Chicago, to Madrid (the only such non-stop service); daily non-stop service from Miami to Madrid; and daily non-stop service from New York to Madrid and New York to Barcelona (except Sundays).

Iberia has just instituted a state-of-the-art bilingual reservations and information service. Please call (800) SPAIN-IB when you are planning your next trip to Spain.

◄ ◄ ◄ Barcelona is filled with museums and cultural attractions. Montjuïc Park contains a cluster of museums, including the Archaeology Museum, the Miró Museum, the Museum of Catalan Arts, and the Museum of Ceramics. The city also boasts the Picasso Gallery, a fine arts museum, and a modern art gallery. The city has a rich musical heritage as well. The Barcelona City Orchestra, several chamber groups, and the Catalan Choral Society all perform to a very high standard.

Málaga and beyond

There are two good reasons to visit Málaga: the charms of the city itself and the fact that it is the gateway to Andalusia. This southern city—the birthplace of Picasso—is superbly located on the Costa del Sol, on the picturesque Bay of Málaga. The city is well known for its mild climate, luxurious flora, sweet wine, and fine beaches, which are among the most popular in Spain.

One of the major attractions of the city is its magnificent cathedral that was begun in the sixteenth century. It contains wood carvings by Pedro de Mena, and works of art by Van Dyke, Morales, and Andrea del Sarto.

Not far from the cathedral is a spacious park with a series of exotic gardens surrounding the ruins of an eleventh-century Moorish alcázar. The fortress houses the city's Archaeological Museum. Above is the imposing citadel of Gibralfaro Castle, which provides a spectacular view of the port.

North of Málaga is the ancient city of Córdoba, which flourished under the Romans, Visigoths, and Moors. Superb works of gold, silver, and leather were produced here. The city's eighth-century mosque, one of the finest of all Muslim monuments, should not be missed. This immense structure, with its 850 handcrafted marble pillars, is absolutely breathtaking. The only remaining old synagogue in Andalusia is nearby and dates from the fourteenth century.

Granada, east of Málaga, is a city with a rich Moorish and Christian past. It was the last refuge of the Moors, and with its surrender in 1492, the Moors lost their last hold on Spain. This handsome and romantic city offers a wealth of architectural wonders. Foremost among them is the Alhambra. It includes the palace of the kings, residences used by courtiers, fabled gardens, courtyards, and towers.

Seville, northwest of Málaga, is one of the most beautiful cities in Spain. The city was favored by the Romans and is the birthplace of the emperors Trajan and Hadrian. Seville has a grand musical and literary tradition that inspired such operas as "Carmen" and "The Barber of Seville." Don't miss the Alcázar, with its enchanting gardens; the Giralda, the tower that dominates the city; and the awesome Gothic cathedral, the largest in Spain and one of the largest in the world.

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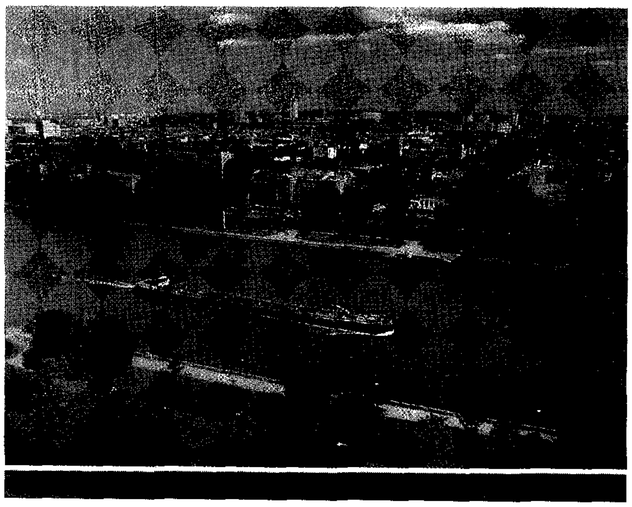
* See your travel agent for details and restrictions.

continued from page 86

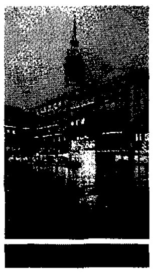
most boring city in Europe." Today, that label no longer applies. Well-heeled Parisians travel to Frankfurt to sample the nightlife, and astute European business travellers extend their trips to the city to visit the museums.

Prosperity has attracted fine architecture, fashion, and art to the city. City spending and an affluent population have changed Frankfurt from a sombre business town into a bright dynamic metropolis. Like the museums of Washington, Frankfurt's top cultural attractions are conveniently located next to each other, in "Museum Row" along the banks of the River Main. Those most recently completed are the Museum of Arts and Craft, which houses craftwork from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century, and the German Museum of Architecture, which mixes contemporary post-modernism with turn-of-the-century neoclassicism. The Städel Art Institute and Municipal Art Gallery, or State Museum, displays a fine collection of German and Flemish masters.

On the north bank of the Main is the center of Frankfurt, where modern skyscrapers mix uneasily with reconstructed medieval squares and Gothic churches. The spire of Frankfurt's medieval cathedral survived the war and is still the main city landmark, although it is soon to be eclipsed by Europe's tallest building, the Messeturm. In nearby Römerberg Square, once a fair site, you can see Frankfurt's original town hall, the Römer. Around the square are painstakingly reconstructed medieval townhouses.


River Main, Frankfurt.

Most impressive of Frankfurt's reconstructed buildings is the façade of the Alte Oper (Old Opera House): a nineteenth-century classical design that rivals the opera houses of Paris and Vienna. The interior is modern, with accommodations for classical, jazz, and rock concerts at night and conferences during the day. Fall is a busy season in Frankfurt, with the Motor Show and Dippemess (Funfair) in September, the Book Fair in October, and a Horticultural Show which continues until mid-October. Winter celebrations include a Christmas Market in the Römerberg, a boisterous New Year, and a carnival, Fasching, before Lent. Last but not least, Frankfurt's famous zoo stays open throughout the year.


Marienplatz, Munich.

MUNICH

The monks who founded Munich in the ninth century would be horrified to hear that the city's most famous event is a fortnight of beer drinking by some five million people. The Oktoberfest (held in late September), the Alps, Ludwig's crazy castles, and the opulent Nymphenburg Palace have contributed to Munich's reputation as a city of recreation, tourism, and entertainment. Business travellers need little encouragement to extend a sojourn in Munich. German companies sometimes arrange conferences in Munich for that very reason.

Marienplatz, the square at the center of Munich, is dominated by the architecture of the Middle Ages: the grand, Gothic Neues Rathaus (new city hall), the more austere Bavarian Gothic of the Altes Rathaus (old city hall), and the strong fifteenth-century twin towers of the great Frauenkirche (Parish Church of Our Lady) that overlook the square.

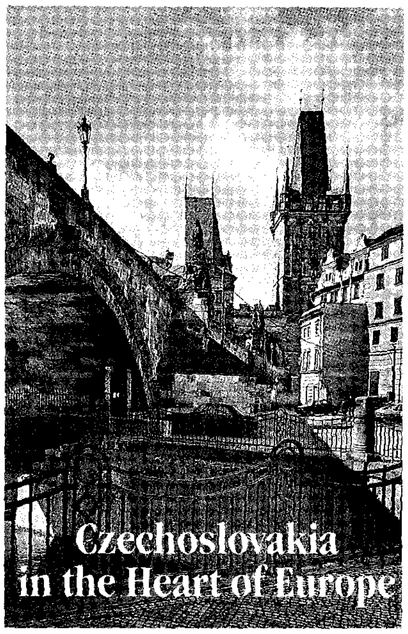
As Germany's Catholic outpost, Munich readily embraced dynamic baroque architecture, and later rococo, the decorative culmination of baroque. Some of the world's finest examples of rococo interiors are in Munich: Asamkirche, the church of St. John Nepomuk, the ebullient galleries and theatre of the Residenz Museum, St. Peter's Church, and the masterpieces of the style, the Hall of Mirrors and the Banqueting Hall of the Nymphenburg Palace.

Germans travel to Munich for the music and theatre. The city has four symphony orchestras, Germany's finest opera company—the Bavarian State Orchestra—and is on the itinerary of every major rock tour.

In the Christmas season, there is a market in the Marienplatz and open-air concerts are held every evening. In mid-January, Fasching, the carnival, starts with the crowning of the carnival prince and princess. It continues through February and climaxes on Shrove Tuesday, when all Munich dances in the Viktualienmarkt.

VIENNA

When walking through the elegant streets of Vienna after a night at the opera, it is easy to imagine the time of the Congress of Vienna, when the city was Europe's center of attention. Now, Vienna has become a major conference center: a giant, new conference complex, the Austria Center Vienna, has recently been completed next to the Vienna International Center. International discussions invariably benefit the Viennese: hotels are filled, cakes are consumed, and the tourist and business trade grows. Vienna's attractions are designed for an international clientele: music, dance, and gastronomy need no translation.



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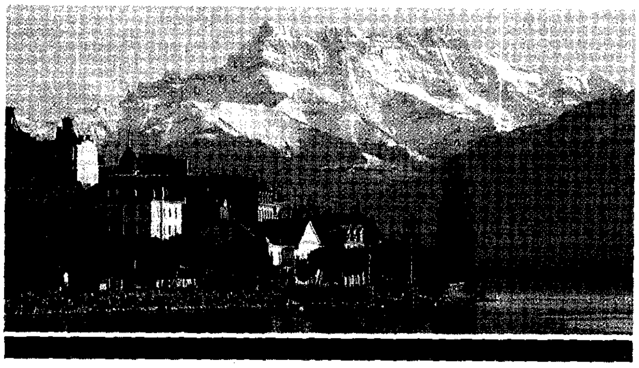
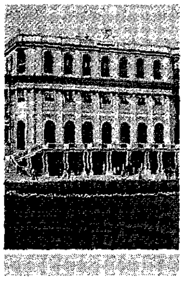


Lake Léman, Geneva.

Situated at the crossroads of East and West, Vienna has been subjected to many artistic influences. Apart from St. Stephen's Cathedral, where Austria's last empress was buried this year, little remains of medieval Vienna. Vienna, like Munich, flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Vienna's great palaces—the Belvedere, the Schönbrunn, and the Hofburg—date primarily from this period, and are all beautifully preserved and open to view. More than anything else, music is the symbol of Vienna. Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mahler, Gluck, Haydn, and, of course, Johann Strauss all worked in Vienna. In the nineteenth century, Vienna was the musical capital of the world. Vienna still offers an extraordinary variety of musical entertainment. Before arriving in the city, it is worth arranging to attend one of the concerts held in the stately rooms of the Schönbrunn, where Mozart played for the Emperor.



Schönbrunn Palace, Vienna.

Inside Schönbrunn Palace.

The neo-classical Musikverein is considered to be the finest concert hall in the world. So perfect is the sound in the hall that plans to install a piano lift under the stage were abandoned for fear of changing the acoustics. The city's two opera houses, its concert halls, and theatres offer constantly changing programs of classical and modern music. Late 1989 will see, among other performances, guest appearances by the Tokyo Ballet, the Warsaw Opera, a Mozart festival, and a festival of twentieth-century music. January and February are ball season in Vienna, and the romantic era returns. It is wise to pre-arrange tickets for any of the major balls, such as the Emperor Ball at the Hofburg or the Opera Ball, the highlight of carnival season.

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Though Geneva's business and political life is what brings most travellers to the city, it is the breathtakingly beautiful surroundings of Geneva that make them stay. Lake Léman, sometimes called Lake Geneva, is surrounded by the peaks of the Alps. The parks on the shores of the lake offer superb views. On the north side of the lake is the city of Lausanne, which has Switzerland's finest Gothic cathedral. To the east of the lake, some two hours from Geneva, are Switzerland's premier ski resorts: Gstaad, favored by the jet-set; Crans-Montana, Switzerland's largest resort; and Verbier, which has some of the best slopes.

The Genevese aren't much given to celebrations and public displays, but every December they commemorate the failed attack on the city by the Duke of Savoy in 1602. There is a costume procession, followed by a masked ball.

STOCKHOLM

Swedes describe Stockholm as the Venice of the North. The common denominator is water, rather than Renaissance palaces: Stockholm is built on fourteen islands linked by fifty bridges. A further twenty-five thousand islets surround the city. Unlike Venice, the city also has a wealth of parks and open spaces.

Stockholm's early growth as a city was linked to the large number of Germans who lived there in the fourteenth century. The relative proximity of the city to mainland Europe encouraged trade with the ports of the Hanseatic League, a rather predatory medieval equivalent of the European Community.

King Gustav Vasa made Stockholm Sweden's capital, and his talented successor, Gustavus Adolphus, established a Swedish empire that reached as far as Austria. Gustavus did not, however, succeed in everything: his great warship, the Wasa, sank in Stockholm harbor on its maiden voyage in 1628. Gustavus's loss has been Stockholm's gain. The well-preserved warship (some of the gilt was still intact after nearly 350 years beneath the sea) was recovered in 1961. It was fully restored this year and has opened as a museum on the island of Djurgården. It will be closed through the winter for more restoration, but will reopen on a permanent basis next year.

Stockholm's other renowned museum is Skansen, also on Djurgården Island. It is a living old town with 150 houses illustrating architectural styles from around the country. Artisans in Skansen still blow glass, and bakers make cakes in traditional ovens. There is also a zoo, a fair, and a circus.

Museum in Stockholm.

The real Old Town, Gamla Stan, is a haven for walkers and shoppers. It retains the city's medieval plan: the narrow, cobbled streets lined by well-kept private residences and assorted antique shops. The oldest buildings are the thirteenth-century Riddarholm Church, where most of Sweden's kings are buried, and the Gothic Cathedral, where the gilt pews of the Royal Family still stand. Adjoining the Old Town is the Royal Palace. Built in the eighteenth century, it is used by the Swedish Royal Family, although part of it is open to the public.

A Stockholm island.

Winter events in Stockholm include the Stockholm Tennis Open in November, Yuletide markets in December, the Nobel ceremony on the 10th of December, and New Year celebrations at Skansen. Winter visitors who miss the skating at Rockefeller Center can try Stockholm's version at the Kungsträdgården.

■ **Tom Bogdanowicz is a writer living in London.**

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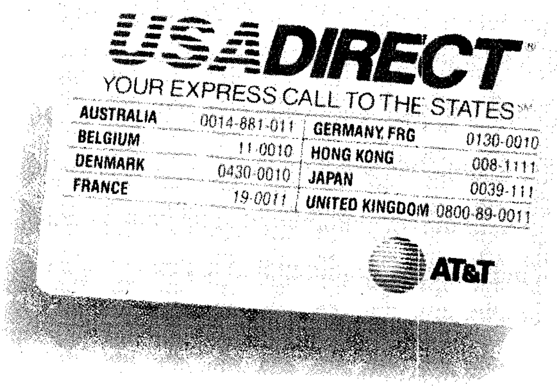
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Even some of Gorbachev's leading economic reformers scoffed at all this as the stuff of daydreams. One of them, an economist who preferred to remain anonymous, showed little sympathy for the Estonian viewpoint. Estonia, he insisted, got much more than it gave. "It gets all of its oil and gas, and it ships to other republics very inexpensive items—consumer goods, foodstuffs—that it could not sell abroad," he said, and he derided some proposals, such as Estonia's idea of issuing its own convertible currency. "We explained to them that there is nothing easier for Estonia than to have convertible currency," he told me, his tone sardonic. "Their enterprises and organizations have a full right to trade with foreign companies. We tell them, 'Go ahead and make products that are competitive, and sell them for dollars, marks, yen—you'll have convertible currency.' "

Moscow had apparently used more than words and statistics to drive home the point of Estonia's dependence on the Soviet Union. During my visit, the morning radio shows were punctuated not by rush-hour traffic reports but by bulletins announcing which service stations had gasoline to sell that day and which didn't. The shortage of gas, Tiit Made surmised, had been created intentionally by Moscow to punish Estonia for acting unilaterally to keep more meat and other food for its own stores and ship less to Moscow, Leningrad, and other destinations in the U.S.S.R. I asked Rein Kaarepere, an assistant to Prime Minister Toome, about this. Kaarepere explained that in 1988 Estonia received twenty-three per cent more gas and oil than it had in 1987, but at the same time the formation of coöperative taxi companies was permitted, and as a result there were now thirty-five hundred private taxis in Tallinn, which had raised demand. Some hoarding had begun, and one of the refineries that provide Estonia with gasoline had suffered a number of breakdowns. "Last, but not least," Kaarepere said, with a smile, "the central authorities did not appear to have any special interest in the problem." He laughed.

EDGAR SAVISAAR, the leader of the People's Front, with whom I met toward the end of my stay, proved to be obsessed with the economic issue. An economist by training, he had served for three years on the State Planning Committee (he is now its chairman) and had taken a leading role in designing the republic's plan for economic self-management. Savisaar, a dour middle-aged man and a tough-minded nationalist, was the only Estonian I interviewed who insisted on speaking Estonian, with an interpreter translating into English; other non-English speakers consented to use Russian. He was curt in his answers to my questions. A key objective of the People's Front, as well as of the Estonian Communist Party, he said, was to get Gorbachev's economists to accept the notion that each republic could have its own economic system and its own relationship to the center. In Estonia's case, this would mean extensive private enterprise and the power to decide what goods to sell to other parts of the Soviet Union and what goods to buy.

"It's very hard for the leading economists in Moscow to readjust their way of thinking," Savisaar said. "For long years, they have preached the heavily centralized system of economic management. Of course, from Moscow things look different from the way things look to us here. But I think the Moscow economists are beginning to realize that their plans for economic rearrangement have not been adequate, and that new tactics should be applied. Sooner or later, our ideas will become acceptable in Moscow. The Soviet Union is a huge country, with very big differences. What's acceptable to Estonia is not acceptable at all to a Central Asian republic, for instance. That's why we find that to work out a unified project of self-management for all republics is useless. What we are trying to do is to justify the multiplicity of different forms of economic restructuring." This was the principle that the Supreme Soviet in Moscow accepted in July. But conservatives who oppose such diversity have not been won over, and the legislature has yet to enact the laws to carry out the plan. Negotiations over the details are continuing.

A number of Estonians had told me that young people were not joining the People's Front, and I asked Savisaar about this. He replied defensively that they had also avoided joining radical groups, such as the Estonian National Independence Party. "The years of stagnation did a lot of harm to the younger generation," he said, "and we are just going to have to put up with this. I think that for the time being the younger generation will not be involved in politics very heavily."

The People's Front has provided Estonia with something as close to a multiparty system as exists anywhere in the Soviet Union. The Front tried and failed to get the authorities to register it as an official organization in time to nominate candidates for the election to the Congress of People's Deputies, but it has won permission to put forward nominations in the upcoming elections to the Estonian Supreme Soviet. In the meantime, its loosely organized local chapters have exercised considerable influence in the Estonian Communist Party apparatus. Candidates backed by the Front won thirty-two of the thirty-six Estonian seats in the Congress.

The Front's power was described to me vividly by Hain Kaur, the First Secretary of the Party committee in the Rapla region. Kaur, a disarmingly candid man in his early forties, was relaxed and cordial. He was elected last November, after the former First Secretary failed, as Kaur delicately put it, to "find a common language with the People's Front." Unlike Kaur, that official was not a local boy, the Party having sent him from Tallinn two years before; the People's Front deftly engineered his transfer back there, to the Central Committee. In the election, the Front backed Kaur, who was a lower-ranking Party official, for the No. 2 job of Ideology Secretary, and supported the region's chief executive, Martin Kuusk, for First Secretary. However, Kaur won the top position, by a vote of fifty-three to twenty-seven. Since taking office, he said, he had instituted monthly meetings of a policy group that included three representatives of the Party committee, three from the People's Front, and three

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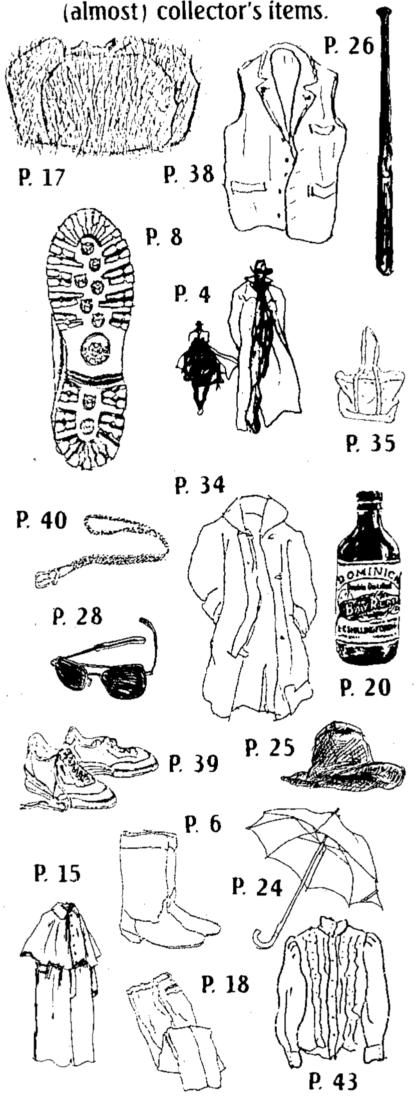

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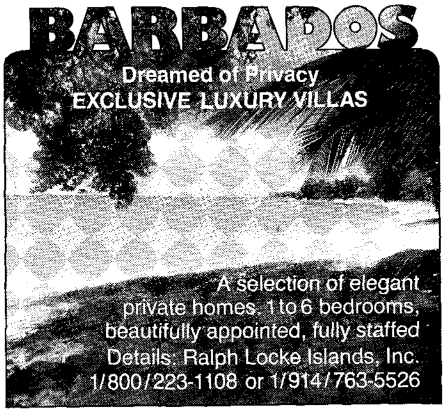
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from the Green Movement. "We constantly consult and seek advice," he told me. "It's not going to be as before, when we simply announced our plans. We are going to listen."

I said that many people had told me that the Communist Party was not exactly a popular institution, and asked whether the number of Estonians joining the Party had been declining as a result.

"I'll tell you honestly," he replied. "Last year, very few people joined the Party in this region—half as many as the year before."

I asked him what the actual figures were.

"That is a Party secret," he said, and went on—in what was a stunning admission from a Party secretary—"but I can tell you that more people resigned from the Party than joined it. The reason can be found in our history—in the history of the republic, in the history of the Party, the mistakes in the social sphere, the political sphere. Before *glasnost*, people didn't say, but they knew what the pre-Soviet period was like. In other places, people had forgotten, but not here." He reflected on the hardships under Stalin. "My relatives were deported to Siberia," he said. "I remember when my mother's uncle returned—I was about five, six years old. Many didn't return—they died there, in Siberia. For a long time, we didn't talk about that—didn't tell the truth about it. Now we talk about it, and write about it. That is good, provided we speak the truth, which will increase belief in our Party and our leadership." His Party committee had a list of those in the region who had been imprisoned or deported, he said, and the Party planned to pay compensation to them or to their heirs. As for moral compensation, "that is more difficult," he declared. "We can never do it."

In "Estonia and the Estonians" Toivo Raun assembles data showing the deportation of nineteen thousand Estonians to Siberia during the brief Soviet occupation of 1940-41; of forty-one thousand in 1945-46, when the Soviets moved back following the German defeat; of between fifty thousand and eighty thousand during the collectivization of farms, in March, 1949; and of about three thousand in 1950-1951, during the final throes of Stalinism. Only in the last year have the deportations been a subject of public discussion in Estonia, and exact figures are difficult to come by. A document from the Communist Party archives, for example, puts the 1949 deportations at twenty-nine thousand. The deportations are still not mentioned in textbooks or taught in Estonia's schools.

The novelist Heino Kiik was twenty-two years old and living away from home when he heard, in 1949, that his mother and his fourteen-year-old brother had been taken from their farmhouse and sent to Siberia. Eight years passed before they were allowed to return. Twenty years after that, Kiik wrote a fictionalized account of his mother's ordeal, in a book called "Maria Siberimaal" ("Maria in Siberia"). This was in the late nineteen-seventies—the Brezhnev period—and no editor would touch it. In the liberalized atmosphere of 1988, Kiik formed a publishing coöperative, and the first book he issued was "Maria in Siberia." In four months, it sold a hundred and twenty thousand copies—an impressive figure, given the Estonian population of less than a million.

ON my arrival in Estonia, I had asked a few people if they could introduce me to one or two of the Forest Brothers—the partisans who had continued to fight sporadically against Soviet troops into the nineteen-fifties. Word trickled back that, even under *glasnost*, the aging Brothers were uneasy about being publicly identified as such. Nevertheless, on my last day, just a few hours before I was to board a train to Moscow, one of my new Estonian acquaintances brought a Forest Brother to meet me. His name was Hillar Erma, and he was a tall, strapping man of sixty-five, built like an oak, with a booming voice and a powerful handshake. "My English," he roared in English, "is gone with the wind!"

In 1941, along with most young Estonian males, Erma joined the German Army. "We all hated the Nazis," he told me. "We hated the Germans. Estonians were slaves to the Germans for seven hundred years. But when the Soviets were here, they were very cruel. In just one year—1940 to '41—they did so much." So the Estonians fought against the Russians, he explained, in the vain hope of freeing themselves. Erma himself took part in the siege of Leningrad, then fought in Czechoslovakia, where he was taken prisoner by the Americans. In 1945, he was extradited to the Soviet Union and imprisoned in a Soviet labor camp for three years. "It was a short time," he said. "Other people got ten, eleven years." He was released in 1948, but almost immediately an attempt was made to arrest him again, and he fled into the forests of central Estonia, where he joined a band of Forest Brothers in occasional attacks on Soviet units. The partisans did not always live up to their legend of canny invulnerability. One night, he recalled, when many in the group were drunk and disregarded his advice to station guards, Soviet forces encircled them; only he and four or five others escaped.

"I promised myself that I would no longer be with other people," he told me. "From then on, I was only by myself." In 1949, as Soviet troops intensified their search for Forest Brothers, Erma checked into a psychiatric hospital in Tartu and hid there for two months. Then he melted back into society, working as a truck driver. He recalled for me a tale in Estonian folklore about a nineteenth-century religious movement that exhorted Estonians to go to the shore of the sea, where a white ship, symbolizing freedom and hope, would take them away to a new life. "We can't wait for a white ship," Erma declared, with a broad smile. "We must do it ourselves."

A couple of hours later, I was on the overnight train back to Moscow, staring out at the evening lights that drifted past the window. A memory came to me of something the young editor Marica Lillemets had said. She was describing her feelings about the mass demonstration last September, when three hundred thousand Estonians gathered to sing of their national pride and their hope for independence. "We thought to ourselves, Three hundred thousand people! That's one-third of all Estonians," she said. "How important! But, at the same time, if one-third of a whole nation can be in one field—how small we are! It was a feeling of being strong and weak at the same time." —DAVID K. SHIPLER

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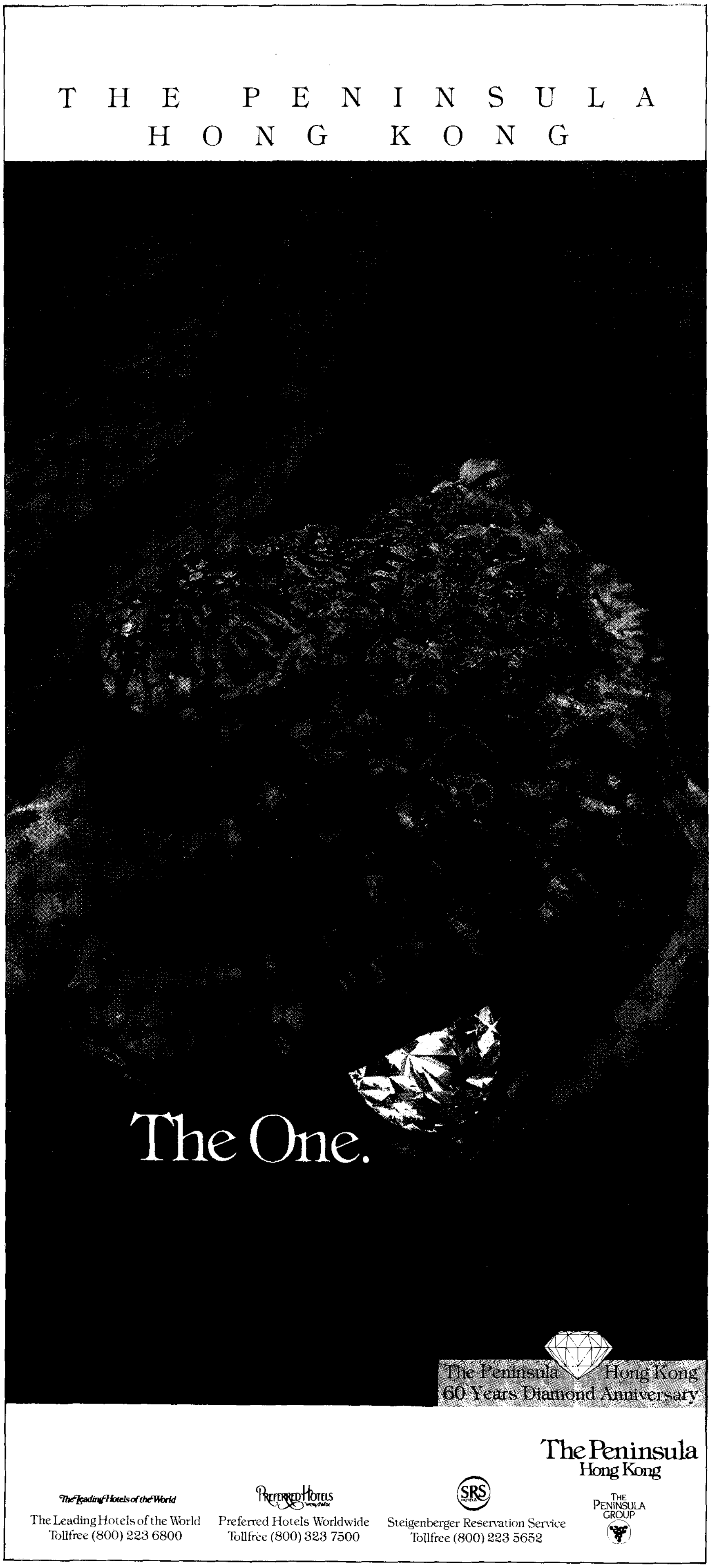
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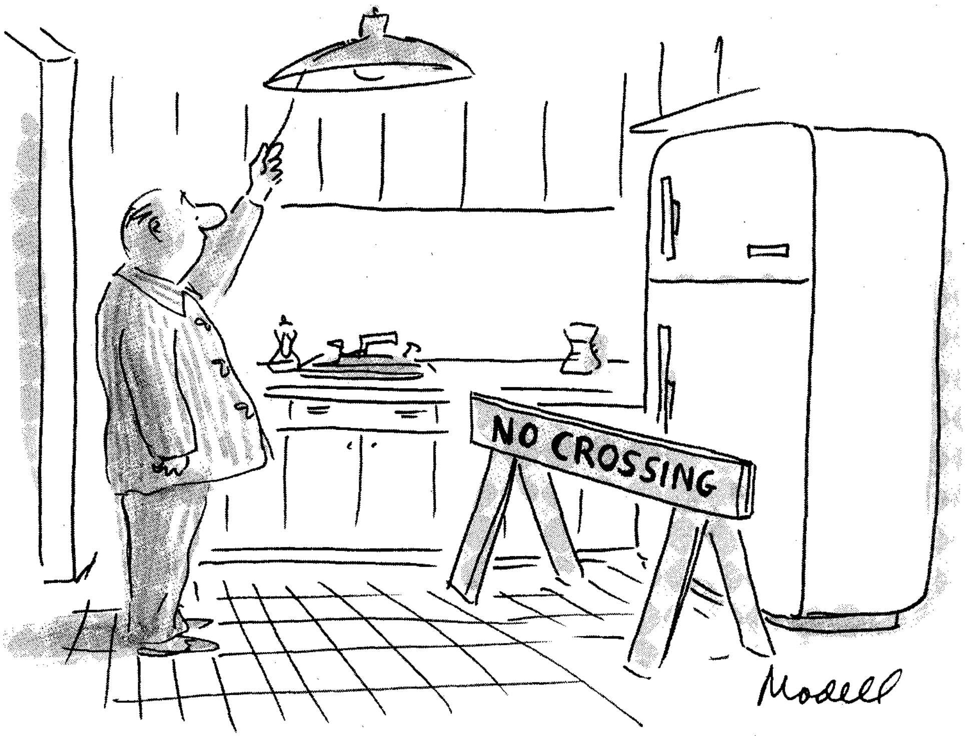
"SEA OF LOVE," a romantic thriller written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, is a peculiar blend of the familiar and the unexpected, an almost fresh cover version of an old pop tune. The story is simple: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects (Ellen Barkin). So it has one of those back-and-forth structures ("She did it, she didn't do it, no she must have done it") which have always served crime writers and moviemakers well; you can generate a lot of suspense without actually having to invent much—two or three strategically placed red herrings do the job. The hero, moreover, looks like a character we've seen more than a few times in the movies. Detective Frank Keller is a classic burnt-out case—middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic—and we know that the narrative will be set up to deliver his redemption: he'll solve the murders, clean up his act, and learn to feel good about himself. We have every reason to fear that "Sea of Love" is going to be "The Verdict" all over again, with Price, Becker, and Pacino as the road-company replacements for David Mamet, Sidney Lumet, and Paul Newman. But without ever entirely abandoning its comfortable clichés, the movie provides plenty of surprises, odd little riffs that keep us alert—undermine our sense that we know just what's going to happen next. We're never quite sure whether the picture will turn out to be the same old thing (whose quirks and flourishes are essentially meaningless: red herrings) or something new and different. This is another kind of suspense, and doesn't hurt the movie a bit, since it's sort of appropriate. At one point, someone tells Pacino that he has "cop's eyes"—a suspicious, guarded look. Veteran moviegoers, numbed by witnessing the same aesthetic crimes night after night, can develop eyes like that, too. The detective is jaded but vigilant: sometimes a case that looks routine proves to be nothing of the sort.

That tiny spark of alertness, of uncertainty, in Pacino's eyes is the movie's ignition. We're introduced to Keller on his twentieth anniversary on the New York City police force, a day he treats as typical, no big deal: he rounds up some minor offenders, chats indifferently with his colleagues from the precinct house, goes home and gets blind drunk alone, and calls his ex-wife in the wee hours because he's feeling sorry for himself. Not much of a celebration, and we're relieved to discover that the filmmakers aren't throwing any parties for him, either: they don't ask us to believe that he is, or ever was, a hot-shot detective, or that his reason for staying on the force instead of retiring is anything nobler than inertia. He's not especially dedicated to his work; he just can't think of anything else to do. And his personal misery isn't presented as tragic; it's mean and ordinary. He takes pleasure in taunting his ex-wife's new husband, a straight-arrow fellow-cop named Gruber (Richard Jenkins). When Keller and Gruber arrive at the scene of the first of the serial homicides, Keller spends more time trying to provoke his rival than he does gathering evidence. Some crusader for justice: the stiff doesn't interest him at all. Before long, though, the case gets, and keeps, his full attention. When another murder occurs and Keller figures out that the link between the victims is that both men recently placed ads in a personals column, we see the little light go on in his eyes: his low-level professional curiosity is quickened by his private concerns—this is his chance to nose around in the lives of other lonely guys.



It's also, not incidentally, an opportunity to meet some women. He and his new partner, Sherman (John Goodman), have a plan for trapping the killer, who they assume is a woman who answered the victims' ads. They'll run a phony ad, in verse (the form the murderer seems to respond to), arrange dates at O'Neals', and get the women's fingerprints on wineglasses. For the first batch of suspects, Keller plays the SWM—hardly a stretch for him—and Sherman poses as a waiter, scooping up glasses and dropping them delicately into plastic evidence bags. (There's some extra suspense in these scenes: the idea of someone as hefty as Goodman having to negotiate the narrow straits between tables in a Manhattan restaurant is rather frightening.) One of the suspects—Helen, a tough, sexy young woman in a red leather jacket—is so immediately unimpressed by Keller that she doesn't stay even long enough to take a sip of wine. No prints: this one (it's Barkin, of course) can't be eliminated. Inevitably, Keller runs into her again, and this time romantic sparks fly. She spends the night at his

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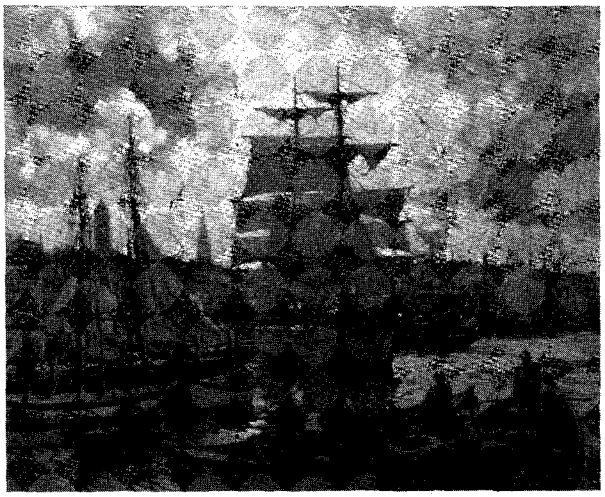

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apartment, and he's so smitten that he passes up his chance to get the goods on her: he looks at the coffee mug she has drunk from, pulls out a plastic bag to put it in, and then decides the hell with it. On the *morning* after a night of exhilarating sex, he really doesn't want to know.

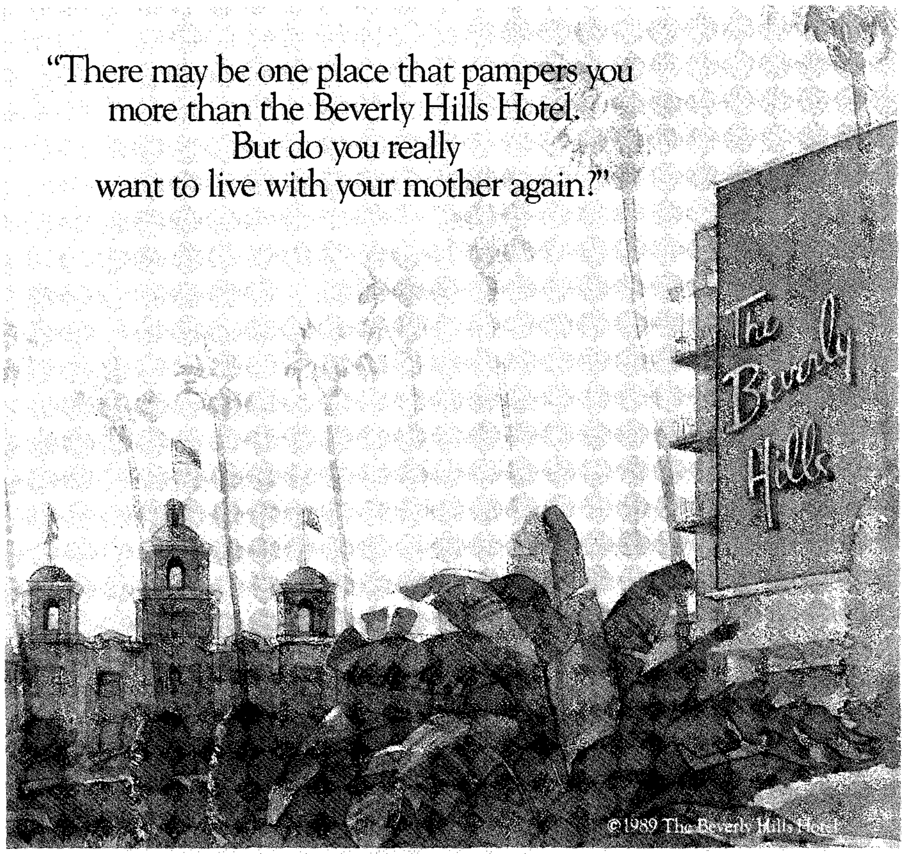
The rest of "Sea of Love" is a series of variations on the push-pull of this first encounter—an elaboration of the twinned processes of courtship and surveillance. This love-as-investigation motif is probably here to stay, now that safe sex requires new sexual partners to question every detail of each other's previous experiences. What's fascinating about this movie is how unsafe the career cop's behavior is—how naked and unprotected he allows himself to be. Keller's willingness to expose himself to peril is clearly a function of despair, yet there's something insanely romantic about it, too. He's being a lousy policeman, and maybe committing suicide, but at the height of his raptures with Helen he's helpless: he *feels so great*—and the feeling is so unaccustomed—that all he can do is try to convince himself that evidence doesn't really matter. In a sense, the movie is an extended improvisation on the ancient theme of love's blindness. Price puts his characters to the test: how will the lovers balance their need for knowledge with their will to remain ignorant? (And there's a side issue, fortunately unexpressed in the script: does Helen wake up in a cold sweat when she realizes what her name would be if she married this guy?)

Pacino is amazing. He has to be. Price's conception of his hero is risky: Keller is, necessarily, in constant danger of seeming tedious or absurd. The role needs a subtle, resourceful actor, and Pacino uses everything we feared he had forgotten during the fourteen years of variously miscalculated (and infrequent) movie performances that followed his extraordinary "Dog Day Afternoon." At his best, in that film and "Serpico" and the "Godfather" movies, he proved himself a master of mood shifts—both the big ones and the almost imperceptible ones—and showed a rare ability to suggest complex emotions by purely physical means. His face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. As Keller, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. In the charged scenes with Barkin, Pacino gets wonderfully dense effects: Keller's fatalism along with vestiges of professional skepticism; his desire to test his capacity for trust along with flashes of paranoia and panic. The actor's abandon precisely matches the character's; it's scary and exciting. Although Pacino isn't quite as combustible as he used to be, the fire is still there. It's a joy to see him redeem himself.

The other actors are in good form, too. Goodman is, as always, vivid and ingratiating in a role that's too small. At one point, he gives a spirited rendition of the title song—an oldie ballad (recorded by Phil Phillips in 1959) that was on the turntable of the first victim—and accompanies it with some of the finest dancing by a fat guy since Ralph Kramden's mambo lesson. William Hickey has a single, brief scene as Pacino's decrepit father: he recites a poem in his weird, cracked voice and leaves a chill behind him. And Barkin has her meatiest role in a while. She's perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire. She can look very soft or very, very hard: the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her, but her presence is so sensual that, finally, it just doesn't seem to care whether she's a heroine or a killer.

"Sea of Love" is consistently entertaining, but in the end it isn't really good enough. Becker's direction, though it's workmanlike and unobtrusive, has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses: a couple of sentimental speeches, some jokes that seem far too pleased with themselves, and a mysterious slackening of inspiration toward the end. The picture never does resolve the tension between its safe, formulaic elements and its more original ones. It likes the idea of romantic recklessness, but it won't give up its professionalism, its habits of respectability. "Sea of Love" lacks that last, deep impulse of daring that B-movies sometimes have (and that early rock and roll had, too), the grungy, bottomed-out state of mind that can take us beyond caution and self-consciousness—from where nothing matters to where everything does.

CHRISTOPHER GUEST'S "The Big Picture" is a distressingly mild satire of Hollywood dealmaking in the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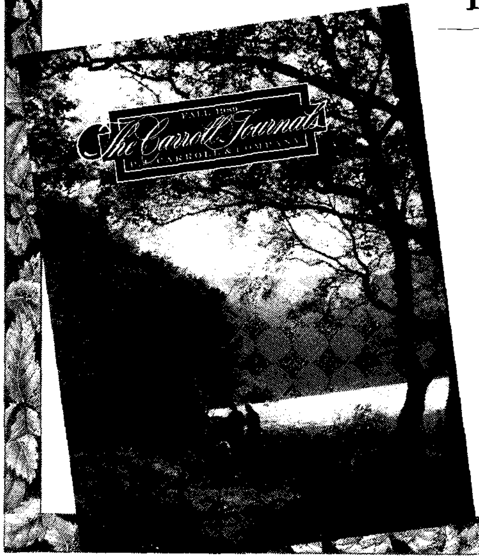

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eighties. It has a handful of funny lines, but they're mostly directed at easy targets. There's one sequence with a brilliant comic idea—the young filmmaker hero, Nick (Kevin Bacon), depressed by his inability to find work, spends an afternoon driving around with his girlfriend and, in the space of a few hours, becomes the hottest property in town, because he's not returning his phone calls—but the scene is clumsily directed, and doesn't develop the momentum it should. Guest and his fellow-screenwriters, Michael Varhol and Michael McKean, frame their jokes about the stupidity of the movie industry with a dreary, predictable plot: Nick makes a student film that gets him a studio deal; he compromises and compromises in his desire for success, becomes an arrogant jerk who abuses his true-blue friends, loses his deal in a corporate reshuffle, learns to be a nice guy again, and finally gets to make his picture, his way. "The Big Picture" wouldn't be worth talking about if it weren't for ten minutes or so of wild, subversive inspiration provided by Martin Short.

Short, who is uncredited, plays the tiny role of Nick's agent, and his scenes just explode: every time he's on the screen, you're on the floor. He's done up in a curly wig, and something inexplicable has happened to his eyes: they slant upward at an alarming angle—he looks as if he'd had plastic surgery done by Doctor Caligari. Everything he says is nonsense, delivered with the slimy intimacy of show-biz patter. His pitch to represent Nick begins, "I'm not going to bullshit you. I don't know *you*, I don't know your *work* . . ." He crosses his eyes and looks serious as he babbles this stuff: he's hopelessly in love with his own sincerity. Later on, trying to impress his client with his diligence, he points to a pile of offered scripts and announces, with genuine pride, "I've read *almost* all of them, *almost* all the way through." Short makes this fast-talking moron absolutely lovable. It's the best work he has done since the great days of SCTV. The blissful idiot's smile that takes over Short's face as he listens to "Blame It on the Bossa Nova" in the car wipes out the memory of his previous, disappointing movie appearances. You've never seen anything like it on the screen or on earth.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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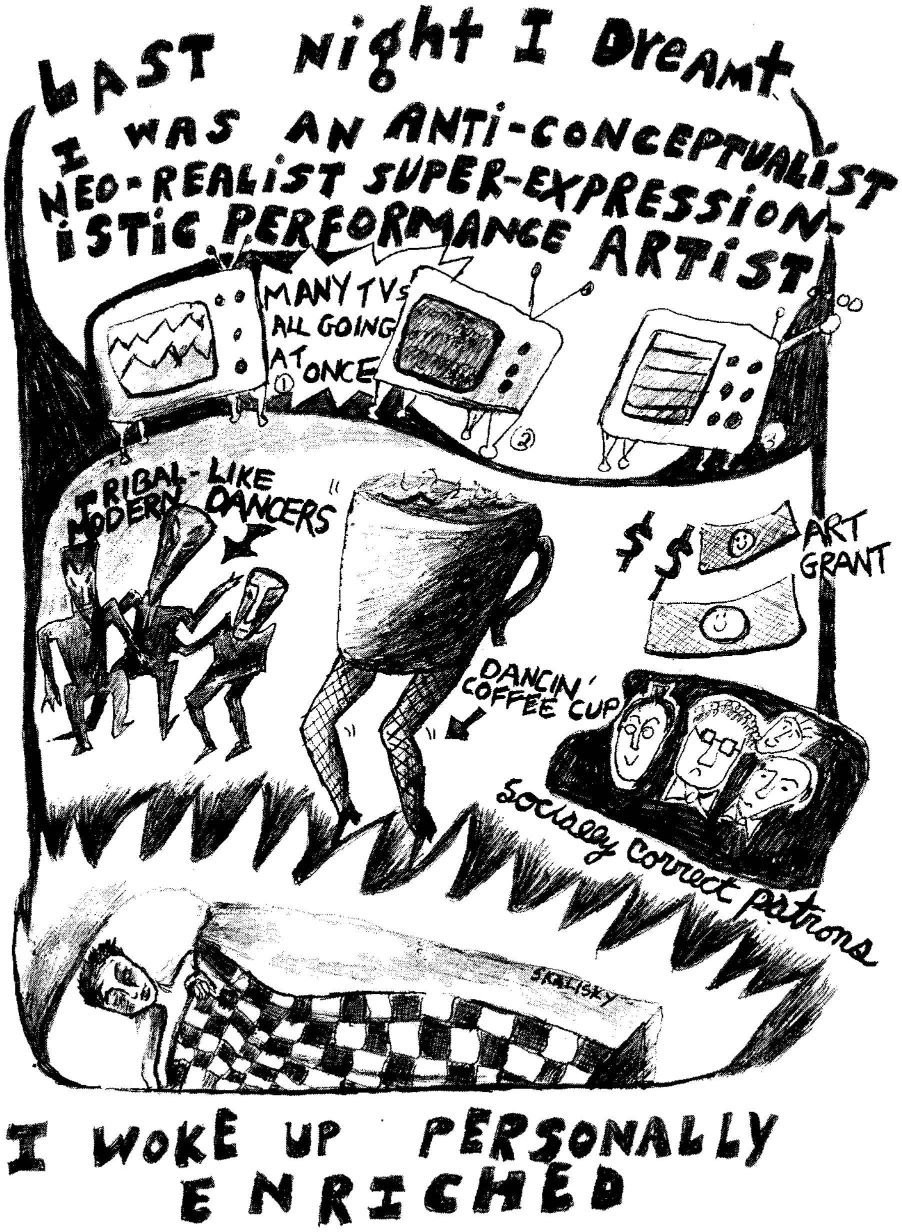
DOWN TOWARD ARKANSAS

IN the heart of the Ozarks, in the southwestern corner of Missouri, is the town of Branson. Branson is bordered by Lake Taneycomo on the east and sits above Table Rock Lake. Because of its proximity to the lakes, it has always been a tourist town. A recent report put out by the Branson/Lakes Area Chamber of Commerce says that Branson has three thousand five hundred residents and attracts two and a half million tourists to the area each year. Before I moved to New York City, in 1980, I spent my life within a forty-five-mile radius of Branson. My dad's family lived in Galena, eighteen miles northwest of Branson, and my mother's family lived in Blue Eye, fourteen miles southwest of Branson, right on the Arkansas border. My family—my mom, my dad, my sister, and I—lived in Springfield, the gateway to the Ozarks, forty miles due north of Branson. Because of the logistics, I spent a lot of time driving through this town.

During most of my childhood, my dad's father was the sheriff of Stone County, which borders Taney County—which includes Branson—on the west. When I was young and met strangers in Branson or in any of the towns close by, they would ask my name and then say, "You related to Sheriff Walker?" I'd tell them he was my grandfather, and they'd say, "Yeah? You should be proud. Your grandfather is a great sheriff and a real ladies' man, too," or they'd get angry and say, "I don't know how he gets elected. He's a cheat and a philanderer."

We had to keep to a tight schedule when my dad took us to Galena to visit my grandfather. First, we would spend time at my granny's. She divorced my grandfather in 1946, while she was pregnant with their ninth child. Then we'd go up the hill from her house to my Aunt Clara's. She wasn't really an aunt, but we called her that, because she was married to and lived with my grandfather. Then we'd drive, sometimes in the sheriff's car, out to a big farm with horses. This was where Pearl lived, my grandfather's mistress. Pearl and Aunt Clara didn't seem to mind sharing my grandfather, but they were always mad at him about the other women he fooled around with. I wasn't allowed to meet the others. When my grandfather died, his funeral was held in the local high-school gymnasium. So many people came that they couldn't fit in the gym and had to wait in the halls and the parking lot. When the service was over and the mourners filed by the open casket, several women fainted.

As a teen-ager, I used to skip school with my friend Wayne and drive to Branson. We'd spend the day walking around the town and through the hills, or hang out by Lake Taneycomo. Even if you were only passing through, being in Branson always felt like a vacation. There were candy-and-ice-cream shops, antique-and-knickknack stores to browse in, sight-seeing helicopters and boat rides, and lots of out-of-towners milling around. A few months ago, I called Wayne long-distance, and he said, "You can't believe how different Branson is—you wouldn't know it. Traffic is bumper-to-bumper all the time, and they've built miniature-golf courses at every turn." Wayne sounded wistful for the old Branson until I said, "Wow, this is great, Wayne. What could be better than more Branson?" When I was young, I missed out on a lot of things Branson offered, because I was either with my parents, who were always in a hur-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ry to get somewhere else, or with friends and we were broke. So last year I went to Branson for my summer vacation.

The first thing I did when I got to Branson was check into the Sammy Lane Resort, a place I had always longed to stay at. The Sammy Lane Resort sits at the end of Main Street, which cuts through the center of town and stops at Lake Taneycomo. The resort has separate cabins near the water, shade trees, outdoor grills, and a big stone-rimmed swimming pool. The girl at the desk told me I could have a room for only two nights, because they were booked solid for the next six weeks. When I got to my cabin, I looked around for the phone and couldn't find it. I walked back to the office, and the girl told me they only had a pay phone. It was near the laundry room. I spent my next two days looking for a hotel with vacancies and with phones in the rooms. I finally checked into the Taney Motel. The lady showed me a room and told me it would be thirty-two dollars a night, but after I told her I had been staying at the Sammy Lane Resort she said I could have it for twenty-eight dollars. She said, "This isn't a dressy place, like the Sammy Lane, but it's clean and it's got a phone in the room, and cable TV, and a swimming pool." The pool was about the size of five bathtubs. It sat beside the parking lot and was bordered by a chain-link fence. My room, which didn't get much light, had painted cement-block walls. The room was so humid that the chairs and the bed always felt damp. But it was next to Skaggs Community Hospital, the place where I was born.

Skaggs Community Hospital, the only hospital within fifty miles, is a brick building about as big as a house in Bel Air. It sits at the top of a hill on old Highway 65, near the Roark Bridge—a concrete bridge that crosses Roark Creek and the Missouri-Pacific Railroad tracks. The hospital looks the same as it did when I was young. One day, I spoke on the phone with a woman named Ionamae Rebenstorf, who was the secretary-treasurer of the White River Valley Historical Society. When I told her I was born in Skaggs, she said, "Well, I'll be. Did you know that Skaggs was founded by the man who owned the Safeway grocery stores? Yes, he didn't live in Branson, but he used to summer here and had a ranch nearby. I believe he told the town that whatever they could raise toward building the hospital he would match. That is a very nice place to have been born." I agreed, without adding that I had always hated the name. To say "Skaggs" when other kids asked where I was born was embarrassing. It took me until I was sixteen to realize that I could just say "Branson" and people would get the idea.

Exactly one year and two days before I was born, my dad was shot outside a bar in Reeds Spring. He was rushed to the Skaggs emergency room. The doctor who delivered me had been one of the first doctors to operate on my dad and help save his life. I never believed these connections were by chance or coincidence. They seemed very cosmic.

IF you look at a map of the Ozarks, you'll see that the townsite of Branson forms the shape of a lounge chair in profile. The back and seat of the chair are what is now referred to as Old Branson—the part bordered by the curving shore of Lake Taneycomo. Where your legs would stretch out on the chair is the new Branson. It begins where Highway 76 heads west from the only four-way stoplight in Old Branson and becomes 76 Country Boulevard, where all the music theatres and entertainment spots are. About five miles later, 76 Country Boulevard becomes Highway 76 again, and the highway winds past Mutton Hollow, Dewey Bald Mountain, and Inspiration Point, on toward Silver Dollar City.

Silver Dollar City is a hillbilly-crafts and olden-days theme park. On the road approaching it are big billboards that say "One Mile Ahead, 100 Years Back" or "You Have a Great Past Ahead of You." Inside the park, you can see a farrier hammering out horseshoes, or watch glassblowers and weavers or people making molasses, lye soap, or candles. Almost every man who works there has a big beard or a handlebar mustache, and the women all wear long dresses, bonnets, and aprons. For thirty years, Silver Dollar City has been one of the major tourist attractions in the whole vicinity, and it's partly responsible for the big buildup in Branson. When I was growing up, going to Silver Dollar City was a special event for me, like

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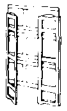

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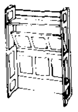

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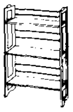

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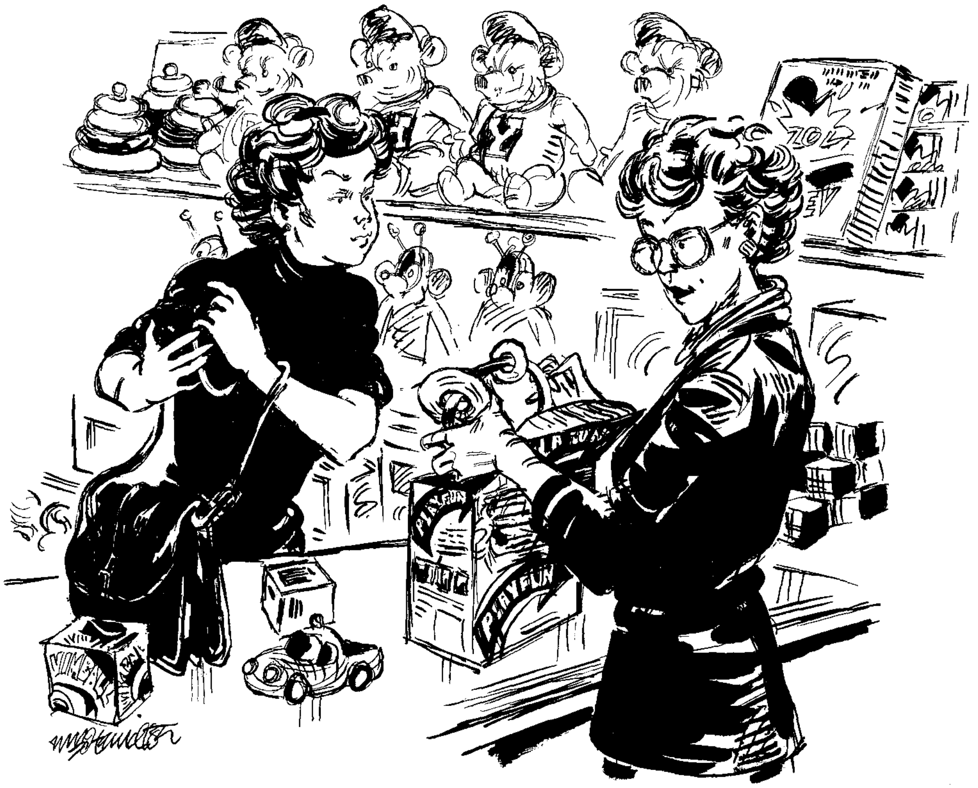

"Two months with this and they blow their preschool entrance exams right out of the water."

Christmas, or watching "The Wizard of Oz" on TV—something that happened only once a year.

Back then, it made me proud to tell friends that my Uncle Perry was a train robber on the Frisco–Silver Dollar Line at Silver Dollar City. The Frisco–Silver Dollar Line was a steam-train ride that wound through the park and the surrounding hills and got stopped by feuding hillbilly families and outlaws. Adults especially liked this ride, because all they had to do was sit down. The only time I ever enjoyed riding the train was when my uncle would hold it up. His job was to ride in on horseback with a band of men and stop the train. Watching him quick-draw his pistol and pretend to loot and terrorize the passengers made me feel I knew a movie star. Afterward, he'd escort me around the city in his bandit's outfit, and women who had been robbed by him earlier would come up to flirt with him.

One of the most popular attractions in Silver Dollar City is Marvel Cave, which has the largest cave entrance room in the United States; in the fifties, weddings and square dances were held there. Before you take the tour, you have to pose for a group picture in case someone gets lost, and the cave guides tell you not to go if you're not in good health. But hardly anyone ever backs out after his picture is taken, so now and then some people have to be carried out of the cave on stretchers. The cave has lots of spiralling passages and special rooms: the Cloud Room, Lost River Canyon, the Egyptian Room, the Gulf of Doom, the Crystal Grotto, the Serpentine Passage, the Mystic Pool, the Elves Chamber, and the Dead Animal Room. Actually, there is no way to see the Dead Animal Room, because nobody knows where it is; you can only read about it in the official guide to Marvel Cave. The guidebook says that in 1885 Truman Powell, an officer of a mining company, claimed to have found a very dry chamber where thousands of prehistoric animals that were perfectly preserved and appeared to be sleeping had crawled to die. The mummified animals included a bobcat, wolves, foxes, panthers, and weasels, but none of them were ever found by anyone else.

In May of 1969, a new ride, the Flooded Mine, was opened at Silver Dollar City. Paul Henning, the creator and producer of "The Beverly Hillbillies," happened to be filming some episodes of the series from Silver Dollar City. He had decided that this was where the Hillbillies' home town of Bugtussle was situated. One day, the Beverly Hillbillies were scheduled to mingle with the public, and my dad took my sister, my cousins, and me out of school to see them. People lined the streets of Silver Dollar City to have their picture taken next to the Hillbilly of their choice. I had my picture taken with Jethro, and afterward I stood by my dad while he spoke with a man who was waiting for his wife to get her picture taken with Jethro. They were talking about how embarrassing it was for Jethro to be still pretending he was twenty on TV, when he was clearly in his thirties. Then they went on about how it was a shame that someone could make so much money by acting so dumb. As I listened to them, I wished I had had my picture taken with Granny instead.

Later that day, my cousin Tracy and I took off for the Flooded Mine, where you rode small boats through a cave filled with skeletons, dead bodies, and convict miners looking for silver. Instead of animated dummies, there were real guys dressed up like the escaped cons. They sat on rocks, and as the boats floated by they jumped out and yelled threats until you screamed. The third time Tracy and I went through, some of the boys jumped in our boat and kissed us. We went back thirteen times in a row.

BRANSON has always tried to find gimmicks to attract tourists, such as bringing the Beverly Hillbillies to Silver Dollar City, because the tourist industry is the area's only real source of income. The land in and around Branson is mostly rock and limestone, not good for farming, and though the lakes are popular with visitors from nearby, there isn't much money to be made from people hanging out on the water all day.

Since the Ozark Mountains are the birthplace of the hillbilly, Branson chose to capitalize on hillbilly folklore. A common postcard you might send from Branson is a staged photograph of a hillbilly girl marrying a city slicker. The girl's pa stands beside the city slicker with a shotgun jabbed in his back, and nearby are an old hunting dog and a jug of moonshine. At the top of the card, white letters announce "Hillbilly Weddin'." There are also plenty of postcards with sexy Daisy Mae girls on them or pictures of out-houses or of grannies behind a plow while their no-account husbands are passed out under a tree. The locals hate the stereotype, and say the thing that makes them maddest is tourists asking where the real hillbillies are.

Growing up, I never felt like a hillbilly, but people I met from bigger cities, like St. Louis or Chicago or Kansas City, sometimes called me one. My mother's parents, who lived in Blue Eye, didn't have indoor plumbing until I was seven. They did laundry with two wringer washers set up in the yard or on the back porch. One of the washers was filled with bluing and the other with clear rinse water. And they used an outhouse. I never thought it was a hillbilly outhouse, though, because there was no half-moon carved in the door.

Today, all the travel brochures, the flyers for the music shows, and the restaurant ads make the point that Branson is the perfect place to bring the family—a place where your kids can be safe, and not get corrupted. Supposedly, protecting the family is one of the ties that bind Ozarkians together. After the Civil War, when Missouri was in a state of lawlessness, a vigilante group was organized in Taney County for protection against murderers and thieves. The members wore horned masks and met on treeless hilltops called bald knobs. They became known as the Bald Knobbers, and they would kill a man who wronged a decent family, and were said to beat or kill men who were not decent to their own families. If the man was a drinker and carouser, a bundle of sticks would be left on his doorstep as a warning.

According to family legend, my great-grandfather on my mom's side was killed by Bald Knobbers in a land feud. It was one of my grandfather's favorite things to recall, and to whoever would listen he'd always tell it the same way: "We were living on the old farm near Blue Eye, which sat back off old Highway 13, about twenty-two miles from Branson. The Jones brothers, who were what was left of the Bald Knobbers in those parts, had been fighting us over where to put our fence. Mom and Dad had been out working and had come back late, just after dark. They were riding what was called a Springfield wagon, which is an old flatbed. My dad got off the wagon to unhitch the gate. I heard Mom screaming and ran out of the house just as the Knobbers jumped Dad and sliced open his head with a corn knife. A corn knife has a big machete blade—you need a big blade to cut corn. Mom took off toward the highway, ran about a mile for help. I was eleven years old, and I saw my own dad's brains lying by the fence, but I somehow got him back to the house. He lay there for two days before he died. And that's how your Bald Knobbers operated."

Power eventually seduced the Bald Knobbers, until they became criminals themselves, killing for land and money and bloodthirst. They were brought to justice, but it took a long time, because everyone thought the Bald Knobbers were so family-oriented. These days, the Bald Knobbers are a music show. It was the first in the area, and it paved the way for all the music shows that came later. When Branson was still a little resort town, the Baldknobbers Hillbilly Jamboree consisted of four brothers—Bill, Jim, Bob, and Lyle Mabe. They wore overalls and played a washboard, a washtub bass, a banjo, a Dobro, and a jawbone and told hillbilly jokes in a pavilion on the lakefront. When I was young, it was confusing to me that these Baldknobbers were not the same ones I had always heard had nearly decapitated my great-grandfather. Now the Baldknobbers Hillbilly Jamboree is a big local business. Though only Bill and Jim still perform, there are lots of other relatives who work for the show and are on the payroll. They have a red theatre that can seat seventeen hundred people, and, it sells out most nights during June, July, and August. They also have a restaurant, a gift shop, and a motor inn.

While I was in Branson last summer, I got a chance to meet Lyle Mabe, one of the original Baldknobbers. During the summer months, he lives in a trailer parked behind the theatre. The trailer sits on a flat hilltop, with no trees or grass around it. The day Lyle invited me to visit, it was over a hundred degrees, and he was sitting inside the trailer, in a La-Z-Boy next to the air-conditioner. His wife, Betty, stood behind the kitchen counter. She looked a few years younger than Lyle—somewhere in her forties. She had short,

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frosted hair, and might have been called petite. Betty asked if I'd like some lemonade, and, visualizing something homemade and frosty and served in Depressionware, I said yes. She poured some Crystal Light lemonade into a colored plastic glass and said, "It's pretty good. I'm trying to lose weight."

Betty went into a bedroom and brought back some early Baldknobber photographs. While I looked at a picture of a white stucco skating rink, Lyle said, "That was the first place we played."

Betty said, "Back then, there was Bob-a-Link, Droopy Drawers, Chick-o-Boo—he's dead from a car wreck—Wee Willie, and Little Jewell. She was nine years old."

I asked Lyle which one he was.

Betty answered, "He was George Aggernite."

When I knew I was going to meet Lyle Mabe, I had no idea he was George Aggernite. In Springfield, George Aggernite was famous for the Empire Gas commercials he did on TV. He was the picture of a hillbilly—skinny, with baggy overalls and a blacked-out tooth. The name Aggernite was a symbol for hickness throughout the Empire Gas region.

Lyle's face and stomach are fuller now, and he has salt-and-pepper hair that looks permed.

Betty said, "Tell her about the overalls."

"What about the overalls?" Lyle asked.

"You know, how you got your overalls."

"You can tell her." He shrugged.

Betty said, "We knew a big ol' farmer in Highlandville who wore a size 48, and when he'd wear out a pair of his workin' overalls he'd box 'em up and send 'em to Lyle."

"That's the truth," Lyle said. "I had one brand-new pair of overalls in twenty-six years. Isn't that something? For all your work, only one new pair of overalls."

"So how come you finally got new ones?" I asked.

"Oh, 'cause the farmer died," Betty said. "We didn't know anyone else that big."

We looked through some more pictures, and Lyle said, "These were from a long time ago. Way back—guess it was '67 or '68—the strip was the boondocks. No one came through here except to get to Silver Dollar City. And you probably remember that there was nothing then between Old Branson and Silver Dollar City. Just hills and a couple of antique outposts. People thought it was a feeble idea to start up a place here. But we did it, and you know how it is when people see you making money. They all want a piece of the cake. So other shows moved into the area. It's only been in the last five years that the strip has been built up, and now there's at least fifteen or eighteen shows around."

I asked Lyle if he went to a lot of the shows.

"We have only one night off, and those nights you hate to go to a show," he said. "I haven't seen another show in several years."

Probably another reason Lyle doesn't go to the shows is that they're all pretty similar to his. They have at least one hillbilly character who is missing a couple of teeth, wears goofy clothes, scratches his head when required to think, and tells outhouse jokes. The jokes have to be just the right degree of dirtiness, though, or the audience gets offended. When Tammy Wynette played at the Roy Clark Celebrity Theatre and introduced her band, she walked over to one of the boys and said, "They never get enough praise." The musician said, "Or money!" Tammy grinned, then tried to look mad as she shoved him back in place. He stuttered, "I just th . . . thought I'd s . . . stick that in there." Tammy said, "I know a better place you can stick it." There was a loud hush through the audience.

In May, 1987, Boxcar Willie, the World's Favorite Hobo, opened his music show on the strip. This show, along with the ones at Roy Clark's, is considered a little more Nashville than many of the others because Boxcar Willie, Roy Clark, and the guests who star at Roy Clark's are as famous in Nashville as they are in Branson. On one wall of the lobby in the Boxcar Willie Theatre are hundreds of snapshots of Boxcar and other famous people: Boxcar huddling with George Bush, singing with George Jones, standing next to Charlie Daniels, clowning with Jerry Clower, standing next to Loni Anderson. At the souvenir counter in the lobby, you can buy a thirty-two-dollar video of Boxcar and other country greats, half-price eight-track tapes, train whistles, a Boxcar souvenir magazine, and Boxcar coloring books—you get a set of crayons free. During his show, Boxcar makes an announcement about all the stuff he has for sale: "Everything but the little binoculars is made right here in the United States of America. I don't know about you, but I'm tired of sending money over there. Hell, we don't have to drop a bomb on 'em, just quit buying their goods. I get sick every time I see a Honda go down the road, especially when they close down another General Motors plant. Well, I'll quit harpin' on it, but I can't help it—it makes me sick." He makes an expression as if he'd swallowed cod-liver oil.

I went to a matinée at the theatre, and sitting next to me, from Paragould, Arkansas, were Barbara McCrory and her granddaughter Jeani Mathis. They introduced themselves to me at the beginning of the show. Jeani, who was thirteen, was the Harvest Queen in Paragould. Barbara told me that they come to Branson once or twice a year to see a few shows, and that the Presley's Mountain Music Jubilee is their favorite. This was the first time they had seen Boxcar Willie. All through the show, Barbara and Jeani flashed me "Oh, brother!" looks. And at one point Barbara whispered to me, "I think Boxcar is kind of a snob. His music is O.K., but I don't believe I'd recommend his show to anyone else."

A few days later, I met Boxcar in his dressing room. Boxcar is a heavyset man with silver hair. He wears trainman's overalls and a hobo hat that has souvenir pins all over it. His mustache and seven-day stubble are perfectly manicured.

His wife came to the doorway of the dressing room, and Boxcar introduced her as Miz Box. She smiled uncomfortably and told him he had a phone call. As Miz Box shut the door, Boxcar said, "She's the best—she's the always-been-there type. Believed in me one hundred per cent. If I told her it was gonna rain, she'd get an umbrella."

Boxcar took his phone call, and while he was talking I read the sixteen-page Boxcar Willie souvenir book, which I'd bought for five dollars. It said that Boxcar was a C5 Air Force Flight Engineer who had logged ten thousand hours of flight time, that Boxcar's first TV record sold over three million copies, that he's famous in England, that he has his name and a bronze star in the Country Music Hall of Fame's Walkway of the Stars, that he is the sixtieth member of the Grand Ole Opry, and that he's been in movies.

When Boxcar got off the phone, I asked him about his movies. He said, "You know 'Sweet Dreams'? I was the man in jail with Ed Harris. I turned down 'Raising Arizona' and a role in 'Tender Mercies.' I don't like doing the movies. I been asked to do the lead in a Broadway play—twenty thousand dollars a week. I could sell this theatre tomorrow and go to New York and get a play. But I don't like New York. We went to New York, me and Lloene—that's Miz Box. We wanted out of that town fast. We grabbed a cab, and traffic was bad, so I told the driver to just let us out, and he said, 'You can't get out here—this is the Lincoln Tunnel.' I said, 'I don't care, man, we're getting the hell out of here.' " The whole time Boxcar was talking to me, he waved a flyswatter around. "When we got out, I bet we stepped over a hundred drunks. There was some gang on a street corner. Hell, me in my big white hat, I looked like John Wayne. Lloene was wearing her diamond rings, and I told her to turn those rocks around and we hightailed it." Boxcar laughed and stuck the handle of the flyswatter in his shoe. He sighed as he flipped the swatter part back and forth. "Tommy Lee Jones is my cousin. You know my song 'Hey Hey Sobrino'? That's about Tommy Lee's dad. His daddy and me favor a whole lot."

A pizza that Boxcar had ordered earlier was delivered. He separated the slices and said, "You know, I picked the hobo for identity, but let me tell you, there's a big difference between hoboes and bums. Those folks I saw on the sidewalks of New York are bums. Hoboes were just transient workers—we have them today, even. Bums make me mad, there's so many of them strangling up this country. There are plenty of jobs out there if people just want to work, but they'd rather be on welfare." Boxcar's face got redder as he became agitated. "Just like down here in Branson—plenty of jobs, but the people would rather get a check from the government."

I said that some local people had told

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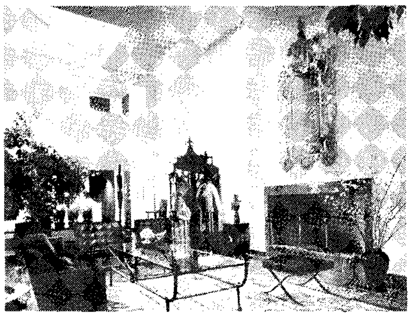

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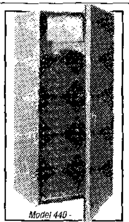

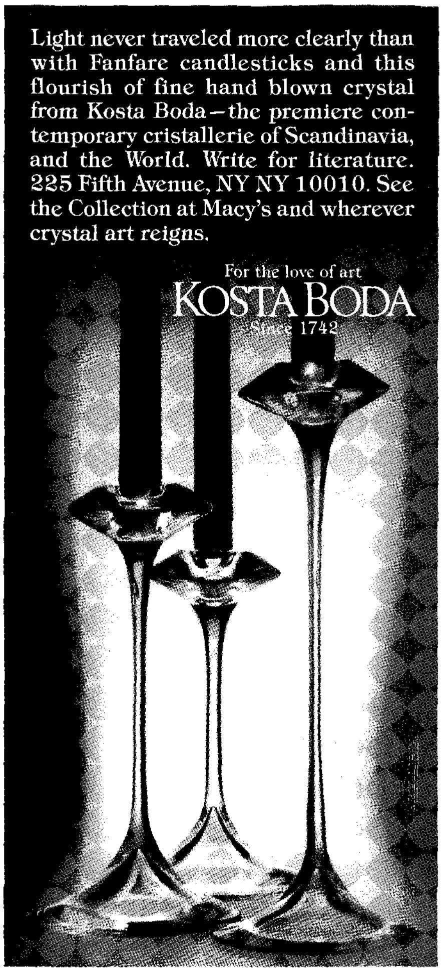

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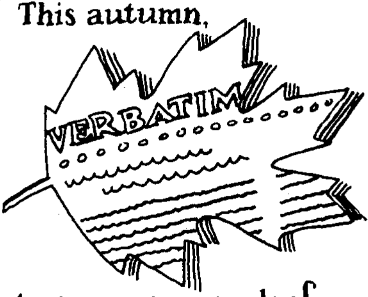

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me that even though there were a lot of jobs for maids or waitresses none of them paid more than the minimum wage and that it was hard to support a family on that kind of money.

Boxcar looked at me. "What would you rather have?" he said. "A paycheck from an honest day's work or a check that someone else had to work for?"

I was going to say that maybe it wasn't that simple, but I got scared, so I just smiled and said, "Yeah."

WHEN I was young, my dad used to take me with him to pool halls. I'd sit at the bar drinking Shirley Temples and eating Slim Jims while my dad played pool. Lu Rye reminded me of the women who tended bar in places like that. They were weathered and tough but would slide you quarters from their tips so you could play the jukebox.

I met Lu Rye at a yard sale she was having. Lu lived a mile and a half from Branson, in Hollister, Missouri. This town is referred to as historical Hollister, because its main strip, which is about a block long, has only old Tudor-style buildings. She sat on her porch step smoking Kools as I looked through the things she had for sale. "My house here was originally a filling station," she said. "This road was the main highway at one time. I moved here from Indiana ten years ago. When I first moved here, I managed a bar. Then I worked in another bar. I worked at the Rustic Oak Motor Inn, and now I work at the Three Bears Motel. Today's the first day I've had off in nine weeks. Everyone calls me Mama Lu—that's because I've been a friend to a lot of kids. I had three sons die. My ten-year-old of polio. My twelve-year-old crushed under a tractor. My only living son, Carl, was crushed under the tractor, too, and had a fifty-fifty chance of living. He did, thank God. My adopted boy got shot in Vietnam. But you just go on, don't you? I would work with kids in Branson, but I can't handle the heartache anymore. These days, I take care of stray dogs and cats. That's my dog Frank—I named him Frank because he's got those blue, blue eyes. He's my buddy now."

Lu's son, Carl Utter, came out of the house after a while. He was wearing a white T-shirt, old jeans, and thick-lensed wire-rimmed glasses. Carl had a beard, and his hair was long and tied back in a ponytail. He looked to be around forty. Lu told him that I was from Branson, and that this was my first time back in a long while. He asked what I thought about the changes in town, and then said, "Used to take three and a half minutes to drive the strip, and now it takes hours if you try during show times. One year, traffic was backed up all the way to Silver Dollar City when a truck lost a load of tacks. That was the best. There were flat tires all over the place. Branson is afraid to build more roads, because it will take the tourists away from the stores."

I told Carl about meeting Lyle Mabe and Boxcar Willie. Carl made himself comfortable on one of the picnic benches in the yard and said, "You couldn't count the insides of the musicians' buses I've seen down here. I took a famous bunch of guys— I don't feel free to reveal who, but we all went out on our scooters for three days. I'm an old biker. Well, it was just like being with anyone—we had a good ol' time. Now, let me tell you about Branson, stuff like you won't hear from the money-makers. This is a place that says, 'Screw the locals.' You can't get welfare or unemployment, 'cause you get at least six months' work a year. There are no unions here. I work at the car wash only because it's year-round work. They want the tourist to think this place is just family and Jesus and blue skies, but let me just say that still waters run deep, they run deep. I had to wear a .45 when I worked at the Ozark Family Restaurant, to keep certain undesirables away. I can't really say more than that, except beware of still waters."

THE Lake Queen is an old-time riverboat that offers peaceful, scenic cruises on Lake Taneycomo several times a day. The lake is narrow and winding, like a river. On one side are high bluffs, and the other side is flat ground, with hotels, cabins, and resorts on it. Some of them look new and expensive; others are rough, scroungy, and forbidding. These are places frequented mostly by fishermen; upon checking in at one of them, you can receive a free jar of salmon eggs if you present an ad from the local paper. The afternoon I rode the Lake Queen, Clifford Bilyeu, the captain, was our guide. As we floated down the lake, he said, "Look up yonder, everyone. Now you'll see some of those hillbilly shacks you hear so much about." Along the bluffs were modern lakefront homes with patios sticking out over the water.

I asked Clifford if I could stand in the cabin with him while he steered. He said, "Come right on in." Clifford wears a captain's hat and a riverboat jacket and would look like a department-store Santa if he had the beard and mustache. A misty rain had started, and as Clifford stared out over the water he talked about Branson and the surrounding area, where he'd lived his whole life. He said, "I've been driving the Queen since August 29, 1959. I've seen a lot of changes in Branson, but that's just life. It's O.K. with me. Used to, when I was a boy, there was a house on every spring. Not anymore. When this was a warm-water lake, it was best for bass, catfish, and crappie, but since they built the dam, in 1958, the water comes out at about forty to forty-five degrees. Too cold for those fish. Now it's mostly a trout lake. See over there? That's Bee Creek. Sometimes I tease people and tell them there's a nudist colony there. I love my work, and I love people. I meet people from all over this way. I even met people from Norway."

I asked Clifford if he knew Randy Gage. Randy Gage's sister had gone to elementary school with me in Springfield. When we were in the third grade, she moved to Branson, where her dad had bought a hotel and restaurant. They had one of the first places on Highway 76. I had been dropping the Gages' name to everyone I met, so people wouldn't think I was a total outsider, but so far no one had known him.

Clifford said, "Yeah, I know him. Randy Gage killed my cousin and shot my cousin's sister twice." As we were getting off the boat, Clifford introduced me to another guide, Millard J. Puckett. Clifford said, "This little lady lives in New York City. She knows Randy Gage." I tried to make it clear that I didn't really know Randy Gage, I only knew his sister. But from Mr. Puckett's expression I could see that any explanation would be too late.

When you ride the Lake Queen, one of the sights of interest is Janet Dailey's house. Janet Dailey is a best-selling romance writer who settled in Branson with her husband, Bill, and opened the Wildwood Flower, a res-

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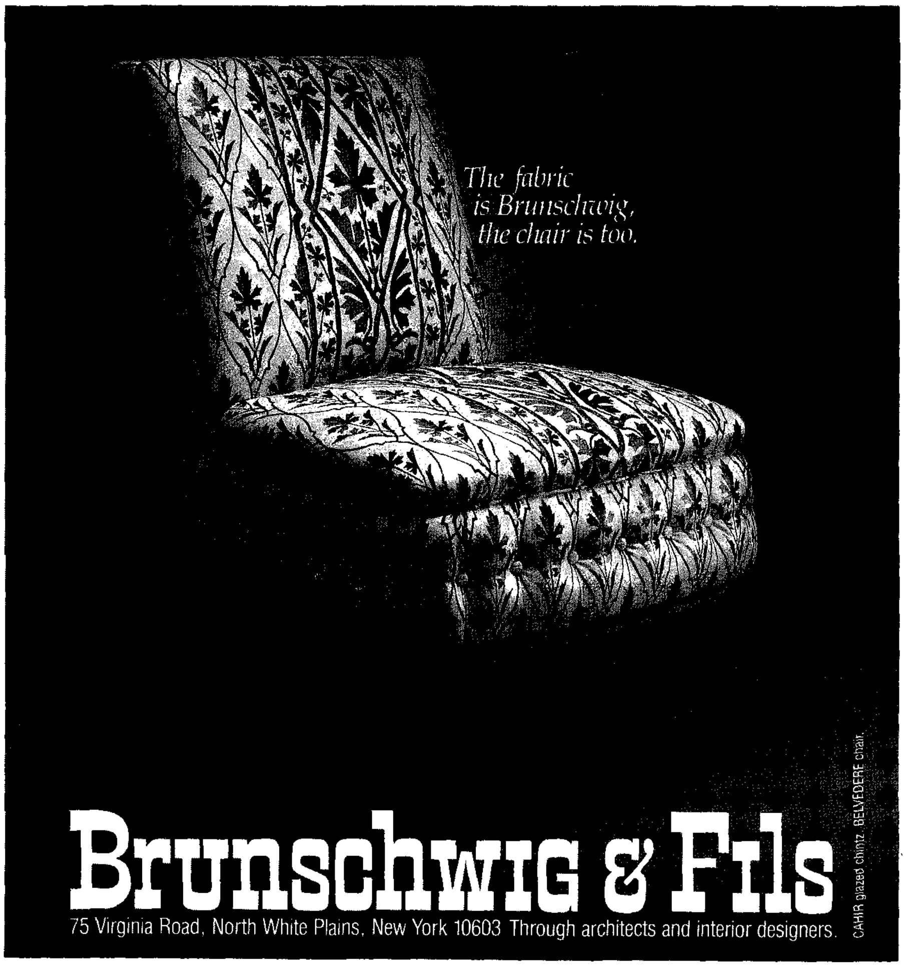

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taurant and lounge, and a music show called Country Music World. To describe Branson, she wrote in the New York *Times*, "This is an unspoiled region of hills and hollows, greened with forests of oak and cedar and interwoven with springfed creeks that flow into rivers and lakes. . . . And always you have the Scottish-like mists that come when they choose and settle onto the spiny-boned ridges and drift into the long hollows, silvering the land in a gossamer cloud."

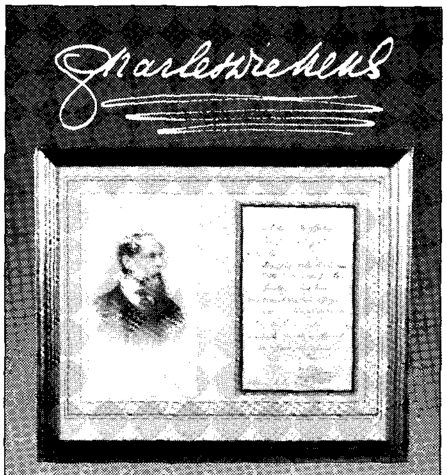
Wherever you go in Branson, people ask, "You know Janet Dailey? She's sold more books than anyone in the world." Or "Have you been to the Wildwood? It's Janet Dailey's place. She's a famous writer." Or "Have you read 'Heiress'? It's Janet Dailey's new book." If you say that you haven't read it, or that you have never even heard of Janet Dailey, these people will look at you with pity.

Branson claims to be the home of many of the world's—or, at least, the country's—most famous things. Waltzing Waters, the World's Most Spectacular Man-Made Scenery, is in Branson. In the Waltzing Waters theatre, you watch water shoot from sprinklers for forty minutes. A voice over the loudspeaker tells you to prepare yourself for the most amazing liquid-fireworks display in the world. Different-colored lights shine on the water as it arcs, sways, and spurts up to music from shows like "Oklahoma" and "My Fair Lady," and a patriotic medley called "High on America." The flyer for Waltzing Waters says, "Teenagers cheer . . . and toddlers are spellbound. Skeptics say 'It can't be water' . . . Lovers relax and dream. Some folks sing along. . . . And grown men have been known to cry."

Branson is also the setting of what many Bransonites say is one of America's most widely read novels, "The Shepherd of the Hills," by Harold Bell Wright. I used to think that "The Shepherd of the Hills" was the most famous book in the world—as famous as the Bible—even though I had met only a few people who had ever read it. The story is set at Inspiration Point, the second-highest point in Missouri, off Highway 76, and at an outdoor theatre there now the tale is elaborately enacted every night from May to October. "The Shepherd of the Hills" is about a city preacher who retires to the country and becomes involved with a family. Eventually, he finds out the family is connected to the past he wanted to forget. It's a preachy story, but there are Bald Knobbers, ghosts, and a fake dead panther thrown in for excitement. If you ask people who have seen the play how it was, they will say things like "The pageantry is spectacular," "They burn a real cabin down with real fire," "It's the pageantry that makes it awesome," "They use real horses and sheep, and there are some good fight scenes," and "It's not just a play, it's a pageant."

Right outside Branson is the School of the Ozarks, a Christian college, where the students work for their tuition and room and board, and on campus is the Ralph Foster Museum, which houses the original Beverly Hillbillies jalopy. When I was a kid, the most exciting exhibit there was the two-headed calf. Last summer, the calf was not in its usual place, and I walked all through the museum looking for it. Past the Ozark Mountain Music Pioneers Hall of Fame. Past the stuffed animals—polar bears, hundreds of birds, a lion, a leopard, two jaguars. Past a cabinet filled with rare plates for serving oysters. Past a big jar of pickled leeches. Finally, I asked a student worker where the two-headed calf was. She said, "Well, it's kind of damaged. I don't think it'll be out anytime soon." I told her that I was really disappointed—that the calf used to be my favorite thing to see. She looked at me sympathetically and said, "Well, I'll tell you the truth, then. Some of the board members thought it turned the museum into a sideshow. You're lucky you got to see it. These kids here today, they'll probably never get to see what a two-headed calf looks like."

A special display in the museum is a tribute to the world-famous artist Rose O'Neill, who was the creator of the Kewpie doll. A typewritten card underneath photographs of Rose standing in a yard and sitting in a Paris artist's studio says that in April there is an annual Kewpiesta, which brings hundreds of members of the International Rose O'Neill Club to Branson. It adds that Rose lived in New York City for a while and had a house on Washington Square, and possibly inspired the song "Rose of Washington Square." Local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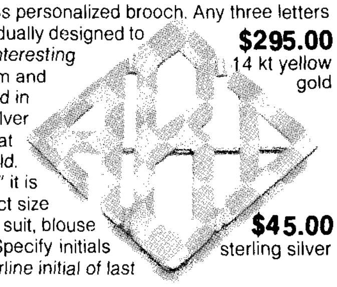
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legend has it that Rose is also famous for being the first lady in the Ozarks to wear riding pants. The school's restaurant, the Rose O'Neill Tea Room, is decorated with Kewpies, and little Kewpies are printed all over the menus.

Another of my favorite things in Branson was Long's Wax Museum, which used to sit off Highway 65. Usually only one car, belonging to whoever was working there, was parked in the gravel lot. Now the Wax Museum is on the strip, and, like the rest of Branson, it's new and improved. But it still has the same firetrap feel. The museum is a bunch of trailers linked together. Behind glass windows are wax likenesses of movie stars, monsters, politicians, and religious figures which look as if they were all made from the same mold. Outside each window is a typed square of paper telling who it is you're seeing and what he or she has done. The note beside Hitler reads, "Adolph Hitler committed suicide in his private bunker at Berlin just before the fall of the city. His body was burned by Nazi faithfuls—so it was reported by captured Nazi officials. THERE IS NO DOUBT TO ITS *TRUTH*." One display has Jean Harlow and W. C. Fields driving a 1923 Dodge. Jean is smiling even though they've just hit a wax guy on a motorcycle, whose bloody body is lying in front of the car. Also re-created in wax are "The World's Greatest Lovers," Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Then, there is Mark Twain. If you push the button that says "Push this button," Mark Twain rocks in his chair. If you push the button beside Elvis, he sings "Hound Dog." If you push the button next to the Incredible Hulk, he turns into Bill Bixby, or vice versa.

The day I was there, a boy was reading the information card for the "Moses at Mt. Sinai" exhibit out loud to his mother. As I walked by, I heard the mother say, "I really couldn't tell you if it looks like him, Son. We weren't alive at the same time." At the Lincoln, Mary Todd Lincoln, and John Wilkes Booth window, a man and wife were moving around in front of the window to see the wax dummies from different angles. The woman said, "Who was that Mary Todd? His wife?"

"His wife," the man said.

"Why'd they shoot him at a play?"

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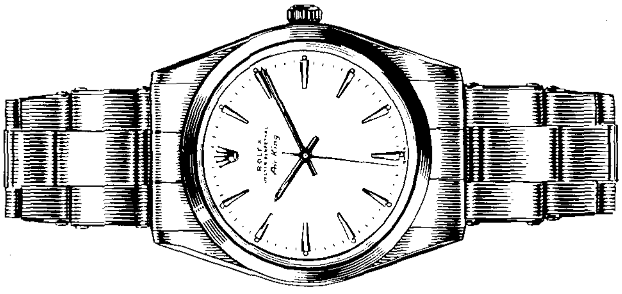

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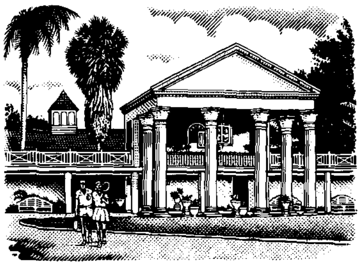

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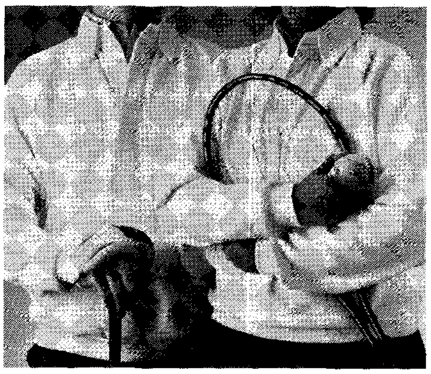
"I don't know. But look at that hairline—that looks just like him."

The wife said, "Then I guess that's what Mary Todd looks like."

LITTLE PETE's has been in the same place for almost twenty-five years. I always wanted to stop there when I was a kid, because out front was a sign that advertised "HOME MADE PIES." Little Pete's is almost at the end of the strip, just before "The Shepherd of the Hills." It's a square white clapboard building with a gravel lot and a sign in the window. Most of the time the sign says "CLOSED," but early one morning I found the place open and went in for breakfast. As the owner, Emma Coody, cooked hash browns for me, I told her that when I was young her diner used to be one of the places I liked best, even though I'd never eaten there. Emma served me the hash browns and sat at one of her six Formica tables and talked with me. The only other customers in the place were two men, and as they left one of them tipped his hat and said goodbye to us. The girl who had been helping at the counter walked over and said, "Emma, that was Mel Tillis—he's famous. That was him and his brother. They asked me to go dancing at the Blue Bayou tonight. I told them I could only consider an invitation like that if I didn't have to work tomorrow."

Emma ignored her and went on talking to me. "I'll always keep this place, so I can come out here and cook when I want," she said. "I'll open up sometimes if I can't sleep, four or five in the morning, and I'll serve biscuits and gravy. I'm getting tired, though, and I'd like to get away from working, but you can't find anyone to do it for you. I know people here that are so lazy that if they got hungry they'd eat their tongues out before they'd work. Fifteen years ago, my husband was shot and killed, and they found his body in a dump. He had been robbed of everything that was on him. Is that a shame? There are bad people out there, and I just ask the Lord for his help. The Lord gave me two good sons. My one son, Shelby, helped build John Glenn's space capsule. My other son lives in California and is very successful, too. I've tried to read the paper to keep up with the times. I think one day it won't get any worse, and the next day it's worse. Prices always going up. I believe I will be alive to see the end of the



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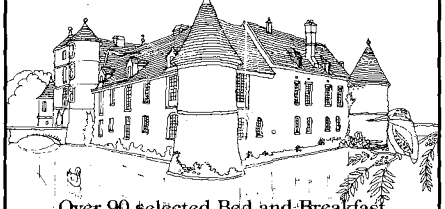

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world. I saw the boom coming to this town and I see it going, and I most certainly imagine I will see the same thing happen to this world before I die, and I am eighty-five years old."

There are those in Branson who say that Emma Coody is one of the richest people in town. In 1928, she bought eighty acres of land near Little Pete's for eighty dollars an acre; today she says it's worth twenty-four hundred dollars a square foot. Emma lives in a small trailer behind her diner. She says she has always lived humbly, leasing tiny bits of property as she needed the money.

THE year I graduated from high school, Cowboy Gary Evans was my boyfriend. At the time, he was referred to as Spock. He wore tie-dyed T-shirts and baggy Levi's, he had a ponytail, and he drove an orange Volkswagen. His dream was to have a fish farm. Now Gary is in his thirties. He wears pearl-button shirts with his Levi's, and always sports a cowboy hat. He still lives in Springfield, but spends a lot of time fishing around the Branson area. Gary got nicknamed Cowboy partly because of his hat but mostly because of the way he treats his boat. About fishing in Branson he says, "You've got Beaver Lake, Table Rock Lake, Bull Shoals, Norfolk, and Taneycomo. Taneycomo drops down into Bull Shoals, by the Powersite Dam—that's where the pothole is, and you can catch some big fish there. A guy caught the new state-record walleye at the pothole. The water in the Ozark highlands is real deep and steep and crystal clear. In some parts you can see about twelve feet down in the fall. That's when I fish for bass—largemouth and smallmouth. I don't do trout fishing, even though that's what Taneycomo has been stocked with since they built the dam. Trout is more an L. L. Bean fish—they aren't native around here. Trout fishing is kind of a sportsman's sport—not like other fishing, where there's just a bunch of bums out on the lake. To me, trout is a glorified perch. They're greasy. I don't know why people are so crazy about them. Ernest Hemingway, I guess.

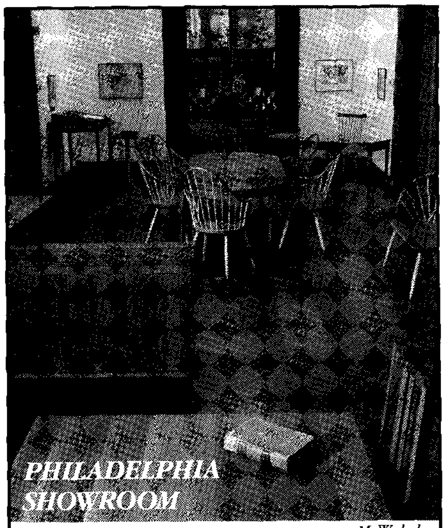
"It gets real crowded down at Branson in the summer, and it's not fun to be there. One day, I was driving the strip and I got behind a school of mullet in white sunglasses going west. Mullets are tourists. The mullet is the dumbest fish in the ocean. Mullets crawl around on the bottom and eat any garbage they can get."

All the jobs Gary has had have been sales-related. He recently sold Rainbow Vacuums, which, he said, made all other vacuums look like rakes. He sold so many vacuum cleaners he won trips to five-star resorts in Orlando, Florida; Traverse City, Michigan; and Phoenix, Arizona. Now Gary says that he is a man of independent means. He trades commodities, and plans to open a guide service on a lake soon. He also considers himself a history buff. He says, "Ozarkians like their history to be riveting. If one story is lacking, you take the good part out of another and tack it on." Gary spends lots of his free time talking with local old-timers or doing research in the libraries. He told me there had never been a murder conviction in Taney County, and added, "Most killings have a reason, and if they don't get interfered with eventually the bad wipe out the bad. It's called hillbilly justice, and I can give you plenty of examples that show how effectively it works."

Gary told me stories about how Alf Bolin, a bushwhacker who robbed and raped, and murdered for no apparent reason, got his head chopped off by do-gooders during the Civil War. They carried the head in a gunnysack to the town of Ozark and stuck it on a pole, and the townspeople threw rocks at it for days. He said that around the same time seven thieves and rabble-rousers were killed and their bodies were left by a pond, and it got named Ghost Pond, because the murdered vandals haunted it and still do to this day.

Gary said that the last of the Bald Knobbers were hanged in Ozark in 1889 by a sheriff who had never hanged anyone before. The sheriff messed up—he dropped two of the Bald Knobbers too far the first time, and had to rehang them. Gary told me that he believed that Bonnie and Clyde had robbed the Piggly Wiggly in Branson, but that he hadn't been able to find any verification of it. He said he did know that Piggly Wigglys were favorite targets of Bonnie and Clyde.

Then Gary told me about modern crimes. He said that there are a lot of renegades and feuding families in and around Branson. Extended families—grandpas, cousins, kissing cousins—are always killing and maiming each



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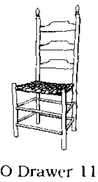

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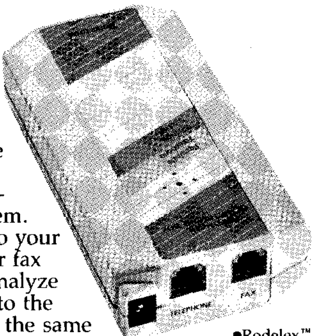

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other. He told me the story of a man who tried to avenge the killing of his cousin by shooting the murderer as he walked through the door of Rooster's Palace bar. The murderer lived and later went on to stab another man, shoot a hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition into a house his wife was in, and get involved in several other violent incidents. Finally, the bad man was pistol-whipped in a fight, slashed on the back of his knees and under his armpit, then left to bleed to death. The day of his funeral, his widow and his girlfriend had a shootout over him at Panama Dan's bar.

After relating these stories, Gary looked directly at me and said, in an intimate way, "Now let me tell you about Randy Gage. I couldn't even begin to tell you how many people he's messed up—he probably couldn't, either. There's a famous incident. Randy and his sister and his sister's boyfriend were sitting in a car at the Hillbilly Inn, and Randy said, 'Don't start the car.' The boyfriend started the car, and Randy shot him under the chin, blew his teeth out, broke his jaw, but didn't kill him. So I wouldn't go dropping his name around if I were you.

"Understand, the tourist doesn't ever really see that this can be a very violent place, because it's all on the outskirts. Of course, I wouldn't live anywhere else. This is beautiful country in every other way, and, hell, you can fall in your bathtub and die."

BRANSONITES like to take credit for a lot of things, and one thing they especially like to brag about is the many celebrities who visit or live in the area. There are rumors like "Elly May has land here, and this is where she plans to retire," or "Dolly Parton just bought a house by the lake," or "Dean Martin had a place here," or "Jimmy Dean shops at the new Consumer's."

In the fifties, Jim Owen, Branson's leading citizen, brought Charlton Heston to town as a promotion for his movie theatre. My mom and dad drove over that day to see him, and afterward my mom always liked talking about the day she met Charlton Heston. She would say, "Charlton Heston was signing autographs by the theatre, and women were screaming and trying to kiss him. It was hot that day, and his shirt was sticking to him, and his skin was perfectly bronze. Charlton had the biggest shoulders—he just looked like a movie star." Then she would sigh, and if my dad was around he'd make a wisecrack about how Charlton Heston might be a big guy on the screen but he probably wouldn't last two hours in the woods. He'd say, "The man makes his living being a fake. That's all actors are is a bunch of fakes." My dad firmly believed that there were no true men in Hollywood, except maybe stuntmen, and he thought they were crazy.

When I was at Lu Rye's yard sale, I started to tell this story to a woman who had introduced herself as Joyce Tate. As soon as I began, she said, "I remember when Charlton Heston was in Branson. After he came, he decided to live here. His son went to school here in Hollister, but no one liked him." Then Joyce settled on one of the picnic benches in the yard, and said that she had lived in Branson her whole life and that she did volunteer work at an old folks' home in Forsyth, where one of her patients spent her days doing Norman Rockwell re-creations. She told me that her grandfather was an Indian and had burned his Indian papers so people wouldn't be prejudiced against him, and that now she couldn't get government aid because she couldn't prove she was an Indian. She said that her great-grandmother was buried with a baby in her arms, but that she couldn't find her grave, because it was an unmarked Indian grave. These are some other things Joyce Tate told me: "This area is a honeycomb. More caves than anyone knows. I know a guy whose whole building rests on a cave. My son found a cave big enough to put a jet plane in. I have a sinkhole in my back yard. If you put a pile of rocks on it when it rains, they'll disappear. No one knows where they go, but they're gone."

A few days after I met Joyce, I went to visit her at the home she said she worked at. It turned out they had never heard of Joyce Tate or had a patient who painted Norman Rockwell paintings. I checked every old folks' home in the area and all the Tates in Branson. No one knew a Joyce Tate.

That is another thing Bransonites proudly take credit for—the storytellers the Ozark Mountains keep producing.

ONE of the things I did in Branson was spend a lot of time trying to decide where to eat. On the strip, you had a choice of fast-food or all-you-can-eat restaurants. At most of those places there were long lines. I finally found a place I really liked—the Branson Café, in Old Branson. It was a diner that had been there since 1910. The food was good, and you could overhear conversations like this:

"We'll have separate checks. But put her coffee on my check. Since I invited you out."

"Well, are you gonna pay for my lunch? You invited me to lunch."

"No, I invited you out for coffee. I'm paying for your coffee."

Or a tourist customer to the waitress: "We saw Conway Twitty at Roy Clark's, and he didn't talk to the audience, he didn't introduce the band, and the lights went out between songs. One lady tried to hand him a rose, and he motioned it away. My mother thought he was the greatest, but she didn't think so much of him after the show. 'Course, he may have been having a bad day."

Sometimes after I ate dinner at the Branson Café I'd walk down the street and sit on one of the boat docks at Lake Taneycomo. One evening, around sunset, two boys came onto the dock I was sitting on and started fishing with marshmallow bait. We could see schools of small fish swimming below us. The boys introduced themselves as Steven Sims and Kevin Mills, stepbrothers from Gainesville, Texas, and said they were vacationing in Branson with their parents. Steven told me they came here once a year and stayed until the money ran out. I asked what they liked to do in town.

Kevin said, "Know what I hate about Branson? Those antique shops. God, how I hate those."

"That's all Mom and Dad want to do down here," Steven said. "Drive from antique store to antique store. Of course, it's a hundred degrees outside, so they have the windows up and the air-conditioner blasting, and they smoke like fiends."

"I don't know how they see to drive. It's a fog in there, both of them puffing away."

"Mostly what you do down here is wait in line. Wait, wait, waiting in line."

"Yeah, you know how crowded the strip is? And when you have to pull in somewhere, then get back out on the road—well, people from Nebraska and

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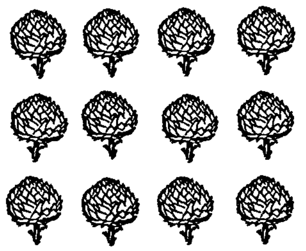

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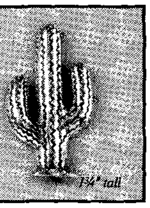

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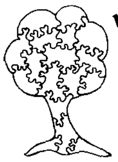

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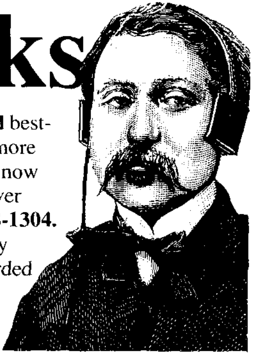

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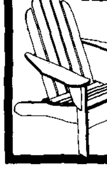

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Iowa won't let your car in front of them for anything."

As the fog started to roll across the water, Steven said, "Hey, you know why the lake is so low tonight? They're letting the water out to look for a man that drowned. That's why the police keep circling."

"I hope we don't hook him."

"I really doubt dead guys like marshmallows," Steven told Kevin. He sighed, and said to me, "He's really young."

I MET Jana Henleben at Silver Dollar City. She worked there during the day and performed as an m.c. and comedian in a music show on the strip at night. Jana invited me to stay with her for a few days. She lived at Pointe Royale, a complex of prefab luxury condominiums which sits on a golf course a few miles off the strip. Jana is well known in town, and is considered more than a local celebrity, because she was a hat-check girl at the Playboy Club in New York City and had a small part in a soap opera.

One night, Jana took me to a bar that mostly locals frequented. A cover band was playing "Free Bird" when we walked in. Jana scoped the room and directed us to a corner table. As we crossed the room, people came up and talked to her or else waved or nodded. I sat at the table while Jana went to play a game of pool. Looking around, I saw that almost every man had a beard and a mustache. They weren't biker or hippie beards; they were "upstanding citizen" beards. When the band took a break, "Sweet Child O' Mine" came on the jukebox. A girl at the table next to me said to her friend, "I like this song so much. But have you seen the guys in the band? They are gross."

Homesick for New York, I checked back into the Taney Motel, to spend my last couple of days in the room I first stayed in there. Before I left Branson, I wanted to meet the sheriff of Taney County. I thought he might remember my grandfather. So far, no one I met had known him, and that, more than anything else, made me feel as though Branson were not the same place I had grown up around.

When I called the courthouse to make an appointment with the sheriff, I was told that he was out of town but I could meet his deputy. The girl who answered the phone added, "But the deputy's not here now. I think he went home for lunch. You can try him there." Then she gave me his phone number. I called the deputy at his home and arranged to see him the day before I was going to leave town.

I spent the next day with my twelve-year-old nephew, Zeb, who lives in Springfield. Zeb wanted to do some tourist things in Branson. We ate at Starvin' Marvin's, and afterward Zeb rode go-carts and spent twenty dollars in a video-game arcade in thirty-five minutes. I wanted to buy a bottle of champagne for Jana, so we drove around to some liquor stores, but all they had was cold duck or sparkling wine. Finally, I bought Jana a bottle of Courvoisier, because it was in the fanciest-looking bottle I could find. Zeb said, "I told you people down here don't like champagne."

Then Zeb and I drove around Table Rock Lake. When Zeb was three, he and my dad were in a boat on Table Rock when a storm came up. As they headed for shore, the boat jumped a wave, and Zeb fell out into the boat's propeller. He was cut through his stomach and under one arm. A woman on the shore saw what was happening, and helped my dad while he called for an ambulance on his C.B. Later, when Zeb was in the hospital and visitors asked him if he knew what had happened, he'd say, "All I remember was Tom telling me that I was in the water and that he had to put my insides back in me. Next I remember being wrapped in a towel and lifted into the back of a car. Then someone told me to be still and keep quiet." My dad, who hadn't left Zeb's side, would say, "That's what I told him. I told him he couldn't cry, because it would make him lose more blood. It took forty-five minutes to get to the hospital, but Zeb didn't cry once. Not a tear, not a whimper." Zeb went through two operations. He nearly lost his arm and did lose a kidney and part of a lung. Zeb said, "It gave me butterflies in my stomach when I first looked at my scars, but now I'm used to it." As we drove over a bridge, Zeb stared out the window and told me, "I've probably been on or around this lake a million times since I was three, and every time I still think about my accident. Not the whole time I'm at the lake, but every time."

After Zeb went home, I went to the library in Branson and looked up some of the original newspaper clippings about my dad's getting shot. The first paper I found was the Stone County *News-Oracle*, dated October 7, 1955. The article read:

> TOMMY WALKER JR. CONDITION SERIOUS
>
> Tommy Walker, Jr., 24-year old victim of a shooting at Reeds Spring Monday night, remains in serious condition at Skaggs Memorial Hospital, Branson. Young Walker, son of the Stone county sheriff, was wounded in the abdomen by a bullet fired by the Reeds Spring night marshall, Earl Rhodes, according to authorities, the bullet later striking and slightly injuring Lloyd Lawrence of Reeds Spring.
>
> Sheriff Walker said his son had been at Reeds Spring with Beecher Fox, who became involved in a tavern fight which was stopped by young Walker and another man. The city marshall reportedly arrested Fox, and Walker asked if he could pay Fox's fine. Rhodes apparently believed Walker was interfering with the arrest, the sheriff said, and struck Walker with a blackjack and when Walker took the weapon from the marshall, Rhodes shot him.

On the same date, the White River *Leader*, which was published in Branson, wrote:

> T. J. WALKER JR. SHOT IN FRACAS
>
> Tommy J. Walker . . . is undergoing treatment at Skaggs Community hospital in Branson for a bullet wound in the abdomen. The bullet was reportedly fired by Reeds Spring Deputy City Marshall Earl Rhodes. The shot was fired during an argument between the officer and Walker.
>
> The bullet passed through Walker's body and embedded itself in the leg of Lloyd Lawrence.
>
> According to Sheriff Walker the shooting occurred outside the Half Moon tavern operated by Lawrence at Reeds Spring. The report stated that Glenn Henderson and Beecher Fox became engaged in a fight at the tavern shortly before 9 p.m. Deputy Marshall Rhodes arrested Fox. During the argument which followed, Rhodes reportedly struck Walker with a blackjack. Walker then took the blackjack away from Rhodes, who fired the shot.
>
> Walker was rushed to the hospital at Branson where he was given three pints of blood. The blood was relayed to the hospital from the Springfield Red Cross Blood Bank by State Highway patrol and Taney County officers.
>
> Walker was recently released from the U.S. Air Force after four years service. He had intended to go visit his brother, Jerry, who is stationed at Wichita, Kas., with the Air Force after he left Reeds Spring.
>
> No action has been taken against Rhodes who is still on duty.

Reeds Spring is a little town over ten miles from Branson. The main part of it is in the shape of a capital T. The roads are wide, and guarded by steep hills. Twenty years ago, there were only a couple of snack bars, pool halls, cafés, and stores in Reeds Spring. Most

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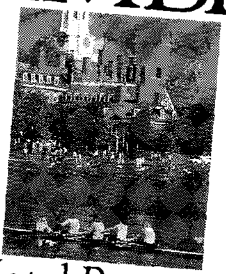

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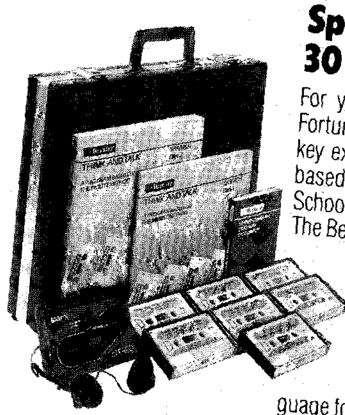

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of the houses looked poor. There was a railroad bridge you drove under, and a cedar-clock factory nearby. Maybe because I knew that my dad almost had died there, something about Reeds Spring always seemed spooky, and I hated driving through it at night.

I read the follow-up stories: "TOMMY WALKER JR.'S CONDITION IMPROVES," "REEDS SPRING MARSHAL ABSOLVED," and "STATEMENT FROM SHERIFF."

This statement was issued by my grandfather regarding the incident:

> I want to thank all of the people and churches for their prayers, cards, telegrams, calls, and assistance during the illness of my son, Tommy Walker, Jr., who is home and up most of the time.
>
> He was shot practically through the center of his chest, the bullet going through the outer stripping of the heart, lungs, and possible liver injuries. His lung is still partially collapsed, and the doctors think it might expand back to normal size.
>
> It is my regret that such a tragedy would have to happen in Stone County. Realizing that you have heard many misleading stories, I want to inform you that the preliminary hearing will be held November 12, 1955 and the facts will come out then. T. J. WALKER

The facts, as I had always heard them, were that Beecher Fox had a heart condition and my dad wanted to keep him from going to jail. My granny told me, "That deputy was a cowardly man, not fit to wear a badge. He did what he did because he was afraid of your dad."

Growing up, I heard plenty of stories about my dad: that when he was a boy he ran away from home and climbed a tree to watch the last hanging in Missouri; that he had to finish high school in Spokane because he was kicked out of his own school for slapping a teacher who slapped him first; that he was the most sought-after sportsmen's guide on the White River for nearly twenty years. But for me none of these stories romantically equalled the one of his getting shot.

My dad had one basic belief—that no one should have authority over your life, especially since most of the people who wanted to tell you what to do led such uninspiring lives themselves. I didn't really get along with my dad. We barely talked, and when we did it turned into a fight. But after I read the papers I called him from my phone at the Taney, and before I hung up I told him I thought he was really brave. My dad answered, "I was just young—that's all."

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The next morning, I drove to Forsyth, the county seat, to meet Deputy Theron Jenkins. The Taney County Courthouse is a white stucco one-story building. As I crossed the front lawn, I stepped around a covered gallon jar filled with water and tea bags. It was sitting on a tree stump in perfect alignment with the morning sun's rays.

When the deputy invited me into his office, I told him about a conversation I had just been listening to at a clothing store in Forsyth. When I walked in, two salesgirls were pricing and sorting clothes and were talking about a big fight between a man and a woman one of them had witnessed at a bar over the weekend. One girl was saying, "He said, 'I'd never hit a woman, but I sure as hell can strangle her,' and that's what he was doing. That killed me, though—he'd never hit a woman. Well, he wasn't." They laughed, and kept repeating, "But I sure as hell can strangle her."

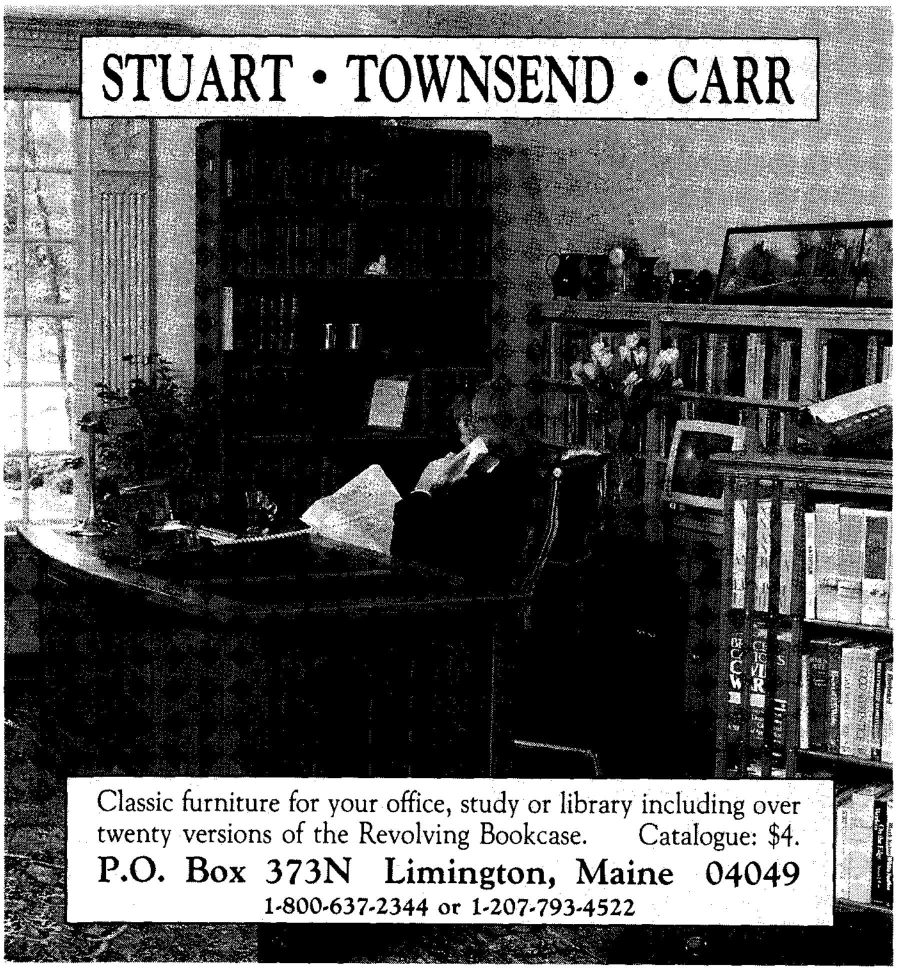
Then they talked about another fight, in which a girl was sitting in a booth watching her boyfriend get beaten up. One of the salesgirls said, "If someone started with Sammy, you can bet I'd be right on top of them. I'd grab a pool cue, or a bottle, at least."

The other said, "I would, too. I've always said that."

Then the conversation shifted. "If he ever touches my kid again, I'll run over him," one girl said. "I told him I'd leave him if he did it again, but not before I broke his legs. I will, too."

"You'd have a right to," the other girl said. "I'd do the same thing if Aaron ever laid a hand on Justin."

Deputy Jenkins laughed when I finished. "Well, that's about the only crime we have down here," he said. "Nothing that affects the tourist much. Except theft. Out at the dam, there's usually a rash of car break-ins, but you just gotta keep your car locked and nothing valuable in it. On the other hand, I live in Branson and I haven't locked the door to my house ever, but I've never been burglarized. If I am, I might start locking it. Mostly, we've got your wife beatings. Hot weather increases, hubby works hard all week, gets hisself a few six-packs, and gets geared. Oh, there was that one group in Ozark County with David Tate. He killed a trooper in Taney County and wounded another and took off in the bush. He was a neo-Nazi from Idaho and had a van full of explosives and



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full-auto machine guns. It was the biggest manhunt in Missouri—four hundred and fifty officers and the National Guard were looking for him. This may be the Bible Belt, but we don't go in for those Nazis."

When I asked Deputy Jenkins if he knew or remembered my grandfather, Sheriff T. J. Walker, he said he did, that they had worked together on cases. He said, "I had to bring a dead boy's father over to a bar in Reeds Spring, to identify the boy. Your grandfather was there, too." Deputy Jenkins said he'd never met my father but he remembered when he got shot.

We talked a while longer. I told him some of the stories I'd heard, and I told him about my relation to Branson. To most of what I said he'd answer things like "She's a tough ol' bird," "He's sure been around," "That's probably true," "That could be true," "That's not fact."

Driving back to Branson from Forsyth, I took a wrong turn as soon as I left the courthouse. I didn't realize I had done it until forty-five minutes later, when I found myself nowhere close to anyplace familiar. I was driving farther southeast than the routes I was used to, passing parts of the Mark Twain National Forest. As the roads began to wind sharper and dip deeper, I could tell I was getting close to Arkansas. I had finally driven away from any sign of tourists. Miles went by, and I didn't see another car, a motel, or a restaurant. The few stores I saw were grocery, gas, and bait shops all in one. And the road signs I saw gave the distance to towns I hadn't ever been to —Sundown, Pontiac, Ocie. This part of the country wasn't lush or full of grandeur. It was spread out just enough to make it stark and lonely, and was forested enough to be shadowed and mysterious.

When I was in high school, my best friend's mom used to read the local crimes out loud to us from the papers. She'd shake her head and say, "We get more killings. That's because there's a lot of wide-open space here. Makes people bored and loony." That was why Branson was always so important to me as a kid. Branson was like an oasis—a big, brightly lit carnival. It felt safe, because there were people everywhere—families and groups of kids, or old couples with ice-cream cones. After riding for miles on highways where dead animals lay by the roadside, where there were no lights or shops or cars going by, where the few cafés or gas stations we did pass seemed desolate and scary, knowing that we would soon be passing through Branson made me feel that we were coming into life. —LISA WALKER

• •

WHAT I FORGOT TO MENTION

Things fall apart.
First a chair, then a table. We can see
the roof needs replacing,
the garden's overgrown. How easy
to think only of obligation,
to talk for hours and say
nothing surprising. One afternoon
a neighbor's tree is struck by lightning.
It falls. And the maples shelter tiny insects
chewing on their tender, folded buds.
Then it's summer. All the convenient emblems
—*flowers, seasons, rivers*—
shrink a little in the heat, that cruel
weather I wasn't going to speak of.
But you, dear, what did you remember today?
Oh, the mind leaps backward
and we shrug it off: just one flower,
nameless, bent toward water.
We were walking by and you picked it
out of sympathy. Or you let it stay.
Long ago the petals fell off.
Why think of it? That stain of purple,
so small it could mean anything.

—LAWRENCE RAAB

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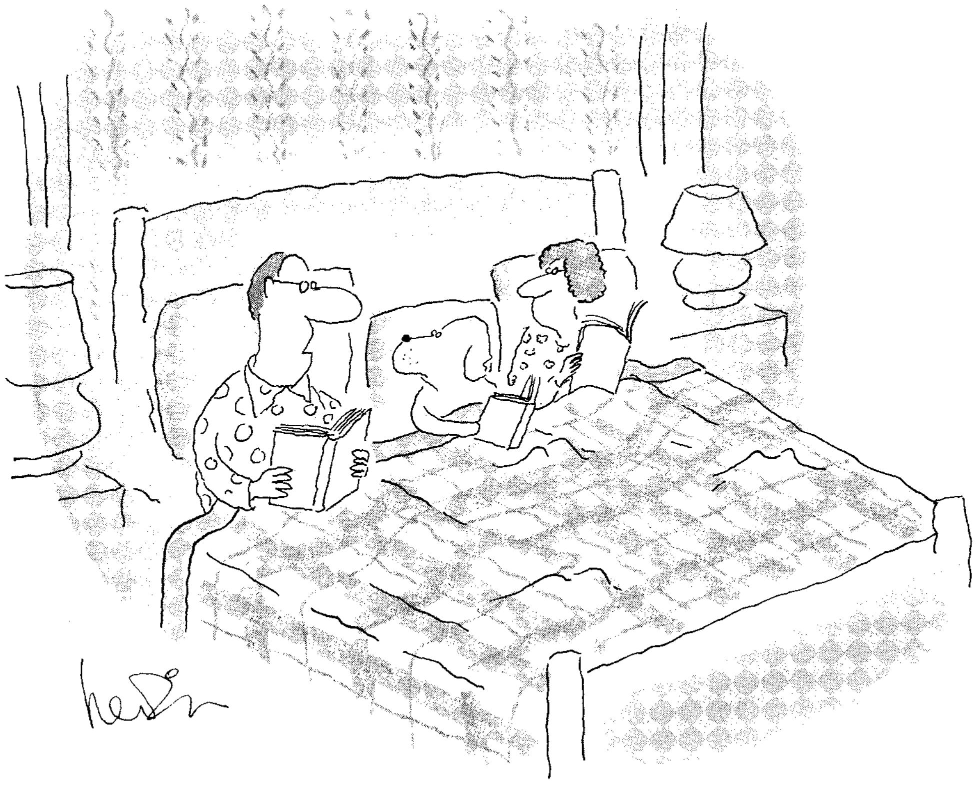
MUSICAL EVENTS

Music in the Mountains

IN high summer, music moves to the mountains. Festivals, many of them mingling instruction for young performers with the public concerts, abound. Seasoned professionals leave the cities, to rejoice at once in a cleaner, happier life and in work with young musicians. Budding professionals from the country's many music schools enjoy at once the instruction, the scenery, and the chance to play for appreciative audiences. Critics find responsiveness reawakened by the newness of the scenes and the freshness of the executions. Over the years, I have written about summer music in Aspen, Central City, Santa Fe. Most often Santa Fe, where John Crosby, the founder and director of the Santa Fe Opera, regularly brings important new operas to American first performance, and there is also the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival.

This year, the new opera at Santa Fe was Judith Weir's "A Night at the Chinese Opera," a successful modern music drama. It was commissioned by the BBC for Kent Opera, which performed it at the 1987 Cheltenham Festival and thereafter in eleven other British towns. Weir, who was born in 1954, of Scottish parents, is a composer of bright invention. In her works, elegance, intelligence, humor, and economy conspire. She has been her own librettist. Her cunningly wrought three-act, nine-character "grand opera" for an unaccompanied soprano, "King Harald's Saga" (1979), which lasts about ten minutes, has been heard in New York. So have the entertaining "A Serbian Cabaret" (1984), for piano quartet (the texts and tunes are adapted from originals in the Milman Parry collection of Serbo-Croatian music at Harvard; the string players must also be reciters), and "Airs from Another Planet" (1986), subtitled "Traditional Music from Outer Space," for wind quintet and piano. Los Angeles has heard "The Consolations of Scholarship" (1985), a song cycle for soprano and nine players, which the composer describes as resembling "a speeded-up opera with the singer taking all the roles and narrative." The events that provide the matter of "Consolations" were drawn from the musical plays of the Yuan dynasty (1279-1368). In those dramas Weir discovered (she writes in the preface to her new opera) that "every device of music-theatre, every musical stylisation of dramatic gesture, every economical reduction of everyday reality for theatrical purposes had been put down on the page by Chinese playwrights seven hundred years ago . . . with a dramatic cogency and a justification for the presence of music for which, on the whole, twentieth-century music-theatre is still waiting."

So she returned to Yuan drama for "A Night at the Chinese Opera." The central act is a version of the most famous Yuan play, Chi Chun-hsiang's "The Chao Family Orphan." A French translation was published in 1735. Voltaire's "L'Orphelin de la Chine" (1755) is an adaptation of it. Another adaptation—much freer, and embellished with a double "love interest"—is Metastasio's "L'Eroe Cinese," one of the little operas commissioned by Maria Theresa for the "distinguished young ladies and gentlemen" of her court to perform in the Schönbrunn garden theatre. (Set to music by the amiable Giuseppe Bonno, "L'Eroe Cinese" appeared in 1752, the year after the Metastasio-Bonno "Il Re Pastore"; the libretto was taken up by at least ten other composers—Hasse, Sacchini, Bertoni, and Cimarosa among them.) Chinese troupes still perform the play; in 1976, La Mama presented a Chinese Theatre Group version of it, as "The Orphan of Chao." Metastasio, in letters, described his intention of attempting something dramatically more intricate than "Il Re Pastore," but—amid fine passages about loyalty, duty, and imperial responsibility—he omitted the principal motif on which the Chinese play turns: the protagonist is a youth who learns that the man whom he has long, and gladly, called father is in fact his father's murderer. There is a loose parallel with "Hamlet." Weir drew it tighter. The protagonist of her outer acts, another Chao, watches Act II—"The Chao Family Orphan" as a play within the play—and finds in it a reflection of his own life. He is a young engineer, collaborating with and honored by the Mongolian occupying forces. (The opera begins with Kublai Khan's invasion of China.) He learns that his father was their victim, and in Act III he tries, unsuccessfully, to assassinate the military governor he has been serving. During the finale, he is



"Shouldn't he be lying at the foot of the bed?"

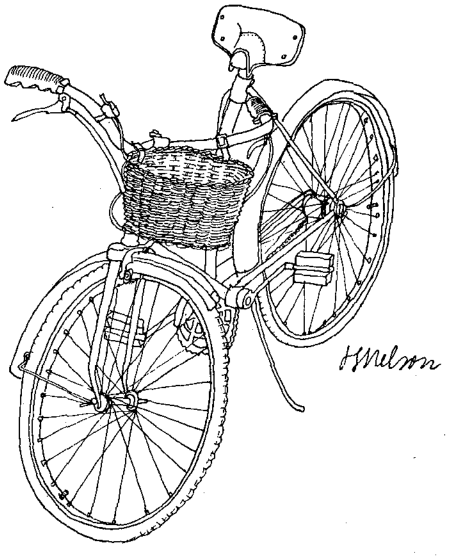
sentenced to death, while on another part of the stage, with ironic effect, the troupe of actors plays out the happy ending of "The Chao Family Orphan"—the Act II performance of the play having been cut short by an earthquake.

Voltaire said of Chi Chun-hsiang's play that "everything is of the most brilliant clarity." So is everything in Weir's opera. Clarity does not bring instant comprehension. The links between Weir's brilliantly clear statements are not spelled out; the listener still has work to do. "Brecht," as Michael Wood remarks in his *TLS* review of Auden's collected plays, is a handy one-word term for "a closeness to popular dramatic forms ancient and modern, uses of song, reflections of cabaret, a refusal of empathy, a deck of alternatives to naturalism." In those respects, "A Night at the Chinese Opera" is "Brecht," both dramaturgically and musically. It touches its listeners' lives, as opera needs to do if the expensive and irrational entertainment is to be justified. I found resonances with the hilarious but essentially serious musical plays I used to see at the Shiraz Festival; they were satirical about the Shah's regime, skeptical about an Ayatollah alternative, and yet (as Weir says the "subversive" Yuan plays were) "tolerated by the . . . government and performed before large audiences." The Santa Fe production acquired other resonances: with what had been happening in contemporary China; with all incitements to rebel against, not unquestioningly accept, coöperate with, an unjust social order. But the opera is fun, not a tract: a trim, clever entertainment, containing about a hundred minutes of music, which can set one thinking.

The composer's models are acknowledged, evident, and admirable: Stravinsky, Britten, Messiaen. The vocal lines sing. The words come across. The musical gestures are sharp and colorful, often having Messiaen's vividness without his heaviness and insistence. Acts I and III are cast—as are "Oedipus Rex" and "The Rake's Progress"—in numbers, with titles like "Sextet," "Chansonette," "Seven-Part Motet," "Prisoners' Chorus," "Nocturne"; a balance between the closed forms and linear dramatic progress is deftly held. The orchestral writing—for eight woodwinds, four horns, trumpet, strings, piano, and exotic but not noisy percussion—is transparent and picturesque. In Act II, the band is thinned to woodwind sextet, three violas, two double-basses, piano, and percussion, and the musical style shifts to an evocation of Chinese popular music—what Weir calls "imaginative reconstructions of Chinese originals." She consulted historical treatises and folk recordings, but set about things pragmatically: "My principle in writing the music for this Chinese act was to do what seemed appropriate dramatically." With similar daring and skill she treated her literary source. The act builds on the virtuoso quick-change "King Harald's Saga" vein in that three performers—soprano, mezzo-soprano, and tenor—must tackle the nine roles of the play. In Santa Fe, Kathryn Gamberoni, Joyce Castle, and Anthony Laciura did so in virtuoso fashion.

The Kent Opera production, staged by Richard Jones and designed by Richard Hudson, was deemed by some critics so dazzling and entertaining that they wondered whether the opera itself could really be as good as it appeared to be. Score in hand, unbeguiled by any staging, I listened to a tape of that performance and discovered a construction of merit, ability, and charm: an opera worth doing. The Santa Fe presentation confirmed it. Ably conducted, by George Manahan, and ably played, it was staged, by Robert Carsen, with exuberance and intelligence, in neat, spare décor by Michael Levine. The cast was adept; James Busterud, Drew Minter, John Kuether, and Douglas Perry also deserve special mention.

A few buts. The piece needed to be contained more closely than it could be by a fairly large opera house open to the New Mexico sky. (Cheltenham's Everyman Theatre holds only six hundred and fifty people.) I saw the last of the four performances: there were moments where shtick that should have been crisp grew self-indulgently slack. All in all, though, a good evening for live opera. Now, when will we see Harrison Birtwistle's "Yan Tan Tethera," Mark-Anthony Turnage's "Greek," John Casken's "Golem"?



THE other Santa Fe works were "La Traviata," "Der Rosenkavalier," Massenet's "Chérubin," and the Cavalli-Leppard "Calisto." The first three were not without merits. "La Traviata" was distinguished by Sheri Greenawald's urgent portrayal of the heroine and by the clean, forward singing and animated phrasing of the Alfredo, Richard Drews. Mr. Crosby himself conducted the early performances; mine was conducted by John Fiore, who allowed the orchestra to play out rather too fully. In "Der Rosenkavalier," Jeanne Piland was an uncommonly good Octavian, both vocally and scenically. Ashley Putnam, the billed Marschallin, was ill the night I went; Ellen Shade sang her first American Marschallin with much feeling for the words and a sense of light, shade, and precise meaning. The Sophie, Cheryl Parrish, was efficient but lacked charm of timbre. The Ochs, Eric Halfvarson, was confident. John Copley's produc tion was coarse; we have seen coarser. Mr. Crosby conducted with a warm sense of how the score should move and sound.

"Chérubin" is a pretty divertissement spun out to an evening's length, skillfully and delicately composed. I wrote about its charms after the Carnegie Hall presentation in 1984, with the same hero, Frederica von Stade. The opera was created at Monte Carlo in 1905, with Mary Garden in the title role and the lovely Lina Cavalieri as L'Ensoleillad. It reached the Opéra-Comique a few months later, again with Garden, and there achieved only fourteen performances before it was dropped. It is not worth doing often, since it requires a large, expert cast prepared to devote its talents to a trifle, but when it is well done—as it was in Carnegie, and again in Santa Fe—only a curmudgeon could complain of not enjoying it. The time is four years

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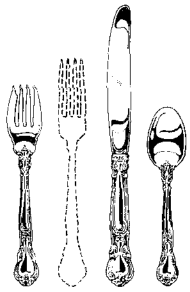

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after "Figaro"; Cherubino is now seventeen. The Count and Countess Almaviva—scarce recognizable from their Beaumarchais or Mozart incarnations—attend his coming-of-age party. He falls in love with the dancer L'Ensoleillad, the King's mistress. She is moved by and responsive to the boy's ardor, but a realist. He thinks his heart is broken—but bestows it at last on the gentle Nina (oddly described in the program as "a young peasant," though the libretto makes her the ward of a duke).

Miss von Stade was a piquant hero, and she has a "real voice": a precise, supple, responsive instrument. The pleasing, controlled sound made one realize, with something of a shock, how much technical ineptitude in the form of uneven, impure, strained tones gets accepted as a modern norm. Perhaps she was just a shade too serious in her reading, not quite sparky enough. The show was carefully cast, with nice performances from Judith Christin and Melanie Helton, as a baroness and the Countess (Chérubin flirts with both of them), and from Mr. Kuether, as the hero's tutor. Karen Huffstodt's L'Ensoleillad was accurate but not glittering of presence. Sheryl Woods was a charming Nina. There was an attractive picture-book production, staged by Giulio Chazalettes and designed by Ulisse Santicchi. Mario Bernardi conducted with style and spirit. The score was not unabridged, and that, in the revival of a work so rarely heard, seemed a pity. The wry final exchange between two observers of Chérubin and Nina's embrace, ("C'est Don Juan!" "C'est Elvire!"), a drop of cynicism amid much sweetness, was one of the omissions.

"Calisto" was a washout. Raymond Leppard's score was tailored, nearly twenty years ago, to the special talents and tessitura of Janet Baker and to the circumstances of a Glyndebourne performance divided into two acts by a picnic dinner. There and then it was very successful. But other companies need to make their own versions of Cavalli's opera, tailored to their circumstances and their casts—and cognizant, too, of what two decades of busy, excited research and practical experiment have done to contemporary audiences' apprehension of seventeenth-century sounds, textures, and dramatic structures. In Santa Fe, John Cox, the director of "Calisto," had

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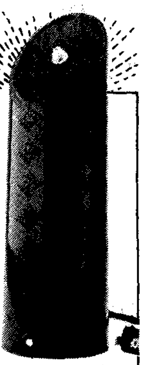

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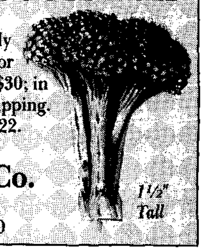

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rehearsed Katherine Ciesinski in Dame Janet's two roles: Diana and Jupiter disguised as Diana. I saw a later performance, in which Tatiana Troyanos appeared to be miscast and ill at ease: unmoving as the lovelorn Diana (Leppard builds up the part with two poignant, beautiful arias from other Cavalli operas) and unamusing as Jupiter in drag. She relied largely on the absence or presence of a cigar to indicate which character she was playing. James Bowman reappeared in his "creator's role," Endymion, which he sang and played well. Calisto was cleanly but pallidly done by Janice Hall. She left little impression one way or the other. John Fryatt, in Hugues Cuénod's role of the nymph Linfea (an elderly virgin hauled off for gang rape by a troop of satyrs), did leave an impression—of low camp, such as Mr. Cuénod had elegantly avoided. Much about the show was pretty low. The libretto's playful sexual innuendos were thumped home. Justin Brown conducted. Rather, he beat time—even through the recitatives—and in near-perpetual mezzo-forte bogged down what should be a freely declaimed entertainment.

All the same, this was a lively Santa Fe season, with something to remember from each performance. The repertory was not conventional. During a "Traviata" intermission, I overheard the remark—made by someone who had evidently been first to "A Night at the Chinese Opera," "Der Rosenkavalier," "Chérubin," and "Calisto"—"How nice to find the principal male part taken by a man."

WHEN the seasons in Santa Fe, Aspen, Ouray, Telluride, Central City are over, music in the mountains continues into early September at Keystone, a resort about seventy miles west of Denver. It's a place planned for pleasure: scattered clusters of comfortable, rentable condominiums in the valley of the Snake River; skiing in winter; and in summer the no less heady delights offered by Colorado's mountains and waters. During my brief stay there, the opening lines of Bernstein's "Candide" (in its revised version) ran through my head: "Life is happiness indeed: Mares to ride and books to read." And, as an alternative to end-of-the-day reading, music: chamber music in a restaurant at the summit of the main ski lift; orchestral music, two or three times a week, in a festival pavilion down in the valley. Like Tanglewood, Aspen, Teton, and, with its Apprentice Program, Santa Fe, Keystone becomes an institute of learning in summer: the young National Repertory Orchestra, recruited from countrywide auditions, assembles there. Carl Topilow is the music director and principal conductor. Strauss's "An Heroic Life," Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring," Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony," the Bartók and the Piston Viola Concertos, the "Prelude and Liebestod" (with Miss Shade) figured on this year's programs. There were some new works, among them David Dzubay's exuberant but overextended "Snake Alley," composed for the orchestra. (I heard it on tape.) Otto-Werner Mueller conducted one of the concerts. Joseph Silverstein—once the renowned concertmaster of the Boston Symphony, now the conductor of the Utah Symphony—conducted another.

I heard Mr. Silverstein's program: Mozart's B-flat Symphony K. 319 and D-major Violin Concerto (the conductor as soloist) and Schubert's Fifth. It was a good concert, with crisp, lyrical string sound and an exceptionally well-tuned and well-balanced wind chorus (Willa Henigman's oboe solos of particular note). Mr. Silverstein was a thorough, sensitive, and inspiring interpreter. He had placed the first and second fiddles left and right on the platform, in the traditional fashion. He hit Mozart's harmonic clashes hard; without fuss, he made much of incident. Tents—the Keystone music pavilion is a tent—are not always happy homes for music, but this one, which holds about a thousand people, was made of some treated substance that contained the compositions admirably. No nasty amplification. A spectacular sunset during the intermission. Life seemed happiness indeed.

—ANDREW PORTER

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE FINANCIAL SCENE

[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

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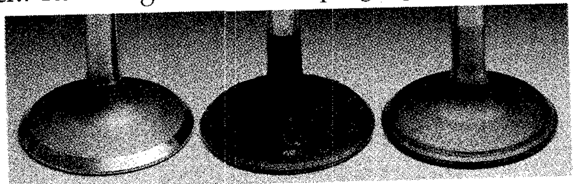

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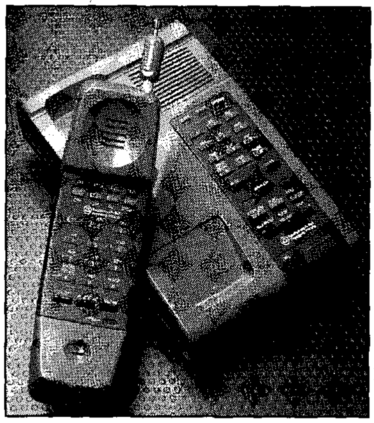

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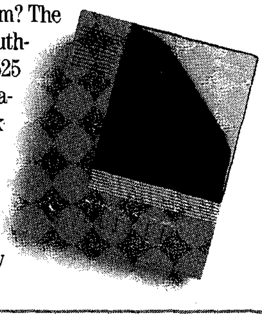

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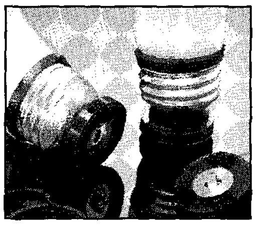

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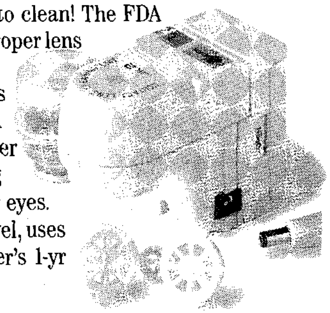

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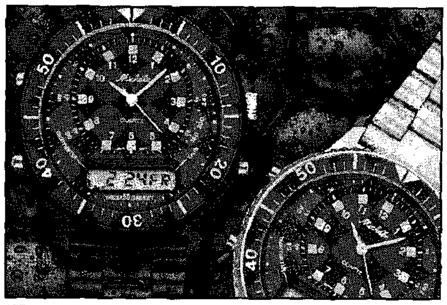

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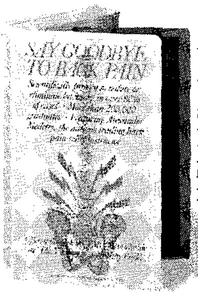

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BOOKS

The War in the Streets, the War in the Air, the War in the Heavens

THE war in the streets is civil conflict, the war in the air is airborne combat between modern armies, the war in the heavens mythologizes the conflict between human aspiration and physical mortality. Howard Nemerov's "War Stories" (Chicago; $10.95 cloth, $6.95 paper) uses these three subheadings to group his poems of the last several years, which take up public issues as few recent American poems have been able to do. The rarity of adequate public poetry in the United States lately has become something of a scandal, in part because of our descent from poets with national voices, like Whitman and Emerson, and in part because of the shaming example of public verse from Russia, Eastern Europe, and Ireland. Nemerov's stunning performance in a vein that few of his contemporaries attempt, let alone succeed in, makes his book worth thinking about. Perhaps a sample of what he can do will reveal the difficulty of the act. Here, complete, is the first thing my eye fell upon in his new book, a ceremoniously entitled poem recalling a favorite nineteenth-century genre. It does not give its subject away till the end:

ON AN OCCASION OF NATIONAL MOURNING

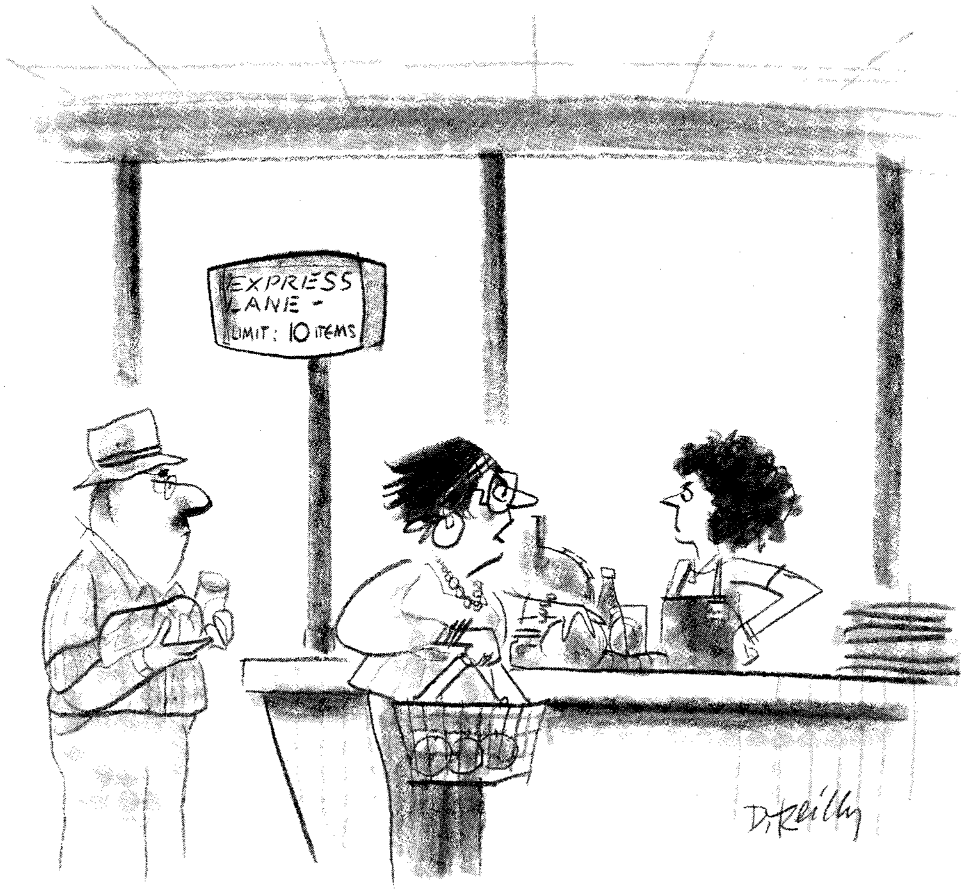
It is admittedly difficult for a whole
Nation to mourn and be seen to do so, but
It can be done, the silvery platitudes
Were waiting in their silos for just such
An emergent occasion, cards of sympathy
From heads of state were long ago prepared
For launching and are bounced around the world
From satellites at near the speed of light,
The divine services are telecast
From the home towns, children are interviewed
And say politely, gravely, how sorry they are,

And in a week or so the thing is done,
The sea gives up its bits and pieces and
The investigating board pinpoints the cause
By inspecting bits and pieces, nothing of the sort
Can ever happen again, the prescribed course
Of tragedy is run through omen to amen
As in a play, the nation rises again
Reborn of grief and ready to seek the stars;
Remembering the shuttle, forgetting the loom.

Nemerov's characteristic groundedness in facts, disposition to satire, and prophetic sorrow are all evident here, but more wonderful to me is his unforced power in finding a way to write about the explosion of Challenger at all. The event presented such a mixture of the despicable and the exploitative with the aspiring and the courageous that only a master of both cynicism and hope could do it full justice. The public language of the aftermath was such a hodgepodge of morals and science, religion and politics that only a master of tone could refabricate the sanctimonious and yet sincere, the self-serving and yet admirable farrago of words and TV images with which Americans surround their mistakes. Only in the last few lines of this single-sentence trajectory do we hear the weariness and foreknowledge of Nemerov's favorite persona, the sage: he has seen it all before, from omen to amen (Nemerov's puns are wittier than the norm), and has seen the Fates at their inexorable weaving. (Under the sound of "loom" we hear, at Nemerov's hint, both "looming" and "doom.")

Nemerov is far from being an artless transcriber of the mixture of responses and the jumble of languages set off by the Challenger disaster. His nouns are pointedly arranged: first, the media are summoned to the bar (platitudes, sympathy cards, telecast services, interviews with children); next, the facts are marshalled and the scientists have their hour (the bits and pieces in actuality and in interpretation); finally, there is the dramatic plot (tragic, of course) and the mythological overview of how the gods plot the plots. Nemerov's keenest satire is reserved for the way in which even something as grievous as catastrophic death is politically staged (and has been prepared for as a media eventuality): the nation must not only mourn but *be seen to* mourn, and the whole heavy publicity machine clanks into place.

And yet Nemerov (who is our Poet Laureate at the Library of Congress)



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is also forgiving. He has long since given up the idea that anything could reform human beings out of their childishness. In his tone of sorrow more than anger, he ruefully includes himself among those who will begin again, "remembering the shuttle, forgetting the loom." Nemerov's other poems of public fate in this volume ("Authorities," "The Celestial Emperor") also exhibit a resignation to destiny which would be anathema to most writers who take on a public voice, because what they aspire to is moral reform.

The outpouring of bad public poetry from the nineteenth century onward—poetry in which honorable sentiment far outstripped aesthetic power—has caused theorists of the poetic voice to look more carefully at what makes for good public poetry. Two recent books, Seamus Heaney's "The Government of the Tongue" and the late Terrence Des Pres's "Praises and Dispraises: Poetry and Politics in the 20th Century," are animated by a hope for the final efficacy of poetry—in the long run, in the individual heart, in a slow diffusion through culture. Both are written in tones of warmth, encouragement, and hope—tones that are taken up in defiance of human misery under political oppression. Both describe poetries that have succeeded in being both public and true to art. One can quarrel with some of the choices of either Heaney (Milosz, Zbigniew Herbert, Holub, Mandelstam) or Des Pres (Yeats, Brecht, Breytenbach, Rich, McGrath) while admiring the effort of each to clarify why it is not enough for the poet to feel deeply and morally about public abuses and express that feeling in direct and honest words. The mysterious control of art over sentiment is what both Heaney and Des Pres are investigating, and the power of Nemerov's poetry at once ratifies that investigation and renews the questions they take up.

Des Pres calls on poets to revive "the bardic situation," in which the poet took on a tribal role, blessing or cursing aspects of tribal practice. He argues that when the poet speaks publicly the tribe will listen, because it shares national concerns. There is something dubious about Des Pres's nostalgia for a tribal place for the bard, and something questionable about his notion of what the tribe wants to listen to. At this moment in America, the tribal success of any serious poetry seems dubious. Heaney's reflections are altogether more sophisticated than Des Pres's, and weigh what the taking on of public subjects entails in the way of obliquity of reference, generality of diction, and obligation to private and aesthetic concerns. If the poem has nothing to do with the aesthetic problems the poet is engaged in solving at a given stage, it will be empty of private urgency, whatever its insistence of tone. Heaney comes down strongly on the side of parable, allegory, and watchfulness as ways of avoiding the head-on blankness of clichés of protest.

The direct moral statement that Des Pres tends to prefer (for example, in Rich) and the indirect symbols that Heaney recommends can fall into the same danger, that of stereotype. The only aesthetic cure for moral stereotype (sometimes unavoidable in public poetry, as it is in private poetry) is originality of language and structure. Though Heaney cannot address this question in writing about foreign poets, he confronts it directly whenever he writes on poetry in English. Des Pres (for example, in his work on Yeats) ignores it almost entirely, and thereby invalidates his results. Nemerov is not afraid of social or symbolic stereotype, but he lifts it into significance, as Heaney does in his own verse, through originality of construction and originality of language.

Nemerov's public poetry is, in fact, a triumphant combination of historica event, oblique presentation, and originality of style. But it does not hope to change the world, nor will it assign villainy to one nation or sex. The conviction of certain anti-Holocaus writers or feminist writers that they themselves (or Jews or women in general) would never act as the oppressor have done is deeply foreign to Nemerov. He asserts in "Authorities" that i is power (rather than what is called "patriarchy" and ascribed solely to males) that corrupts, and that powe over other human beings tends to mak its possessors, whoever they are, evil

Would not you, too, if you were a head of state, send draftees off to war, he asks his readers, female as well as male:

> Commanders, and behind them heads of state,
> Are said to care for and spend sleepless nights
> About the children they commit to war;
> You can't help wondering, though, whether they do
>
> Or whether, were you safely in their place
> Of power, as it's not likely you would be
> Nor weren't, but it's allowed to wonder,
> You might not say, "Poor bastards, little shits,
>
> They never learned their history in schools
> And now they never will, and cannot know
> They are the hinges on which the oily valves
> Of history will balance before they close
>
> Upon our reputations now, our fame
> In aftertimes, when children will be schooled
> Again in truths belatedly belied,
> To shoulder our burden and their hopeless charge."

Nemerov was himself one of those young recruits sent out as cannon fodder. After graduation from Harvard, in 1941, he served in the Royal Canadian Air Force from 1941 to 1944 and in the United States Army Air Forces from 1944 to 1945, leaving the service as a first lieutenant. This is, then, a protest poem from one "schooled . . . in truths belatedly belied," who has seen the sort of "hopeless charge" immortalized in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" but ordered by authorities in every war from Troy to Vietnam. Nemerov's despair in facing historical recurrence is a classical one, impatient of reformist platitude:

> The reason we do not learn from history is
> Because we are not the people who learned last time.

The blank verse and the single-sentence momentum of "On an Occasion of National Mourning" and "Authorities" are Nemerov's prosodic and syntactic figures, respectively, for the rigidity of fate and the hurtle of history. In a 1979 essay called "On the Measure of Poetry" Nemerov wrote:

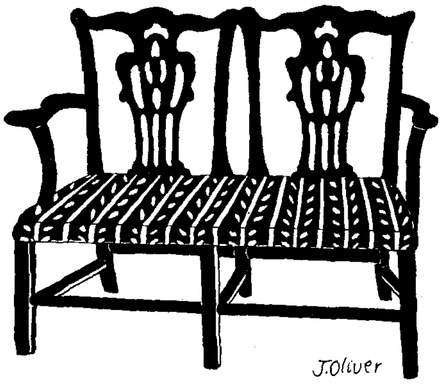
> They are mechanisms, the patterns of feet, the patterns of rime, the patterned stanzas and closed forms such as the sonnet, but they are not mere mechanisms. In an odd way they seem to represent the world itself in its either pious or stupid comings and goings, its regular recurrences and rhythmical repetitions, cosmic in the heavens, terrene in the tides, physiological in the beating of the heart. They represent the outside, the constancy in what is constantly there, and what they represent may be somewhat cold and not altogether lovable—but it doesn't go away on that account.

Nemerov, who belongs to the generation of postwar poets influenced by Yeats and Auden, has made of poetic "mechanisms" a language both supple and stern, reflecting his own deep conviction of the unchangingness within periodicity of our universe. His success in his "mechanisms" is best seen in the twelve-poem sequence that forms the core of "War Stories." It is named "The War in the Air," and, like "Authorities," it draws on Nemerov's experience in the Second World War. In some of its parts Nemerov uses the first person singular, but in others he writes in the second or third person or the first person plural, and this range of pronominal reference is itself a source of formal power, universalizing the sequence from his own war service to "your" service, "our" service, "another's" service—one way of making the private self into a public one.

"Models," the opening lyric of "The War in the Air," sketches the curve of the whole, as "the boy of twelve" who makes balsa-wood airplane models grows up into the shaky new recruit initiated into pilot superstitions and then, as the survivor of harrowing bombing missions, is seen to age "decades in a year." This condensation—by which a boy's participation in the national war in the air becomes, after forty years, the poem—is told in one of Nemerov's "mechanisms." He writes a scherzo for *m*, *f*, and *d* as these letters pick out the key words for the process:

> And memory, that makes things miniature
> And far away, and fit size for the mind,
> Returned him in the form of images
> The size of flies, his doings in those days.

To reduce "fliers" to "flies" is to make things into images with a vengeance.



Along with such ironic miniaturizing, we always find Nemerov's godlike lawgiving: thus and so—by memory's refinement—is life made a "fit size for the mind." What is fit and what is not is never obscure to the writer of these poems. His first volume was entitled "The Image and the Law," and the interrogation of particular historical images together with the cosmic law governing them has subsequently governed Nemerov's dialectic of the self and human fate.

Except for its title poem (a lullaby for lost fliers), "The War in the Air" is composed in that most public of public measures, blank verse (here stylized into something we might call its Nemerovian form: Shakespearean in colloquiality, Wordsworthian in philosophicality, Tennysonian in delicacy, Frostian in bareness, and Stevensian in ongoingness). The twelve poems of the sequence reflect the "years of boredom, fear, fatigue" of military service and also the grotesque comedy, grieving, and hatreds of wartime living. Sometimes the verse is vindictively autobiographical:

> Hate Hitler? No, I spared him hardly a thought.
> But Corporal Irmin, first, and later on
> The O.C. (Flying), Wing Commander Briggs,
> And the station C.O. Group Captain Ormery—
> Now there were men were objects fit to hate. . . .
>
> Not to forget my navigator Bert,
> Who shyly explained to me that the Jews
> Were ruining England and Hitler might be wrong
> But he had the right idea. . . .
>
> All the above were friends. And then the foe.

The "friends" enumerated in the poem include, besides the sadistic authorities and the anti-Semitic Bert, those who almost hit Nemerov's squadron with "friendly fire." The combination of petty persecution and mortal danger is one that veterans will recognize with a keenness the rest of us may not share, but Nemerov has the gift—as many of those composing protest poetry do not—of writing so that one who could not have had his experience can nonetheless enter his poem. Nemerov's aim is not so much to copy his own experience as to transmit it through the screen of later evaluation—as we see here in the "shyly" brought forward to modify Bert's explanation, and in the backward look to immemorial war lan-

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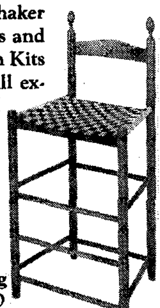

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guage that generates the archaic closing phrase "And then the foe." By such interpolations, incident is brought into reflection, and the poem is made one that others can say with understanding. Reflecting on the phenomenon of how a poet's voice becomes the reader's own, Nemerov writes about his own reading of lines by Stevens:

> When I say over these things, I say them *as myself and not myself*, as a possibility of certain grandeurs and contempts in the self which the poet alone has been able to release, and I ask whether the voice that speaks at this moment is more *his* or *mine*, or whether poetry is not in this respect the most satisfactory of many unsatisfactory ways we have of expressing our sense that we are members of one another. That voice, which I add by reading, or which the poet adds to me when I read, a voice which in some way belongs to neither of us personally, is [one of the voices] of poetry.

One method by which public poetry can find that voice belonging personally *neither to the poet nor to the* reader but to them both is to take an inescapably stereotypical moment—"What did you do in the war, Daddy?"—and turn it into a brilliantly satiric poem. Here is part of "D-Day + All the Years":

What Daddy did on Opening Day?
  Yes, well,
He led the squadron out before first
  light . . .
And so wheeled homeward on a
  parallel track
To land at Manston in Kent for
  an early lunch.

Pleasant and warm under the
  perspex canopy
Of the office fifty feet above
  a sea . . .

And Daddy sitting there driving
  along
Under his silly hat with the stiffener
  out,
Wearing the leather gauntlets flared
  heroic
Over the white silk elbow-length
  debutante's gloves
They used to wear then whatever
  the weather was,
And more or less the way you see
  him now.

The preposterous description of military uniform; the parallel between going to war and going to the office; the assimilation of invasion to an Opening Day where a dignitary might cut a ribbon—all these are Nemerov's "gaiety of language" in the service of satire. Even a line like "They used to wear then whatever the weather was," with its repeated fantasias on *w*, *e*, *a*, and *r* (as though the letters of the word "wear" were doing a random-particle dance), participates in the ridiculousness of the story. And yet this protest poem is also a lyric of fear, of portent, and even of literary wonder:

He led the squadron out before first
  light
Over the Channel as far as Cap Gris
  Nez
And turned to port along the Frisian
  shores
Up past Den Helder and Terschelling
  where
We had lost a few, and so on up as far
As the Bight of Heligoland and distant
  Denmark
Where Hamlet and the others used to
  live.

Perhaps the secret of a good public poem is that it must be about something else as well as about its public occasion. Not all Nemerov's mordancy on his youthful pomposity in flying gear, or his jeering at the masculine normalization of war, can erase the memory of dawn over the Channel, or his first sight of "where Hamlet and the others used to live."

Sometimes "The War in the Air" tips the balance away from the grim, the sardonic, the vengeful, or the comic to become purely lyric, full of Tennysonian visuality and mourning. There is a poem called "The Shadow Side," in which a play on "meadow" and "shadow" prepares us for the crucial noun revealed only in the last quatrain. Here are some of the preparatory lines:

The evening sunlight coming down
  the *meadow* . . .
To cast its complicities of light and
  shadow . . .

But shift their shapes now as their
  shadows pass
Along the wall, while evening on the
  meadow . . .

And here is the final stanza, with its bereft climactic noun at the end of its opening line:

[Now] it is full night and the new-
  made widow
Remains unmoved and dark and
  derelict
In the museum of wreckage and regret
Left of a life subjected to earth's
  shadow.

It is as if Nemerov, in the compositio of the poem, felt the lonely presence o the word "widow" so strongly that i attracted to itself, as if by gravitationa force, twins to keep it company. Because the verbal twins to "widow" ha the nostalgic and pastoral quality o "shadow" and "meadow," this poen took on its particularly melting and darkening quality. "The Shadow Side" is a protest poem about war's effect on innocent bystanders: no one will now inherit the "silver service that her father sent / Down from the Enlightenment," and the "rhyme" of "wreckage" and "regret" means that the childless widow's life will not change. She is a relict, a derelict: the fact that she is, eerily, "unmoved" is Nemerov's tribute both to her death fixity in her crypt-museum and to the emotional emptiness of shock at sudden bereavement.

A "thin" protest poem would not have noticed the beautiful domestic and natural surroundings of the young widow. Nemerov's poem takes them in, as the evening light strikes the silver service "to cast its complicities of light and shadow/ On the white wall in halo and silhouette." The three words "shadow," "halo," "silhouette" make a poem of shared letters. If Auden's point about suffering, in "Musée des Beaux Arts," was that it goes on "while someone else is eating or openng a window or just walking dully along," Nemerov's point about war is hat while it goes on it may have as part of its essence both a widow withering n shadowy rooms full of hauntingly beautiful objects and a young pilot preening himself in uniform. The nixture of tones that can be noticed in he poem on Challenger obtains here as vell. Nemerov does not betray the checkered texture of life in order to nake a political point.

Yet the reader is left in no doubt bout the hideousness of war. The nilitary life is Nemerov's version of hell. The afterlife he would fear most vould be, he says, a repetition of boot amp:

> In the [afterlife], as I understand it
>   now,
> They'll take you to a base camp far
>   from home
> And line you up for uniforms and
>   shots
> And scream incomprehensible
>   commands
> Until you learn obedience again.
> It will feel strange at first. But so it
>   goes.

The virtue of Nemerov's work is its bsolute detection of the fake, the corupt, the pretentious, and the sadistic, ogether with its anti-utopian convicon of their prevalence. The strenuous robity recommended by this poetry is

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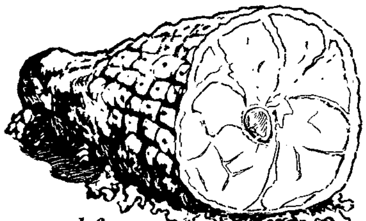

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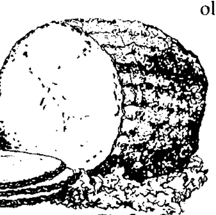

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one directed toward the reform of self rather than of others. A fault in style is taken to be a fault in morality—it shows the poem yielding to the sentimental or the self-righteous or the patronizing. "Poetry," Nemerov once said, "is getting something right in language," and the "right" has moral as well as stylistic meaning.

It may be true, as Nemerov thinks, that the bringing together of "the inwardness of mind" and "the outwardness of world" has become "more of a critical question for the poets of this century than it was for their precursors." I suspect that the question has always and everywhere been a critical one, but that the vehicles with which to solve it have differed over time. What may be true is that widespread ideological coherence and slow ideological change have become things of the past, and that we now look skeptically from the outside at the convictions of others —at least, at those we cannot share. "We are very often bored and exasperated by the poetry which testifies to [an explicit view of the meaning of existence]," Nemerov says, "and incline to say that it is bad poetry precisely in the degree that the poet has insisted on referring the natural world to prior religious or philosophic valuations." The salient word here is "prior": Nemerov insists that the poem create its philosophy from within its occasion, rather than serve a prior belief. Modern critical theory has often been skeptical of the poet's plasticity, perhaps because theory, although it recognizes the omnipotence of language, does not recognize the compelling, even despotic, pressures of aesthetic form on the poet in the act of composition. The formal law seeking its embodiment in language will not be dictated to by political allegiance, or even by prior moral will. It may, however, obey to some extent both memory and mood. Nemerov's memories of the war in the air, long distilled and now brought into the service of laws of poetic form, have been transformed into an exemplary public poetry, both historical and symbolic.

Nemerov's career has included many poems of an entirely private sort. If I have dwelt on the public poetry in "War Stories," it is because it rises to the representation of, say, the Challenger question in a way seldom seen these days. But, because Nemerov is a superlative writer of nature poetry (more aware of the turning of the seasons than any other living American poet except Ammons), I don't want to end without mentioning the closing poem of this book, a Keatsian "Landscape with Self-Portrait." It, too, in the Nemerov way, is one long sentence in four seven-line stanzas (with their waft of nobility from rhyme royal). The poet is sitting in a rocking chair on a porch, rocking till the chair insensibly moves toward the edge of the porch and "has to be hitched back from time to time." The season is autumn, and from the porch the poet has a view of hay bales and stubble fields; after a rainy afternoon, dusk is drawing in, and Keats' gnats and swallows make a memorial appearance, but in a Nemerovian ecosystem. Here are some excerpts from this *hommage* to (and critique of) Keats and Stevens written by a modern master whose life has been dominated by a rhythmic "engine of reverie":

A shading porch, that's open to the west
Whence the weather comes, and giving on a lawn
Won from the meadow where the hay's been baled
In cubes like building blocks of dusty gold . . .

And on the porch the life-defeated self
And reciprocating engine of reverie
Translating to time the back and forth of space,
The foot's escapement measuring the mind
In memories while the whole antic machine
Precesses across the floor and towards the edge
And has to be hitched back from time to time . . .

And sudden the heavy silver of the first
Raindrops blown slanting in and summer cold
And turning continuous in silver strings . . .

And after that, the clarified serene
Of the little of daylight that remains to make
Distinct the details of the fading sight:
The laddered blue on blue of the bluejay's tail,
The sweeping swallows low above the swale
Among the insect victims as they rise
To be picked off, and peace is satisfied.

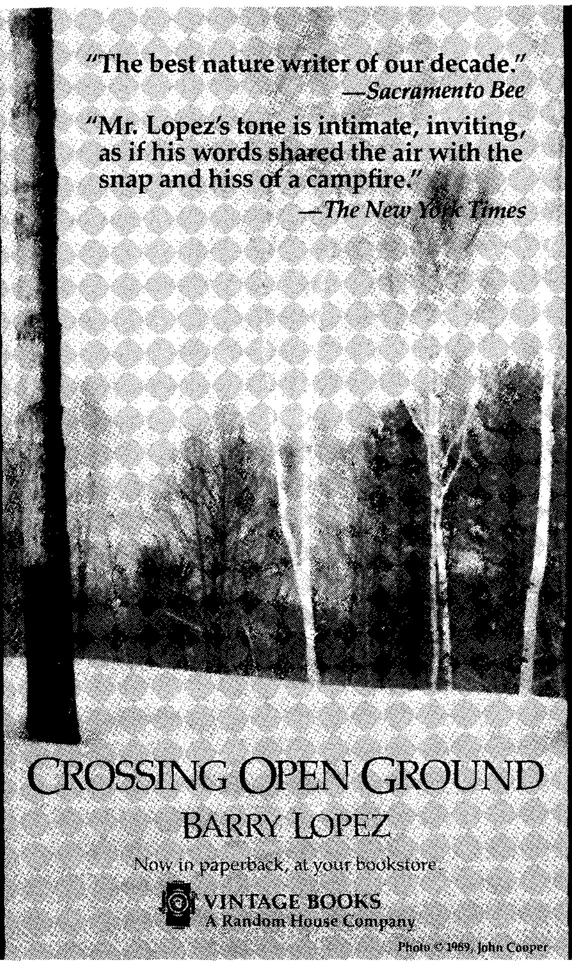
Even here, in the natural scene, Nemerov counters the image of the presse down and running-over sweetness life—the sweeping swallows low above the swale—with the undeflectable physical law by which the insect victims, in another war in the air, are "picked off." Our more sentimental or self-righteous poets could not use that verb. Nemerov can, and that is why his realist poems will last longer than theirs. —HELEN VENDLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ALBA, by Delacorta, translated from the French by Catherine Texier (Atlantic Monthly; $17.95). As Delacorta, the Swiss novelist Daniel Odier writes New Wave thrillers with four-letter titles. "Alba," the sixth in the series, is named for the hero's teen-age sidekick, who has a flair for naming kisses: "A cover-up vacuum cleaner . . . A bourbon reggae . . . A heavy-slow one with pleasure vapors." This time around, we find the hero, Serge, and Alba far from the dark underbelly of Paris, living in a house called the pagoda, in Southern California, drinking Blue Mountain coffee and building a model airplane. When Serge is hauled off to jail for ignoring ninety tickets for littering, Alba is free to pursue her fascination with a blind beach bum named Jason. One supermarket holdup and several letters (in Braille, on cookies) to Serge later, Alba finds that she is being pursued by a blind persons' mafia, which wants her to become its spiritual goddess. The action converges on the blind cult's Great Center, in Las Vegas, where Serge, Alba, and Jason attempt to restore the Center to its former wholesome aims. Delacorta's America is a highly decorated canvas of big cars, boardwalks, desert highways, and dingy motel rooms, where hamburgers are always consumed with mayonnaise, and a football team called the Wonderful Pink Airplanes comes to the rescue.

NATURAL CURIOSITY, by Margaret Drabble (Viking; $19.95). The high-handed, sometimes smug tone that Drabble has been known to command in her more engaging novels here takes over. If you haven't read the preceding volume (which concerns the same characters), you may not quite ever understand what it is that Alix Bowen is trained as (a sociology background seems to be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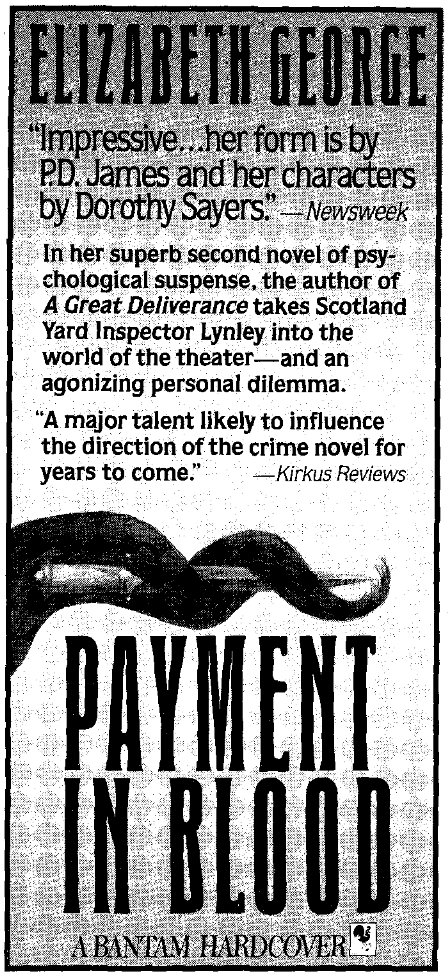
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implied, but she works organizing the papers of an elderly poet), or why the imprisoned murderer she likes to visit is "her" murderer; keeping straight the relationships of numerous brothers- and sisters-in-law, pals, children, and children of pals becomes the kind of task that makes you long for a chart at the front of the book. What would appear to be the intended meat of the story is sketched in as lightly as possible, like the many conversations that ornament the text, which are rendered in terms such as "They . . . move on to grander themes: prison visiting, insanity, Foucault, Lacan, the oddity of French intellectuals, the grandeur of Freud, the audacity of Bernard Shaw, the death penalty and social attitudes towards." On the whole, this reads like notes for a story yet to be told.

NOTE: "The Shawl," a story and a novella by Cynthia Ozick, has been published by Knopf ($12.95). Both pieces first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

SHOW YOUR TONGUE, by Günter Grass, translated from the German by John E. Woods (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $34.95 cloth, $19.95 paper). This book, half drawings, half prose (plus one poem), commemorates, in anger, grief, and pity, a six-month sojourn in Calcutta. Grass is not a reporter; he is a novelist, and he records the sights and sounds and smells of the city with an artist's sensibility and a free-ranging imagination. The slums, the skeleton-like figures sleeping on the sidewalks and streets, the decayed Victorian mansions and public buildings left by the British Raj which rise among mountains of garbage, the bathers in the cloacal flow of the River Hooghly, the smoldering corpses along its banks—all the things we've heard about Calcutta are burned into our minds afresh. Then, in an Expressionist fury that borders on graphic incoherence, Grass draws the Untouchables, the rats, crows, and vultures, the permanent despair. An emotional book, but how could one be unemotional about a tragedy of such dimensions as Calcutta? There, to "show your tongue" is to express shame.

ENCOUNTERS, edited by Kai Erikson (Yale; $19.95). An anthology of short memoirs that appeared in *The Yale Review* after various notable men and women were each asked to recall a meeting, acquaintance, or association with another notable figure. The volume is packed with enchantments, as the reader encounters a diverse collection of personalities. Some of the encounters are brief (Paul Horgan's hilarious afternoon with Mary Garden), others long-standing (Bayard Rustin's forty years in the civil-rights movement with A. Philip Randolph). Several pieces recall formal teachers or unofficial mentors, and we grasp the multitude of ways people teach and learn. Most of the writers try to explore the connection between a person and his achievement: after admiring Matisse's paintings, the young Quentin Bell met the painter and found him a disappointment, while the young John Hersey liked Sinclair Lewis without (as an older Hersey realized) understanding him.

LEWIS MUMFORD: A LIFE, by Donald L. Miller (Weidenfeld & Nicolson; $24.95). The life of a venerable (b. 1895) American visionary by a specialist in American civilization. Mumford's boyhood explorations of New York City led to his fascination with cities and city planning, and his concern with urban life led to his aesthetic, sociological, political, and moral commentary on human life. Mr. Miller is an excellent critical guide to Mumford's voluminous writing: thirty books, more than a thousand essays and reviews (including many pieces for this magazine). The author is candid about the price Mumford's family paid for his absorption in his work, and the abrasions his sincerity occasionally inflicted on friends and lovers. If the biographer's tone is not idolatrous, it is admiring, and rightly so: the reader cannot help noticing how many of Mumford's ideas remain alive, some as issues in contention, others so widely adopted that the are almost clichés.

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